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CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN
AND
JONATHAN EDWARDS

SELECTIONS FROM THEIR WRITINGS

EDITED, WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY

CARL VAN DOREN

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INTRODUCTION

The careers of Benjamin Franklin and Jonathan Edwards, most considerable among American writers of the eighteenth century, for more years than have been noted were almost as nearly parallel as they were impressively divergent later, when the contrast between the two men came to be so remarkable, so dramatic, that we may now regard them as protagonists and symbols of the hostile movements which strove for the mastery of their age. Franklin, chief of the victors, we know far better than the defeated Edwards, who all his life upheld a cause which even in his youth was lost, had he but known it, and who seems on most of his pages to speak of forgotten issues in a forgotten dialect; while Franklin seems contemporaneous, fresh, full of vitality. Yet we know even Franklin too exclusively through his *Autobiography,* which is a great book but not half varied enough to display its author entire—a great book but one written for his children, and an eager world, with a somewhat patriarchal pen; or else we know him through the scientific, or philanthropic, or civic essays and pamphlets in which he urged the countless good measures now associated with his fame. In either case, the racy, robust, colonial humorist is overlooked, the correspondent of so much variety, the finished wit who in his old age matched himself gracefully and equally with the most elegant wits of France. Edwards survives, so far as he may be said to survive at all, outside technical histories of Calvinism and metaphysics, chiefly as a dim figure preaching sermons full of awful imprecations, and hardly at all as a remarkable scientific observer, and one of the impressive mystics of the world. Judged both of them by those of their writings which seem most intelligible and living today,—Franklin's merely utilitarian and Edwards' merely theological performances left out of ac-

count,—they are for themselves greatly important. But they grow more important when we perceive that Edwards was the resounding voice of a whole party which wanted to restore New England to the apostolic virtues of its first century, as he might have said; or to drive New England back to the dusky, witch-haunted forests wherein the first settlers had lived, body and soul, as Franklin might have preferred to put it, himself easily the first of those who led his whole country, and not merely New England, toward the blessed sun of cheerfulness and reason.

Significance may justly be attached to the difference between the social classes from which the two sprang, and perhaps to the difference between their native colonies. Edwards, the senior by three years, was born in 1703 at East Windsor, Connecticut, a compact and orthodox parish of the most oak-hearted of all the Puritan states. Franklin, on the other hand, passed his first seventeen years in Boston, exposed to the liberal winds which generally blow, much or little, even in provincial Puritan metropolises. Moreover, Franklin came from plain tradesman or artisan stock, which boasted—or rather, did not boast—a versifying scion or two, but which had had no clergymen or magistrates. Edwards had in him the blood of both those professions, and was bred in the strictest paths of orthodoxy and responsibility. While Franklin was being taken about by his thrifty father to see the various trades that he might discover a partiality for some one of them, Edwards was already in Yale, being confirmed in the clerical disposition which was his birthright and fate.

The Autobiography has a classic passage upon Franklin's youthful reading and writing, and upon the careful pains the boy took to form his prose style. He passed somewhat casually by his father's books of divinity, and rapidly devoured such virtuous romance and history as came his way, but at sixteen or so he read Locke's *Essay Concerning Human Understanding,* Xenophon's *Memorabilia,* Shaftesbury, and Collins. Becoming a free thinker, he studied, as an aid to argument, the Socratic method of humble, though premeditated, inquiry—"never using, when I advanced anything that may possibly be disputed, the words *certainly, undoubtedly,* or any others that give the air of positiveness to an opinion;

but rather say, I conceive or apprehend a thing to be so and so; it appears to me, or *I should think it so or so,* for such and such reasons; or *I imagine it to be so;* or *it is so, if I am not mistaken.*" Compare with this the rules which Edwards drew up at nearly the same age to govern him in his writing about scientific matters: "1. Try not only to silence, but to gain. 2. To give but few prefatorial admonitions about the style and method. It doth an author much hurt to show his concern in those things. . . . 4. Let much modesty be seen in the style. . . . 8. In the course of reasoning, not to pretend anything to be more certain, than every one will plainly see it is, by such expressions as,—It is certain,—It is undeniable, etc. 9. To be very moderate in the terms of art. Let it not look as if I was much *read,* or was conversant with books, or with the learned world. . . . 11. Never to dispute for things, after that I cannot handsomely retreat, upon conviction of the contrary. . . . 5. Oftentimes it suits the subject and reasoning best, to explain by way of objection and answer, after the manner of Dialogue."

Each in his own way, it thus appears, they hit upon much the same arts of rhetoric. Of Edwards' early reading we know less than of Franklin's, but it is at least certain that Yale College had at the moment among its students a mind as open and lucid as that less profound one then industriously disciplining itself and laying canny plans in James Franklin's printing shop at Boston. Edwards too had read Locke (at fourteen) as well as his father's polemical books; he had written whimsically upon the materiality of the soul when he was ten or so; and by twelve he had produced his observant letter upon the flying spider in such prose as boys rarely command. He very early acquired his life-long habit of writing,—of reading and thinking pen in hand,—and his boyhood has left us a more abundant record than Franklin's. For the most part, the record is of philosophical or scientific affairs. No careful reader of his "Notes on the Mind" and "Notes on Natural Science" can avoid the conclusion that Edwards belongs with the phenomenal youths of the race. It is true that these Notes are undated, but he certainly began both series at fifteen or sixteen—an age at which Franklin was amusing Boston with the Dogood

papers—and formulated most of his ideas before the troubled period 1722-1725, so candidly recorded in his Diary, which drew Edwards away from the humaner concerns of his adolescence to his mighty, and appalling, labors in defence of High Calvinism. Before he was twenty he had moved beyond Locke to the idealistic position of Bishop Berkeley, whom Edwards had almost certainly never read; he had studied Newton, had reached an independent position with regard to the method of science, and had made important first-hand observations in nature. What he might have accomplished had he gone on with his youthful plans for great treatises on Mental and Natural Philosophy and Natural History we need not try to guess, large as his promise was, but we should remember the freedom and variety of his speculations at this stage. Franklin, at odds with accepted doctrines in Boston, would have subscribed to the preamble to "Notes on Natural Science": "Of all prejudices," it begins, "no one so fights with Natural Philosophy, and prevails more against it, than those of the Imagination. It is these, which make the vulgar so roar out, upon the mention of some very rational philosophical truths. And indeed I have known of some very learned men, that have pretended to a more than ordinary freedom from such prejudices, so overcome by them, that, merely because of them, they have believed things most absurd. And truly, I hardly know of any other prejudices, that are more powerful against truth of any kind, than those; and I believe they will not give the hand to any in any case, except to those arising from our ruling self-interest, or the impetuosity of human passions. And there is very good reason for it: for opinions, arising from imagination, take us as soon as we are born, are beat into us by every act of sensation, and so grow up with us from our very births, and by that means grow into us so fast, that it is almost impossible to root them out; being, as it were, so incorporated with our very minds that whatsoever is objected contrary thereunto, is, as if it were dissonant to the very constitution of them." Franklin, indeed, hardly stood on the side of the argument which contended for the reality of things not seen, but he was with Edwards in his confidence in the reason, in his desire to bring knowledge to the place of super-

stition, and in his contempt for the vulgar who so "roar out" at a new idea.

The resemblance between them as regards keenness of observation and range of curiosity was still more marked. We have only to compare, for instance, the journal which Franklin kept on his first return from England at the age of twenty with Edwards' long list of "Things to Be Considered, or Written Fully About." Franklin, of course, was gayer, more attentive to human traits and singularities, but nothing visible eluded his tireless eye or his easy pen, whether it was prices at Gravesend, or the harbor of Portsmouth, or the philosophy of drafts (checkers), or Newport oysters, or Carisbrooke Castle, or the treatment of a card sharper caught at his tricks, or the looks and habits of dolphins, or the pilot-fish which hang about sharks, or the little creatures found on floating pieces of gulf-weed, or the crab's mode of locomotion, or the eclipse of the moon, or the arts of the flying fish, or the reputed anatomy of the heron. Edwards, to judge by his manuscripts, though sharp-eyed for phenomena, looked past them more quickly than Franklin to causes and general laws. He speculated upon the nature and behavior of atoms; argued that the fixed stars are suns; commented on the difficulty in explaining why trees should grow from the seed into this or that form; shrewdly recorded his observations of the speed of sounds; sought to account for color, elasticity, evaporation, the single image which two eyes receive of one object, the disparity of the sun's heat in winter and summer; he pointed out that water is compressible, and loses its specific gravity upon freezing; he suggested that space contains some "etherial matter" considerably rarer than "atmospheric air"; and, anticipating Franklin's studies in lightning, declared that it could not be a solid, projected body but an "almost infinitely fine, combustible matter, that floats in the air, that takes fire by a sudden and mighty fermentation, that is some way promoted by the cool and moisture, and perhaps attraction, of the clouds."

Without much doubt Edwards would have been the equal of Franklin as a scientist had he continued in such studies, and the two might have divided between them that "New World of Philosophy" of which both had

visions, Edwards excelling in pure, Franklin in applied, science. Actually, however, both departed from their early common ground. Franklin went the way of invention following the popular bent of American science. Edwards, held back from the popular drift by his recluse disposition and by his speculative, mystical turn, went the way of theology, giving up not only natural science but also secular philosophy, in which he was more penetrating, or at least more imaginative, than Franklin. Of immaterialism Franklin seems never to have said more than that Philadelphia did not understand, in 1752, "those parts that savor of what is called *Berkeleyanism*" in Samuel Johnson's *Elementa Philosophica* which he had just published. He could not have known of Edwards' marvelous "Notes on the Mind," for they remained in manuscript for a century, and he would in all likelihood have passed them somewhat blithely by as tasting of enthusiasm and conducting to no useful end either in sense or reason.

It is at the point where Edwards verges upon utilitarianism that they most distinctly part company. From both we have full and fascinating records of their early religious experiences. In the case of Franklin, skepticism was bred by the disputatious theologians whom he read in his father's library, and he was converted to Deism by the arguments of the very men who meant to combat it. He proceeded to the Deists themselves, particularly Shaftesbury and Collins, and later to Wollaston, whose *Religion of Nature* he set type for in London. But having been badly treated by the freethinkers whom he knew and having himself committed some unworthy acts during his period of freethinking, he coolly came to the conclusion that these doctrines were little better than the older ones against which he had rebelled, and so gave up theology for practical morality. "Revelation," he says, "had indeed no weight with me, as such; but I entertain'd an opinion that, though certain actions might not be bad *because* they were forbidden by it, or good *because* it commanded them, yet probably these actions might be forbidden *because* they were bad for us, or commanded *because* they were beneficial to us, in their own natures, all the circumstances of things considered." When he was twenty-two he composed a set of *Articles*

of Belief and Acts of Religion which unites with a sane deism a considerable element of elevated emotion; and he later conceived the bold project of arriving at moral perfection. He found, he says simply, that it was harder than he had expected, but he persevered until the enterprise ceased to interest him, not without some complacency over the result. Thereafter he lived without any torments of self-scrutiny; bland, comfortable, kindly, philanthropic. Just before his death he answered certain queries from Ezra Stiles in a letter which throws light over his whole career and character, particularly in one unforgettable sentence. "As to Jesus of Nazareth, my Opinion of whom you particularly desire, I think the System of Morals and his Religion, as he left them to us, the best the world ever saw or is likely to see; but I apprehend it has received various corrupting Changes, and I have, with most of the present Dissenters in England, some Doubts as to his Divinity; tho' it is a question I do not dogmatize upon, having never studied it, and think it needless to busy myself with it now, when I expect soon an Opportunity of knowing the Truth with less Trouble."

To Edwards such ease and peace would have been as incomprehensible as his own passionate introspections would have been to Franklin. The sense of an immanent God, constantly pressing close upon His creatures, lay at the very root of Edwards' nature. In his "Things to be Considered," side by side with his mathematical demonstrations, occur such passages as these: "To show how the Motion, Rest, and Direction of the *Least Atom* has an influence on the motion, rest and direction of every body in the Universe; and to show how, by that means, every thing which happens, with respect to motes, or straws and such little things, may be for some great uses in the whole course of things, throughout Eternity; and to show how the least wrong step in a note, may, in Eternity, subvert the order of the Universe; and to take note of the great wisdom that is necessary, in order thus to dispose every atom at first, as that they should go for the best, throughout all Eternity, and in the Adjusting, by an exact computation, and a nice allowance to be made for the miracles, which should be needful, and other ways, whereby the course of bodies should be

diverted.—And then to show how God, who does this, must be necessarily *Omniscient*, and know every the least thing, that must happen through Eternity." "To observe, in a proper place, that, since Creation is the first causing of such resistance [that is, the resistance of matter, or solidity], and Upholding is the causing of it successively; therefore the same person, who created, upholds and governs; whence we may learn who it is that sustains this noble fabrick of glorious bodies—and to expatiate much upon it." Edwards' progression from science and philosophy to theology was in no sense a desertion: the three subjects possessed him side by side, theology perhaps first in time as first in eminence among his intellectual passions. He had always a vision of some central Cause or Order from which all phenomena, all substance, proceeded, in which, indeed, phenomena and substance had their only existence. As scientist and philosopher he moved among the foothills of the Mount of Vision, always conscious that the Mount was there; but when, at about eighteen or nineteen, he underwent his great conviction of its presence, he saw such glories at its summit that he never quite recovered from that light. His progress may be traced in the surviving pages of his Diary begun 18 December, 1722. On that day was made the thirty-fifth of the seventy Resolutions which so singularly complement the thirteen Precepts of Franklin—the never suppressed mysticism of the age asserting itself against its predominant commonsense. Edwards differs from Franklin not so much in his more lively or more guilty sense of sin as in his feeling that the true end of man is to be achieved by rapture. Day after day, his Diary shows, he reproached himself because he could not always keep ecstatic but repeatedly descended to temporal concerns and became "dull, dry and dead." He did indeed, like Franklin, make vows of temperance and industry, but his temperance means asceticism, and his industry, passionate toil. *"Resolved,"* he says in his sixth Resolution, "To live with all my might, while I do live." We think of Thoreau, wanting "to live deep and suck out all the marrow of life"—or of Pater, wanting "to burn always with this hard gemlike flame." And yet Edwards, proud and vivid a youth as Thoreau or Pater, at twenty submitted himself utterly to the old God of New Eng-

land. On Saturday, 12 January, 1723, he made his solemn dedication. "I have been before God," he wrote that morning, "and have given myself, all that I am, and have, to God; so that I am not, in any respect, my own. I can challenge no right to this understanding, this will, these affections, which are in me. Neither have I any right to this body, or any of its members—no right to this tongue, these hands, these feet; no right to these senses, these eyes, these ears, this smell, or this taste." Of course he had "dull, dry and dead" hours thereafter, but he never again turned back. He had taken the great step of his life; he had given up once for all the secular aspirations which might have hindered him in his career as the last High Priest of American Calvinism. He threw in his fortunes with those of Connecticut's ancient creed, and that in the very year in which Franklin, vexed and at outs with Boston, left New England finally behind him for an ampler scene and regions more tolerant.

The divergence between them after 1723 will appear from a comparison of their two courtships, which may be said to have begun in that year. At least, it was then, as all the world knows, that Deborah Read stood in her father's door in Market Street and watched her future husband march by with his three great penny rolls. And it was then that Jonathan Edwards set down on a blank leaf what he had heard of a certain New Haven girl, Sarah Pierrepont, in words more eloquent than any he is known to have used before. Perhaps the comparison is not wholly fair, for Edwards wrote in his fervent youth, and Franklin only many cool years later when he was great enough to have autobiography demanded of him. But at least no one will seriously doubt that Benjamin chose Deborah with circumspection and very deliberately wooed and wed her; or that Jonathan was impelled to Sarah (how nicely Biblical the four names!) by an exquisite and impetuous passion, testified to not only by his mystical account of her but by the letter in which he urged her to a speedy marriage. "Patience is commonly esteemed a virtue," he says, "but in this case I may almost regard it as a vice." The two wives proved both of them faithful and competent and affectionate. So much is sure, though they do indeed now shine for us with borrowed light—Mrs. Franklin homely and pru-

dent like her husband, though without his wit; and Mrs. Edwards mystical and rapturous like her husband, though without the inhumanity which went with his ardor for abstract doctrines. We may question which of them seems really more pathetic: Franklin's "good old wife" waiting patiently, at times lonesomely, in Philadelphia through the many years in which her great husband moved gloriously about in Europe; or Edwards' exquisite companion trying to lift herself, apparently under his injunctions, to the plane of rapture on which she could endure it, for the glory of God, even "if the feeling and conduct of my husband were to be changed from tenderness and affection, to extreme hatred and cruelty, and that every day," or if "God should employ some other instrument than Mr. Edwards in advancing the work of grace in Northampton."

Having left the more or less common path of their boyhood, Edwards and Franklin as writers walked very different paths. Although the New England sermon of 1730 had lost some of its terrors, particularly its heroic dimensions and immense anathemas, and had fallen to meaner levels, it was a proved instrument for the hand that could wield it. Edwards had therefore little to invent; he entered his career working in an established tradition. What he contributed was a new flame of belief. His conversion had come through mystic vision, through revelation. He spoke with the certainty and authority of one who had met God face to face. It was the echoes of his preaching at Northampton, where he entered upon a full pastorate as successor to his grandfather Solomon Stoddard in 1729, that won him in 1731 an invitation to deliver a "public lecture" in Boston, and he there caught the ear of New England with his first great sermon, *God Glorified in Man's Dependence.* Edwards' doctrine was not new, but his eloquence was, his confidence was. Against the democratic notions which had latterly so crept into Zion that even Jehovah's sovereign power and right had yielded something to human dignity, Edwards spoke out. God was infinitely master, and man infinitely slave. The root of Edwards' argument lay without doubt in those hours of illumination which had taught him the enormous majesty of God. True, he had learned it then through beauty, singing to

himself verses from the Canticles and rejoicing in the electric shock of thunder. But, like all mystics, he had to speak the dialect of the world when he came from his trance; and the dialect of Edwards' world was Calvinism. We need not too curiously inquire how he had translated his vision into the "delightful conviction," "the exceeding pleasant, bright, and sweet" doctrine of predestination, for Edwards himself was never quite explicit about all the steps of his translation. What we do find important is what New England at the time found important: that out of the forests of Hampshire County had come a beautiful young saint to lift up a decaying doctrine, to renew a waning cause. And nothing was more natural than that, two years later, Edwards in *The Reality of Spiritual Light,* preached at Northampton, should vindicate his authority by asserting the existence of a "Spiritual and Divine Light, immediately imparted to the soul by God, of a different nature from any that is obtained by natural means." He challenged the march of reason as he had already challenged the march of democracy, seeing in them, now that he had become so totally a theologian, only insurrection and error.

Franklin was with the insurrectionists, keeping a shop in Philadelphia, and following, as printer, the trade which of all trades perhaps most promotes democracy, if not reason. He had studied Addison, and, too direct of vision to become a mere literary imitator, had brought something of Addison's deft, urbane raillery to the provincial subjects which engaged his pen. In Boston Franklin had made fun of Harvard and ridiculed the New England funeral elegies of his youth; in London he had gone speculating with the Deists; in Philadelphia he united raillery with speculation, and added the never-stumbling commonsense which was to be his most memorable quality. Of course Pennsylvania in that day could no more support a mere man of letters than could Massachusetts, and indeed Franklin was so far from being such a person that he never regarded his writing as anything but a useful tool for his projects and his philanthropies. But his pen was repeatedly in his hand. He followed the Dogood papers of 1722 with the Busybody papers which appeared in 1728-29 for no graver purpose than to point out the follies and blunders and

unreasonableness of his fellow citizens: of the woman who pestered a shopkeeper by prolonged visits; of the many "honest Artificers" who wasted innumerable hours in the search for treasure, "buried by Pyrates, and others in old Times." To his *Pennsylvania Gazette* he contributed, beginning with 1730, various pieces without reading which we can now form a correct estimate neither of Franklin's observation and judgment and comic force and point nor of the community in which he soon became the most eminent citizen. No doubt he was something of an *enfant terrible:* witness his impudent *Apology for Printers,* which ruffled the Philadelphia clergy, and the robust *Speech of Polly Baker* in defence of her illegal fecundity. Doubtless, too, his *Dialogues between Philocles and Horatio* on the subject of pain and pleasure seemed pretty care-free to the orthodox. But in the main Franklin pleased his entire public. He could be gross or refined, homely or elegant, prudent or altruistic; he was a lover and a defender of both wit and virtue. He lacked, indeed, the mystical radiance of Edwards, but in what community may a man not thrive without that! Over against the subtlest sentence Edwards ever wrote may be set the sentence of Franklin, itself sublime in its way, in which he commented upon a proposed tax: "In matters of general concern to the people, and especially where burthens are to be laid upon them, it is of use to consider, as well what they will be apt to think and say, as what they ought to think." Edwards exceeded Franklin no further in experience of God and the deeper soul of man than he was exceeded by him in experience of daily realities and human behavior; Franklin could not have written the *Personal Narrative* nor Edwards *The Way to Wealth.*

Nothing better exhibits the Franklin of colonial days than the successive issues of *Poor Richard.* Of course Franklin did not originate the idea: a real Richard Saunders had long edited in England *The Apollo Angelicanus* and the name of the chief English comic almanac was *Poor Robin.* But Robin and Richard left all their foreign baggage behind them when they crossed the Atlantic to be combined and reincarnated in Poor Richard. It was his intense reality which commended him to those who saw in him a fellow-citizen. He uttered

what they at once knew for their own thoughts, in what they suddenly discovered would have been their own language if they could have said such things at all. He was a plain man who kept a shop and had humorous tiffs with Bridget his wife; who knew enough about the stars and the zodiac, but still more about a thousand matters intimate to humble Pennsylvanians. Wise as he was, he was even wittier, with the rare and irresistible gift of making proverbs. Little though most of his readers must have understood it, when they preferred Poor Richard to his rival Titan Leeds they were rewarding superior skill in literature. "Necessity," said Leeds, "is a mighty weapon." "Necessity," said Poor Richard, glancing at the obverse, "never made a good bargain." "Be careful of the main chance," said Leeds, "or it will never take care of you." "Keep thy shop," said Poor Richard more specifically, "and thy shop will keep thee." "'Tis best," said Leeds, "to make a good use of another's folly." "Fools," said blunter Poor Richard, "make feasts, and wise men eat them." "Bad hours and ill company have ruined many fine young people," said the moral Leeds. Poor Richard said "The rotten apple spoils his companions." For twenty-five years Franklin wrote for his almanac, and in 1758 concluded with the valedictory and summary, *The Way to Wealth,* which is the true American Book of Proverbs, the authentic Elder Scripture of our worldly wisdom.

In that same year Edwards had in the press his final treatise, *The Great Christian Doctrine of Original Sin Defended*—defended, because it was under fire from many sides. He had been on the defensive for years, most particularly in the late thirties and the forties, when the Great Awakening was stirring New England and not a few remoter parts of the world. Some echoes of the Awakening pleasantly appear in Franklin's *Autobiography.* When Whitefield came over, says Franklin, Philadelphia grew so religious "that one could not walk thro' the town in an evening without hearing psalms sung in different families of every street." A great meeting house was erected, for the service of any preacher who might come by, even "a missionary to preach Mohammedanism to us." Franklin found Whitefield very effective. "I happened," he says, "soon after to attend one

of his sermons, in the course of which I perceived he intended to finish with a collection, and I silently resolved he should get nothing from me. I had in my pocket a handful of copper money, three or four silver dollars, and five pistoles in gold. As he proceeded I began to soften, and concluded to give the coppers. Another stroke of his oratory made me asham'd of that, and determin'd me to give the silver; and he finished so admirably, that I empty'd my pocket wholly into the collector's dish, gold and all." Franklin believed that Whitefield was an honest man. "He us'd, indeed, sometimes to pray for my conversion, but never had the satisfaction of believing that his prayers were heard. Ours was a mere civil friendship." Whitefield's writings seemed to Franklin unimportant; his preaching excellent. It was indeed a "mere civil friendship" which allowed Franklin, at the most impassioned meetings, to pass his time calculating the distance Whitefield's voice would carry. "I computed that he might well be heard by more than thirty thousand. This reconcil'd me to the newspaper accounts of his having preach'd to twenty-five thousand people in the fields, and to the antient histories of generals haranguing whole armies, of which I had sometimes doubted."

From this dry, cool atmosphere Edwards was worlds away. Perhaps earlier than we realize, his visions of a New Philosophy had given way to others of a New Holiness. Having himself outgrown secular for religious aspirations, and having given up all private right to his senses and faculties, he questioned, in his narrow parish, whether New England might not follow his course to a millennium of consecration. Others, indeed all, must see how dependent upon God mankind was; others, indeed all, might believe in the reality of spiritual light and direct revelation. Not only duty but the soul's interest demanded that all the children of God should turn away from their little affairs to follow God to His Kingdom, perhaps soon to be planted upon earth, with New England as the seed and garden. Edwards has himself traced the rise of his influence in Northampton—the quickening signs of grace, he thought—in his *Faithful Narrative of the Surprising Work of God,* with the earnestness of a prophet, the observation of a psychologist, and the skill

of a novelist. We need not look very deep into the mysteries of grace to understand the process. For over fifty years the Northampton congregation had been ruled by the iron will and creed of Solomon Stoddard. Though reaction had followed after his death, during Edwards' tentative years, the people were too accustomed to such a sway, and too little reached by the world beyond their farms and forests, not to respond to the imperious eloquence with which Edwards taught. Late in 1733 came the first signs, "a very unusual flexibleness, and yielding to advice" among the young members. The long brooding winter intensified it, and the spring warmed it. The deaths of two of them lent confirmation to Edwards' arguments. He himself believed that the stir over Arminianism did much, though perhaps doctrine actually accomplished less than fear. By 1735 "a great and earnest concern about the great things of religion, and the eternal world, became universal in all parts of the town, and among persons of all degrees, and all ages; the noise amongst the dry bones waxed louder and louder." In a little while the people were swept by a passion not unlike that earlier recorded in Edwards' Diary, and the first great American revival had begun. The phenomenon, so often recurrent, has since been systematized and vulgarized by those who believe in it, and cynically analyzed by those who do not; but in its first flush for a time seemed above system or vulgarity or analysis. At least Edwards saw in it vastly more than his own success: the true Light, so long shut out, shone purely, fiercely, upon his flock. Rapture had come among them, and might save the world. He was as busy about this great business as Franklin about his printing and his shop in Philadelphia, preaching and exhorting with all his strength, and explaining the work to distant clergymen by letter. In this form he cast his *Faithful Narrative,* written to the Rev. Benjamin Coleman of Boston, late in 1736, when the excitement was dying down but Edwards had lost nothing of his hopefulness. Others, he admitted, had not his assurance that the method was authentic. He pointed to the effects. "And whatever the circumstances and means have been, and though we are so unworthy, yet it hath pleased God to work! And we are evidently a people blessed of the Lord! And here in this

corner of the world, God dwells, and manifests his glory."

As Edwards expected, the revival at Northampton was but prologue to a more general one, since known as The Great Awakening. It will be sufficient briefly to indicate his literary contributions (excluding sermons) to the movement, of which, however, he was actually the profoundest thinker and the richest voice. In *The Distinguishing Marks of a Work of the Spirit of God* (1741), reprinted by Franklin at Philadelphia, Edwards took issue with all who viewed the Awakening coldly, content to point out its passions and extravagances, and, under the prevailing rules of commonsense, to condemn it therefore as fanaticism. He spoke for the authenticity of vision. Even the "bodily effects," the swoonings and cries which had so scandalized the peace of churches, he defended as credible, though not essential, symptoms of the Spirit; but more important to him were the states of rapture which had been induced, and the increase of serious concerns in so many congregations. These were facts, and he would not hear them gainsaid. A year later he published *Some Thoughts Concerning the Present Revival of Religion in New England,* when the Awakening had begun to frighten even its adherents by its abuses. Prosaic or undisciplined people were coming to judge conversions by the volume of the "bodily effects" which accompanied them. There were not enough mystical poets in New England to keep up a proper emphasis on the necessity of inwardness. Extravagance had bred frenzy, and frenzy was followed by dissension, recrimination, and reaction. Again Edwards defended the work of the spirit, justifying the appeal to the "affections," that is, the emotions, which are a part of the soul. Warmth of devotion as much as clearness of reason is called for in true religion, he urged. But for all he pleaded for a proper use of the bodily effects, and set himself firmly against mere impulses and impressions, he offered no rule to discipline them by, not even a rule founded on morality or decent human behavior. His critics wondered, unanswered, how infinitely dependent men could govern in themselves the inclinations, both true and false, which the Spirit seemed to rouse. It may well have been some sense of this difficulty which made

Edwards' third apology for the Awakening, *A Treatise Concerning Religious Affections* (1746), less applicable than the others to the immediate occasion, less concerned with the signs and marks recently discussed. Passing by all the lower evidence, he carried religious affections up to origin in the divine influence, revelation through divine illumination, foundation on love to divine excellency; he associated with them conviction of certainty, humiliation, change of nature, softening of the heart, beautiful symmetry and proportion, and the outward fruit of Christian practice. Dreadful as some of the Calvinistic and predestinarian implications of his argument now seem, the book cannot be read without a thrill at its subtlety and its sustained power, and at its ringing echoes of a deep religious experience.

Through all his books upon the great event of his life we may trace the memory of his youthful illumination. The people of Northampton, according to his *Faithful Narrative,* had the same experience. "All things abroad, the sun, moon and stars, the clouds and sky, the heavens and earth, appear as it were with a cast of divine glory and sweetness upon them. . . . The joy that many of them speak of is, that to which none is to be paralleled; is that which they find when they are lowest in the dust, emptied most of themselves, and as it were annihilating themselves before God, when they are nothing, and God is all." In *Thoughts on the Revival* he tells of a certain person (actually his wife) who had experienced "resignation and acceptance of God, as the only portion and happiness of the soul, wherein the whole world, with its dearest enjoyments in it, were renounced as dirt and dung, and all that is pleasant and glorious, and all that is terrible in this world, seemed perfectly to vanish into nothing, and nothing to be left but God, in whom the soul was perfectly swallowed up, as in an infinite ocean of blessedness." Without doubt Edwards drew much of his confidence in the Awakening from the mystical ecstasies which then possessed his wife, which he studied with close attention, and of which he persuaded her to write out an account in 1742. The resemblances between her sensations and his are too close to need emphasis now, though he seems not to have perceived how far it was from him that his sensitive and loving wife had learned the way of

the mystic and the convertite. Presumably it was at about this time that he wrote his own account, known as the *Personal Narrative* from the title given it by his biographer.[1] That Narrative is therefore a backward glance. At the hour of his great harvest he recalled its sowing. Some refraction in his vision there must have been: he overstresses his youthful offences; he passes too quickly over certain steps in his conviction; he sees an "extraordinary influence of God's Spirit" which he had not seen at the time; he cannot help making his past point to New England's present. And yet in this less than a score of pages he summed up, accurately and eloquently, his entire spiritual life, and produced the exquisite flower, the true lyric and elegy, of American Calvinism.

We may rightly call it elegy, for the Great Awakening was the last dramatic struggle of the Old Faith. Transcendentalism was still a hundred years off, and High Calvinism of course bequeathed doctrines and rules of conduct that survive under various disguises even in the twentieth century. But the theocratic dynasty had suffered a fatal defeat. Edwards' later career may be taken as something representative of the changes which swiftly followed. His congregation, exhausted by its raptures, quarreled with him, and after an ugly controversy dismissed him in 1750. Edwards, perfectly confident that the Judgment would justify him, accepted his dismissal, and the downfall of his hopes for New England, with lofty resignation. At Stockbridge, where he spent all but a few months of his remaining life as missionary to the Indians, he wrote the mighty treatise, *A Careful and Strict Enquiry into the Modern prevailing Notions of that Freedom of the Will which is supposed to be Essential to Moral Agency* (1754), in which, with logic no one could meet, he argued that God so rules his world that the human will is not free to choose between good and evil; *The Great Christian Doctrine of Original Sin Defended* (1758), uncompromising corollary of the denial of human freedom; the posthumous *Two Dissertations:* **I.** *Concerning the End for which God created the World.*

[1] S. E. Dwight, who says the *Narrative* was written "near twenty years after" Edwards left college in 1720. The last paragraph of the *Narrative* mentions the date, January 1739.

II. *The Nature of True Virtue* (1765), to prove that the highest virtue lies purely in the love of God, who created the world for His own glory, out of his grace sharing some of his felicity with some of his creatures.[1] Beyond this Edwards could not go in his exaltation of the God who had overpowered him with splendor and majesty in his youth. Had he lived longer, he would have given his principal strength, as he told the Trustees of Nassau Hall (Princeton) when they invited him to become president of that college, to a History of the work of Redemption, a vast narrative of the work of God in heaven, earth, and hell, from the Creation to the Judgment. Perhaps, however, it was not his death in 1758 which alone denied us a newer Paradise Regained; perhaps it was the decision which Edwards had long before made, not wholly of his own choice, conditions in eighteenth century New England being what they were,—the decision that he was to be not a poet but a theologian, that he was to take from mankind the little glory it had to bestow it upon a God who after all did not need it.

While Edwards, thus defeated by the course of events, stood with his back to the world, Franklin, smiling amiably upon it, walked steadily along in the comfortable light and warmth of its smiles. At forty-seven, the age at which Edwards was dismissed from Northampton, Franklin became deputy postmaster-general of America. He was already Pennsylvania's first citizen; while accumulating a fortune that enabled him to retire from active business at forty-two he had found time to carry out a large program of municipal improvements in Philadelphia, had invented the "Pennsylvanian fireplace" now known as the Franklin stove, had planned the academy which became the University of Pennsylvania, had founded the American Philosophical Society, had shown the identity of lightning and electricity, and had devised the lightning-rod; he had been justice of the peace, member of the Common Council, alderman, and representative from Philadelphia to the Pennsylvania Assembly. As deputy postmaster-general he now became a Continental figure. In 1759, as commissioner from Pennsyl-

[1] *The Nature of True Virtue* only elaborates the amazingly precocious discussion of Excellency which Edwards wrote first among his Notes on the Mind.

vania to the Albany Congress, he presented the "Plan of Union" which was there adopted. In 1755 it was Franklin who lent the most valuable assistance to Braddock's expedition. The next year he commanded the militia organized to protect the Pennsylvania frontier against the Indians. And the year following he went to England as agent for the Pennsylvania Assembly in their quarrel with the proprietors.

Had he died in 1758, as Edwards did, Franklin would have left the smaller achievement and reputation of the two, for Edwards was already an international figure in the world of speculation, while Franklin as humorist, scientist, and diplomatist had yet to commend himself to a wider world of affairs than he had been able to address during his provincial days. Unquestionably his scientific and diplomatic skill furnished the basis of his contemporary fame, and yet he must be considered also an eminent man of letters, not only because it is largely by his writings that he survives but because as a writer he constantly employed elements of imagination and wit much in excess of what he needed for the bare statement of his various causes. *The Interest of Great Britain considered with regard to her Colonies* (1760), for instance, a lucid and impressive pamphlet, was quickly followed by the pointed skit, *Of The Meanes of disposing the Enemie to Peace,* which he brought forward as a chapter from a Jesuit work advising the King of Spain to trick England into a hasty peace by "pacifist" propaganda among the English. This, Franklin insinuated, with an eye on those who were then opposing the war for Canada, would do more than foreign armies could do to weaken the power and the future of the British Empire. Back in Pennsylvania from 1762 to 1764, he not only managed the defence of his colony against the Indians in Pontiac's war but wrote the most eloquent of his occasional works, *A Narrative of the late Massacres in Lancaster County* (1764), against the atrocious murder by Scotch-Irish fanatics of unoffending and undefended Indians. Very characteristically, he answered the excuse of the fiery Presbyterians that the Scriptures had commanded Joshua to destroy the heathen, by citing instances of heathen hospitality and mercy, from the days of Homer to his own. These Indians, he concluded,

"would have been safe in any Part of the known World, except in the Neighbourhood of the CHRISTIAN WHITE SAVAGES OF PECKSTANG AND DONEGALL." The same stinging wrath appears in his preface to *The Speech of Joseph Galloway, Esq.* (1764), called forth by the continued warfare between the Proprietors and the Assembly which sent Franklin late in 1764 again to England, when he was to remain, a few visits to the Continent excepted, for ten years.

As against the one brilliant period in Edwards' life, that of the Great Awakening, there are three in Franklin's: his career as a colonial tradesman and official, his second mission to England, and his crowning diplomatic triumphs in France. Hardly had he arrived in England again when he wrote the amusing letter *To the Editor of a Newspaper* to parody the foolish reports about America then current in London. "The very Tails," he said, "of the American Sheep are so laden with wooll, that each has a little Car or Waggon on four Wheels, to support & keep it from trailing on the Ground"; and "Whales, when they have a mind to eat Cod, pursue them wherever they fly; . . . the grand Leap of the Whale in that Chase up the Fall of Niagara is esteemed, by all who have seen it, as one of the finest Spectacles in Nature." Franklin's matchless knowledge of the real facts about America appears in the report of his examination before the House of Commons in the matter of the Stamp Act, a dialogue which could not have been more dramatic and illuminating if Franklin had been allowed to choose the questions as well as to make the replies—and indeed there is ground for a lively suspicion that certain of his friends among the questioners contributed deliberately to his triumph. A calm colonial Socrates, he seemed, said Burke, like a schoolmaster being catechised by his pupils. After the repeal of the Act, Franklin continued in London as agent for other Colonies than his own, Georgia from 1768, New Jersey from 1769, and Massachusetts from 1770. His correspondence and his conversations with the innumerable acquaintances he made played a larger part in his successes than his more formal writings, but he still wrote spirited pamphlets—notably *Causes of the American Discontents before 1768* (1768) and *On the Rise and Progress of the Differences between Great*

Britain and her American Colonies (1774)—and kept u his trick of hoaxing articles in the newspapers. The mos famous of these appeared in *The Gentleman's Magazin* in September, 1773: *An Edict of the King of Prussi* in which Frederick was made to claim rights in Grea Britain sardonically like those claimed in the Colonies b the British Tories, on the ground "that the first Germa settlements made in the Island of Britain, were by colo nies of people, subject to our renowned ducal ancestors and drawn from their dominions, under the conduct o Hengist, Horsa, Hella, Uff, Cerdicus, Ida, and others and that the said colonies have flourished under the pro tection of our august houses for ages past; have neve been emancipated therefrom; and yet have yielded littl profit to the same"; and *Rules by which a Great Empir may be reduced to a Small One,* wherein Franklin, speak ing as "a modern simpleton," advised a certain nameles minister to go on with the means the British ministry wa then employing, in the confident expectation that a grea empire could be reduced by the simple device of so insult ing and injuring its distant provinces that they would fall away in anger.

The familiar side of Franklin appeared during his English residence as it had not done before. Though the honors laid upon him by the worlds of learning and wealth and fashion could not spoil him, and to Deborah Franklin he still wrote in the homely dialect of their youth about all manner of homely affairs, he obviously flowered in the most congenial atmosphere he had ever known. "Of all the enviable Things England has," he had written to Mary Stevenson from Philadelphia in 1763, "I envy it most its People. Why should that petty Island, which compar'd to America, is but like a stepping-Stone to a Brook, scarce enough of it above Water to keep one's Shoes dry; why, I say, should that little Island enjoy in almost every Neighbourhood, more sensible, virtuous, and elegant Minds, than we can collect in ranging 100 Leagues of our vast Forests?" A colonist who made Englishmen proud of the Empire, he was on friendly terms with the leaders of British opinion and action, and with their wives and daughters. His wit, though still naughty enough, was tempered by a nicer taste than he had employed toward his colonial readers. He bore him-

self with the dignity becoming to the representative of his native country, with the discretion becoming to an ambassador who had a very complex misunderstanding to untangle. And yet he never grew stiff with his responsibilities. In his lighter correspondence his fun moved as easily and naturally when he wrote to the Bishop of St. Asaph or Lord Kames as when he wrote to Mary Stevenson, the charming girl in whose mother's house in Craven Street Franklin had lodgings during his English residence. It may be questioned whether the familiar Franklin can anywhere else be better studied than in *The Craven-Street Gazette,* the mock journal which he kept in September 1770 during a temporary absence of Mrs. Stevenson, or whether sage playfulness can go beyond the entry for 25 September, in which Franklin tells of Dorothea Blount's promise to marry either of the two great men, Lord Hutton or Franklin, whose wife should first leave him free "to obtain the proposed Comfort."

As wit and sage, however, Franklin was to go still further in France. Obliged to leave England by the approach of hostilities, he returned to America long enough to serve as delegate from Pennsylvania to the first Continental Congress, to become American postmaster-general, to assist in drafting the Declaration of Independence and to sign it, and then sailed for France to obtain help for the Colonies in the struggle. Of his diplomatic successes we need say no more than that he made himself easily the greatest of all American diplomats, whether he be measured by his actual achievements or by his less tangible contributions to the friendship of the two nations between which he stood as principal intermediary. It is plain, however, that in no small degree he owed those successes to the accomplished felicities of his pen and his conversation. Extraordinary as the comparison may seem, he came to Paris out of the backwoods of America as Edwards had come to Boston from the Berkshires, as the spokesman of an austerer, older creed. Paris, bored with novelty, was trifling with the notion of a state of nature—possibly the American continent—in which men, free of institutions, might be simple, virtuous, just, wise, and eloquent. All these things Franklin was—and no man less prompt than he to perceive in what light he was

viewed by the French or less able to adapt himself to the colors they desired him to wear. "Caméléon Octogénaire" one malicious French poet called him, but few voices disturbed the harmony of praise and approval which long outlasted his stay. Had he been as simple as many thought him, he could not have seemed simple to so many. His career was a triumph of sophistication, a nice balancing and use of the means most valuable for his ends. As readily as he had become a man of affairs in Philadelphia, and a statesman in London, he became a courtier in Paris. The bagatelles which he printed at his own press at Passy—*The Ephemera, Morals of Chess, The Whistle, Dialogue between Franklin and the Gout, An Economical Project*—add to the substance of his solid and shrewd observation the salt of a wit which he had found prevalent in the gay salons of Madame Helvetius and Madame Brillon. To those ladies, and others, he wrote letters which must have made them wonder in what transatlantic forest he could have learned the language of gallantry so well. His freethinking, exercised in England on plans for a revision of the Prayer Book, now turned to the Bible itself, and he whimsically rendered a part of the book of Job into the jargon of modern politics. If against England he aimed some acid satires,—*A Dialogue between Britain, France, Spain, Holland, Saxony, and America* on England's political claims and the bogus *Supplement to the Boston Independent Chronicle* bitterly condemning the British use of savages in the war—they were the only asperities he permitted himself. For the most part he ruled his temper with complete success, not undeserving of his reputation in France as the calmest and loftiest of men.

The final years of his life, between his return from France in 1785 and his death in 1790, were indeed a twilight after his flaming meridian and gorgeous afternoon, but a twilight without a shadow. Physical infirmities could not hinder his election, immediately upon his return, as President of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. The inhabitants of western North Carolina declared themselves a separate state with the name of Franklin. In the Constitutional Convention he rendered precious services, wit and peacemaker as well as statesman. To the very end he kept his literary faculties, comparing

the Anti-Federalists to the ancient Jews with spirited irony, arraigning the Pennsylvania press for its abusive manners, and less than a month before his death parodying current pro-slavery arguments in what he pretended was the speech of a certain Algerian in defence of the enslavement of Europeans. Here, as in his latest correspondence, Franklin showed himself absolutely and masterfully at home in the world, and none the less so because he viewed with untroubled eyes the prospect of another soon to follow. Almost the only regret which we may feel in connection with this closing scene is that it was too crowded to let him complete his *Autobiography,* which, admittedly one of the chief books of its kind, recounts only his colonial days, and so has taught an immense posterity to think of him rather as tradesman, local wit, and provincial great man than as diplomatist, courtier, and statesman, the most completely representative and fully rounded figure which the eighteenth century produced in America and Europe.

The most completely representative—and yet Edwards too was of that age, and must be kept sight of, a flaming point in the sober background of the picture. The dream of a divine paradise faded slowly from the New England imagination, the high crystal-walled city of the Pilgrim hope melted away stubbornly before the grayer, solider towns which the sons of the Pilgrims planted. If the weapons of Edwards, his unendurable doctrines, his irresistible imprecations, were terrible, so were those of Franklin ruthless, his confidence in the material world, his sure-footed prudence, and his commonsense, which destroyed as it built. We may not withhold from Edwards the tribute of perceiving that he was tragically born out of his true century, that fate cast him with a mystic's vision into a generation which was unlearning that vision in its discovery of human dignity and self-sufficiency; nor may we forget that it was Franklin's fortune as well as his glory that the inexplicable accident of birth threw him upon a coast which he could explore, every gulf and bay and farm and city, unhaunted by any innative memories of a more illustrious region. Our sympathies are strongly with Franklin, in spite of some sentiment of pity for Edwards defeated, because we, as the sons of Franklin, naturally honor our ancestor. And yet after two hundred

years, now that pious ties have ceased to bind us very closely to one rather than the other, we can see that they are not merely ancestors, not merely protagonists of an eighteenth-century conflict, but also symbols of two principles perennially contending among men. Take away from Edwards the merely doctrinal implications in his conviction that "the work of God in the conversion of one soul, considered together with the source, foundation, and purchase of it, and also the benefit, end, and eternal issue of it, is a more glorious work of God than the creating of the whole material universe," and there remains something by which the spirit of man is lifted and glorified above all the meaner dangers of life as in the revelations of the greatest prophets. Take away from Franklin some of the alloy of his earthiness, his too incessant shrewdness and his ranker appetites, and there remains the pure distillation of human experience, the quintessence of that indispensable wisdom which comes not from illumination but from the fruitful study of all that it is given to our senses and our reason to perceive. Poetry and prudence may each wonder that the other can find in his universe so much that seems important, and may each condemn the other for so great a waste of life, but mankind at large profits by their disagreements. They divide the world, but so do they multiply it.

Note.—With the courteous permission of The Macmillan Company the Franklin items in this collection are reprinted from *The Writings of Benjamin Franklin,* New York, 1907, the text of which was carefully edited and collated by Albert Henry Smyth. Of the Edwards material, *A Faithful Narrative* is reprinted from the Worcester edition of 1832 and the remainder from S. E. Dwight's *Life of President Edwards,* New York, 1830. Full bibliographies of Franklin and Edwards may be found in Volume I of *The Cambridge History of American Literature.*

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

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DOGOOD PAPERS. No. IV.

An fum etiam nunc vel Græcè loqui vel Latinè docendus?
CICERO.

To the Author of the New-England Courant.

Sir,

DISCOURSING the other Day at Dinner with my Reverend Boarder, formerly mention'd, (whom for Distinction sake we will call by the Name of *Clericus,*) concerning the Education of Children, I ask'd his Advice about my young Son *William,* whether or no I had best bestow upon him Academical Learning, or (as our Phrase is) *bring him up at our College:* He perswaded me to do it by all Means, using many weighty Arguments with me, and answering all the Objections that I could form against it; telling me withal, that he did not doubt but that the Lad would take his Learning very well, and not idle away his Time as too many there now-a-days do. These words of *Clericus* gave me a Curiosity to inquire a little more strictly into the present Circumstances of that famous Seminary of Learning; but the Information which he gave me, was neither pleasant, nor such as I expected.

AS soon as Dinner was over, I took a solitary Walk into my Orchard, still ruminating on *Clericus's* Discourse with much Consideration, until I came to my usual Place of Retirement under the *Great Apple-Tree;* where having seated my self, and carelessly laid my Head on a verdant Bank, I fell by Degrees into a soft and undisturbed Slumber. My waking Thoughts remained with me in my Sleep, and before I awak'd again, I dreamt the following DREAM.

I FANCY'D I was travelling over pleasant and delightful Fields and Meadows, and thro' many small Country

Towns and Villages; and as I pass'd along, all Places resounded with the Fame of the Temple of LEARNING: Every Peasant, who had wherewithal, was preparing to send one of his Children at least to this famous Place; and in this Cafe most of them consulted their own Purses instead of their Childrens Capacities: So that I observed, a great many, yea, the most part of those who were travelling thither, were little better than Dunces and Blockheads. Alas! Alas!

AT length I entered upon a spacious Plain, in the Midst of which was erected a large and stately Edifice: It was to this that a great Company of Youths from all Parts of the Country were going; so stepping in among the Crowd, I passed on with them, and presently arrived at the Gate.

THE Passage was Kept by two sturdy Porters named *Riches* and *Poverty,* and the latter obstinately refused to give Entrance to any who had not first gain'd the Favour of the former; so that I observed, many who came even to the very Gate, were obliged to travel back again as ignorant as they came, for want of this necessary Qualification. However, as a Spectator I gain'd Admittance, and with the rest entred directly into the Temple.

IN the Middle of the great Hall stood a stately and magnificent Throne, which was ascended to by two high and difficult Steps. On the Top of it sat LEARNING in awful State; she was apparelled wholly in Black, and surrounded almost on every Side with innumerable Volumes in all Languages. She seem'd very busily employ'd in writing something on half a Sheet of Paper, and upon Enquiry, I understood she was preparing a Paper, call'd, *The New-England Courant.* On her Right Hand sat *English,* with a pleasant smiling Countenance, and handsomely attir'd; and on her left were seated several *Antique Figures* with their Faces vail'd. I was considerably puzzl'd to guess who they were, until one informed me, (who stood beside me,) that those Figures on her left Hand were *Latin, Greek, Hebrew,* &c. and that they were very much reserv'd, and seldom or never unvail'd their Faces here, and then to few or none, tho' most of those who have in this Place acquir'd so much Learning as to distinguish them from *English,* pretended to an intimate Acquaintance with them. I then enquir'd of him, what could be

the Reason why they continued vail'd, in this Place especially: He pointed to the Foot of the Throne, where I saw *Idleness,* attended with *Ignorance,* and these (he informed me) were they, who first vail'd them, and still kept them so.

NOW I observed, that the whole Tribe who entred into the Temple with me, began to climb the Throne; but the Work proving troublesome and difficult to most of them, they withdrew their Hands from the Plow, and contented themselves to sit at the Foot, with Madam *Idleness* and her Maid *Ignorance,* until those who were assisted by Diligence and a docible Temper, had well nigh got up the first Step: But the Time drawing nigh in which they could no way avoid ascending, they were fain to crave the Assistance of those who had got up before them, and who, for the Reward perhaps of a *Pint of Milk,* or a *Piece of Plumb-Cake,* lent the Lubbers a helping Hand, and sat them in the Eye of the World, upon a Level with themselves.

THE other Step being in the same Manner ascended, and the usual Ceremonies at an End, every Beetle-Scull seem'd well satisfy'd with his own Portion of Learning, tho' perhaps he was *e'en just* as ignorant as ever. And now the Time of their Departure being come, they march'd out of Doors to make Room for another Company, who waited for Entrance: And I, having seen all that was to be seen, quitted the Hall likewise, and went to make my Observations on those who were just gone out before me.

SOME I perceiv'd took to Merchandizing, others to Travelling, some to one Thing, some to another, and some to Nothing; and many of them from henceforth, for want of Patrimony, liv'd as poor as church Mice, being unable to dig, and asham'd to beg, and to live by their Wits it was impossible. But the most Part of the Crowd went along a large beaten Path, which led to a Temple at the further End of the Plain, call'd, *The Temple of Theology.* The Business of those who were employ'd in this Temple being laborious and painful, I wonder'd exceedingly, to see so many go towards it; but while I was pondering this Matter in my Mind, I spy'd *Pecunia* behind a Curtain, beckoning to them with her Hand, which Sight immediately satisfy'd me for whose Sake it was,

that a great Part of them (I will not say all) travel'd that Road. In this Temple I saw nothing worth mentioning, except the ambitious and fraudulent Contrivances of *Plagius,* who (notwithstanding he had been severely reprehended for such Practices before) was diligently transcribing some eloquent Paragraphs out of *Tillotson's* Works, &c. to embellish his own.

NOW I bethought my self in my Sleep, that it was Time to be at Home, and as I fancy'd I was travelling back thither, I reflected in my Mind on the extream Folly of those Parents, who, blind to their Childrens Dulness, and insensible of the Solidity of their Skulls, because they think their Purses can afford it, will needs send them to the Temple of Learning, where, for want of a suitable Genius, they learn little more than how to carry themselves handsomely, and enter a Room genteely, (which might as well be acquir'd at a Dancing-School,) and from whence they return, after Abundance of Trouble and Charge, as great Blockheads as ever, only more proud and self-conceited.

WHILE I was in the midst of these unpleasant Reflections, *Clericus* (who with a Book in his Hand was walking under the Trees) accidentally awak'd me; to him I related my Dream with all its Particulars, and he, without much Study, presently interpreted it, assuring me, *That it was a lively Representation of* HARVARD COLLEGE, *Etcetera.*

I remain, Sir,
Your Humble Servant,
SILENCE DOGOOD.

[7-14 May, 1722.]

DOGOOD PAPERS. No. VII.

Give me the Muse, whose generous Force,
Impatient of the Reins,
Pursues an unattempted Course,
Breaks all the Criticks Iron Chains.

WATTS.

To the Author of the New-England Courant.

Sir,

It has been the Complaint of many Ingenious Foreigners, who have travell'd amongst us, *That good Poetry is*

not to be expected in New-England. I am apt to Fancy, the Reason is, not because our Countrymen are altogether void of a Poetical Genius, nor yet because we have not those Advantages of Education which other Countries have, but purely because we do not afford that Praise and Encouragement which is merited, when any thing extraordinary of this Kind is produc'd among us: Upon which Consideration I have determined, when I meet with a Good Piece of *New-England* Poetry, to give it a suitable Encomium, and thereby endeavour to discover to the World some of its Beautys, in order to encourage the Author to go on, and bless the World with more, and more Excellent Productions.

THERE has lately appear'd among us a most Excellent Piece of Poetry, entituled, *An Elegy upon the much Lamented Death of Mrs.* Mehitebell Kitel, *Wife of Mr.* John Kitel *of* Salem, *Etc.* It may justly be said in its Praise, without Flattery to the Author, that it is the most *Extraordinary* Piece that was ever wrote in *New-England.* The Language is so soft and Easy, the Expression so moving and pathetick, but above all, the Verse and Numbers so Charming and Natural, that it is almost beyond Comparison.

The Muse *disdains*[1]
Those Links and Chains,
Measures and Rules of Vulgar Strains,
And o'er the Laws of Harmony a Sovereign Queen she reigns.

I FIND no English Author, Ancient or Modern, whose Elegies may be compar'd with this, in respect to the Elegance of Stile, or Smoothness of Rhime; and for the affecting Part, I will leave your Readers to judge, if ever they read any Lines, that would sooner make them *draw their Breath* and Sigh, if not shed tears, than these following.

Come let us mourn, for we have lost a
Wife, a Daughter, and a Sister,
Who has lately taken Flight, and
greatly we have mist her.

In another place,

[1] Watts.

Some little Time *before she yielded up her Breath,*
She said, I ne'er shall hear one Sermon more on Earth.
She kist her Husband some little Time *before she expir'd,*
Then lean'd her Head the Pillow on, just out of Breath and tir'd.

BUT the Threefold Appellation in the first Line

—a Wife, a Daughter, and a Sister,

must not pass unobserved. That Line in the celebrated *Watts,*

GUNSTON, *the Just, the Generous, and the Young,*

is nothing Comparable to it. The latter only mentions three Qualifications of *one* Person who was deceased, which therefore could raise Grief and Compassion but for *One.* Whereas the former, (*our most excellent Poet*) gives his Reader a Sort of an Idea of the Death of *Three Persons,* viz.

—a Wife, a Daughter, and a Sister,

which is *Three Times* as great a Loss as the Death of *One,* and consequently must raise *Three Times* as much Grief and Compassion in the Reader.

I SHOULD be very much straitened for Room, if I should attempt to discover even half the Excellencies of this Elegy which are obvious to me. Yet I cannot omit one Observation, which is, that the Author has (to his Honour) invented a new Species of Poetry, which wants a Name, and was never before known. His muse scorns to be confin'd to the old Measures and Limits, or to observe the dull Rules of Criticks;

Nor Rapin *gives her Rules to fly, nor* Purcell *Notes to Sing.*
Watts.

NOW 'tis Pity that such an Excellent Piece should not be dignify'd with a particular Name; and seeing it cannot justly be called, either *Epic, Sapphic, Lyric,* or *Pindaric,* nor any other Name yet invented, I presume it may, (in Honour and Remembrance of the Dead) be called the

KITELIC. Thus much in the Praise of *Kitelic Poetry.*

IT is certain, that those Elegies which are of our own Growth, (and our Soil seldom produces any other sort of Poetry) are by far the greatest part, wretchedly Dull and Ridiculous. Now since it is imagin'd by many, that our Poets are honest, well-meaning Fellows, who do their best, and that if they had but some Instructions how to govern Fancy with Judgment, they would make indifferent good Elegies; I shall here subjoin a Receipt for that purpose, which was left me as a Legacy, (among other valuable Rarities) by my Reverend Husband. It is as follows,

A RECEIPT *to make a* New-England Funeral ELEGY.

For the Title of your Elegy. *Of these you may have enough ready made to your Hands; but if you should chuse to make it your self, you must be sure not to omit the words* Ætatis Suæ, *which will Beautify it exceedingly.*

For the Subject of your Elegy. *Take one of your Neighbours who has lately departed this Life; it is no great matter of what Age the Party dy'd, but it will be best if he went away suddenly, being* Kill'd, Drown'd, *or* Frose to Death.

Having chose the Person, take all his Virtues, Excellencies, &c. and if he have not enough, you may borrow some to make up a sufficient Quantity: To these add his last Words, dying Expressions, &c. if they are to be had; mix all these together, and be sure you strain them well. Then season all with a Handful or two of Melancholly Expressions, such as, Dreadful, Deadly, cruel cold Death, unhappy Fate, weeping Eyes, &c. *Have mixed all these Ingredients well, put them into the empty Scull of some* young Harvard; (*but in Case you have ne'er a One at Hand, you may use your own,*) *there let them Ferment for the Space of a Fortnight, and by that Time they will be incorporated into a Body, which take out, and having prepared a sufficient Quantity of double Rhimes, such as* Power, Flower; Quiver, Shiver; Grieve us, Leave us; tell you, excel you; Expeditions, Physicians; Fatigue him, Intrigue him; &c. *you must spread all upon Paper, and if you can procure a Scrap of Latin to put at the End, it will garnish it*

mightily; then having affixed your Name at the Bottom, with a Mœstus Composuit, *you will have an Excellent Elegy.*

N. B. *This Receipt will serve when a Female is the Subject of your Elegy, provided you borrow a greater Quantity of Virtues, Excellencies, &c. . . .*

Sir,

Your Servant,

SILENCE DOGOOD.

P. S. I shall make no other Answer to *Hypercarpus's* Criticism on my last Letter than this, *Mater me genuit, peperit mox filia matrem.*

[18-25 June, 1722.]

ARTICLES OF BELIEF AND ACTS OF RELIGION

FIRST PRINCIPLES

I believe there is one supreme, most perfect Being, Author and Father of the Gods themselves. For I believe that Man is not the most perfect Being but one, rather that as there are many Degrees of Beings his Inferiors, so there are many Degrees of Beings superior to him.

Also, when I stretch my Imagination thro' and beyond our System of Planets, beyond the visible fix'd Stars themselves, into that Space that is every Way infinite, and conceive it fill'd with Suns like ours, each with a Chorus of Worlds forever moving round him, then this little Ball on which we move, seems, even in my narrow Imagination, to be almost Nothing, and myself less than nothing, and of no sort of Consequence.

When I think thus, I imagine it great Vanity in me to suppose, that the *Supremely Perfect* does in the least regard such an inconsiderable Nothing as Man. More especially, since it is impossible for me to have any positive clear idea of that which is infinite and incomprehensible, I cannot conceive otherwise than that he *the Infinite Father* expects or requires no Worship or Praise from us, but that he is even infinitely above it.

But, since there is in all Men something like a natural principle, which inclines them to DEVOTION, or the Worship of some unseen Power;

And since Men are endued with Reason superior to all other Animals, that we are in our World acquainted with;

Therefore I think it seems required of me, and my Duty as a Man, to pay Divine Regards to SOMETHING.

I conceive then, that the INFINITE has created many beings or Gods, vastly superior to Man, who can better conceive his Perfections than we, and return him a more rational and glorious Praise.

As, among Men, the Praise of the Ignorant or of Children is not regarded by the ingenious Painter or Architect, who is rather honour'd and pleas'd with the approbation of Wise Men & Artists.

It may be that these created Gods are immortal; or it may be that after many Ages, they are changed, and others Supply their Places.

Howbeit, I conceive that each of these is exceeding wise and good, and very powerful; and that Each has made for himself one glorious Sun, attended with a beautiful and admirable System of Planets.

It is that particular Wise and good God, who is the author and owner of our System, that I propose for the object of my praise and adoration.

For I conceive that he has in himself some of those Passions he has planted in us, and that, since he has given us Reason whereby we are capable of observing his Wisdom in the Creation, he is not above caring for us, being pleas'd with our Praise, and offended when we slight Him, or neglect his Glory.

I conceive for many Reasons, that he is a *good Being;* and as I should be happy to have so wise, good, and powerful a Being my Friend, let me consider in what manner I shall make myself most acceptable to him.

Next to the Praise resulting from and due to his Wisdom, I believe he is pleas'd and delights in the Happiness of those he has created; and since without Virtue Man can have no Happiness in this World, I firmly believe he delights to see me Virtuous, because he is pleased when he sees Me Happy.

And since he has created many Things, which seem purely design'd for the Delight of Man, I believe he is not offended, when he sees his Children solace themselves in any manner of pleasant exercises and Innocent Delights; and I think no Pleasure innocent, that is to Man hurtful.

I *love* him therefore for his Goodness, and I *adore* him for his Wisdom.

Let me then not fail to praise my God continually, for it is his Due, and it is all I can return for his many Favours and great Goodness to me; and let me resolve to be virtuous, that I may be happy, that I may please Him, who is delighted to see me happy. Amen!

ADORATION

PREL. Being mindful that before I address the Deity, my soul ought to be calm and serene, free from Passion and Perturbation, or otherwise elevated with Rational Joy and Pleasure, I ought to use a Countenance that expresses a filial Respect, mixed w^th^ a kind of Smiling, that Signifies inward Joy, and Satisfaction, and Admiration.

O wise God, my good Father!

Thou beholdest the sincerity of my Heart and of my Devotion; Grant me a Continuance of thy Favour!

1. O Creator, O Father! I believe that thou art Good, and that thou art *pleas'd with the pleasure* of thy children. —Praised be thy name for Ever!

2. By thy Power hast thou made the glorious Sun, with his attending Worlds; from the energy of thy mighty Will, they first received [their prodigious] motion, and by thy Wisdom hast thou prescribed the wondrous Laws, by which they move.—Praised be thy name for Ever!

3. By thy Wisdom hast thou formed all Things. Thou hast created Man, bestowing Life and Reason, and placed him in Dignity superior to thy other earthly Creatures.— Praised be thy name for Ever!

4. Thy Wisdom, thy Power, and thy Goodness are everywhere clearly seen; in the air and in the water, in the Heaven and on the Earth; Thou providest for the various winged Fowl, and the innumerable Inhabitants of the Water; thou givest Cold and Heat, Rain and Sunshine, in their Season, & to the Fruits of the Earth Increase.— Praised be thy name for Ever!

5. Thou abhorrest in thy Creatures Treachery and Deceit, Malice, Revenge, [*Intemperance*,] and every other hurtful Vice; but Thou art a Lover of Justice and Sincerity, of Friendship and Benevolence, and every Virtue.

Thou art my Friend, my Father, and my Benefactor.—Praised be thy name, O God, for Ever! Amen!

[After this, it will not be improper to read part of some such Book as Ray's *Wisdom of God in the Creation,* or *Blackmore on the Creation,* or the Archbishop of Cambray's *Demonstration of the Being of a God,* &c., or else spend some Minutes in a serious Silence, contemplating on those Subjects.]

Then sing

MILTON'S HYMN TO THE CREATOR

"These are thy Glorious Works, Parent of Good!
Almighty, Thine this Universal Frame,
Thus wondrous fair! Thyself how wondrous then!
Speak ye who best can tell, Ye Sons of Light,
Angels, for ye behold him, and with Songs
And Choral Symphonies, Day without Night,
Circle his Throne rejoicing you in Heav'n,
On Earth join all ye creatures to extol
Him first, him last, him midst, and without End.
"Fairest of Stars, last in the Train of Night,
If rather Thou belongst not to the Dawn,
Sure Pledge of Day; thou crown'st the smiling Morn
With thy bright Circlet, Praise him in thy Sphere
While Day arises, that sweet Hour of Prime.
Thou Sun, of this great World, both Eye and Soul,
Acknowledge him thy greater; Sound his Praise
In thy eternal Course; both when thou climb'st,
And when high Noon hast gain'd, and when thou fall'st.
Moon! that now meet'st the orient sun, now fly'st,
With the fixed Stars, fixed in their orb that flies,
And ye five other wandering Fires, that move
In mystic Dance not without Song; resound
His Praise, that out of Darkness called up Light.
Air! and ye Elements! the eldest Birth
Of Nature's womb, that in Quaternion run
Perpetual Circle, multiform, and mix
And nourish all things, let your ceaseless Change
Vary to our great Maker still new Praise.
Ye mists and Exhalations, that now rise
From Hill or steaming lake, dusky or grey,
Till the Sun paint your fleecy skirts with Gold,
In honour to the World's Great Author rise;
Whether to deck with Clouds the uncolor'd sky,
Or wet the thirsty Earth wth falling show'rs,
Rising or falling still advance his Praise.

His Praise, ye Winds! that from 4 quarters blow,
Breathe soft or Loud; and wave your Tops, ye Pines!
With every Plant, in sign of worship wave.
Fountains! and ye that warble, as ye flow
Melodious Murmurs, warbling tune his Praise.
Join voices all ye living souls, ye Birds!
That singing, up to Heaven's high gate ascend,
Bear on your wings, & in your Note his Praise;
Ye that in Waters glide! and ye that walk
The Earth! and stately tread or lowly creep;
Witness *if I be silent*, Ev'n or Morn,
To Hill, or Valley, Fountain, or Fresh Shade,
Made Vocal by my Song, and taught his Praise."

[Here follows the Reading of some Book, or part of a Book, Discoursing on and exciting to Moral Virtue.]

PETITION

Inasmuch as by Reason of our Ignorance We cannot be certain that many Things, which we often hear mentioned in the Petitions of Men to the Deity, would prove real Goods, if they were in our Possession, and as I have reason to hope and believe that the Goodness of my Heavenly Father will not withold from me a suitable share of Temporal Blessings, if by a Virtuous and holy Life I conciliate his Favour and Kindness, Therefore I presume not to ask such things, but rather humbly and with a Sincere Heart, express my earnest desires that he would graciously assist my Continual Endeavours and Resolutions of eschewing Vice, and embracing Virtue; which Kind of Supplications will *at least be thus far beneficial, as they remind me* in a solemn manner of my Extensive duty.

That I may be preserved from Atheism & Infidelity, Impiety, and Profaneness, and, in my Addresses to Thee, carefully avoid Irreverence and ostentation, Formality and odious Hypocrisy,—Help me, O Father!

That I may be loyal to my Prince, and faithful to my country, careful for its good, valiant in its defence, and obedient to its Laws, abhorring Treason as much as Tyranny—Help me, O Father!

That I may to those above me be dutiful, humble, and submissive; avoiding Pride, Disrespect, and Contumacy, —Help me, O Father!

That I may to those below me be gracious, Condescending, and Forgiving, using Clemency, protecting *innocent Distress,* avoiding Cruelty, Harshness, and oppression, Insolence, and unreasonable Severity,—Help me, O Father!

That I may refrain from Censure, Calumny and Detraction; that I may avoid and abhor Deceit and Envy, Fraud, Flattery, and Hatred, Malice, Lying, and Ingratitude,—Help me, O Father!

That I may be sincere in Friendship, faithful in trust, and Impartial in Judgment, watchful against Pride, and against Anger (that momentary Madness),—Help me, O Father!

That I may be just in all my Dealings, temperate in my Pleasures, full of Candour and Ingenuity, Humanity and Benevolence,—Help me, O Father!

That I may be grateful to my Benefactors, and generous to my Friends, exercising Charity and Liberality to the Poor, and Pity to the Miserable,—Help me, O Father!

That I may avoid Avarice and Ambition, Jealousie, and Intemperance, Falschood, Luxury, and Lasciviousness,—Help me, O Father!

That I may possess Integrity and Evenness of Mind, Resolution in Difficulties, and Fortitude under Affliction; that I may be punctual in performing my promises, Peaceable and prudent in my Behaviour,—Help me, O Father!

That I may have Tenderness for the Weak, and reverent Respect for the Ancient; that I may be Kind to my Neighbours, good-natured to my Companions, and hospitable to Strangers,—Help me, O Father!

That I may be averse to Talebearing, Backbiting, Detraction, Slander, & Craft, and overreaching, abhor Extortion, Perjury, and every Kind of wickedness,—Help me, O Father!

That I may be honest and open-hearted, gentle, merciful, and good, cheerful in spirit, rejoicing in the Good of others,—Help me, O Father!

That I may have a constant Regard to Honour and Probity, that I may possess a perfect innocence and a good Conscience, and at length become truly Virtuous and Magnanimous,—Help me, good God; help me, O Father![1]

[1] At this point the original Ms. ends. The subsequent paragraph, including the "Thanks," is found only in William Temple Franklin's transcript, now in the Library of Congress.

And, forasmuch as ingratitude is one of the most odious of vices, let me not be unmindful gratefully to acknowledge the favours I receive from Heaven.

THANKS

For peace and liberty, for food and raiment, for corn, and wine, and milk, and every kind of healthful nourishment,—Good God, I thank thee!

For the common benefits of air and light; for useful fire and delicious water,—Good God, I thank thee!

For knowledge, and literature, and every useful art, for my friends and their prosperity, and for the fewness of my enemies,—Good God, I thank thee!

For all thy innumerable benefits; for life, and reason, and the use of speech; for health, and joy, and every pleasant hour,—My good God, I thank thee!

[20 November, 1728.]

THE BUSY-BODY. No. 3

Non vultus instantis Tyranni
Mente quatit solidâ,—neque Auster,
Dux inquieti turbidus Adriæ,
Nec fulminantis magna Jovis manus.

—Hor.

It is said that the Persians, in their ancient Constitution, had publick Schools in which Virtue was taught as a Liberal Art or Science; and it is certainly of more Consequence to a Man, that he has learnt to govern his Passions; in spite of Temptation to be just in his Dealings, to be Temperate in his Pleasures, to support himself with Fortitude under his Misfortunes, to behave with Prudence in all Affairs, and in every Circumstance of Life; I say, it is of much more real Advantage to him to be thus qualified, than to be a Master of all the Arts and Sciences in the World beside.

Virtue alone is sufficient to make a Man Great, Glorious, and Happy. He that is acquainted with Cato, as I am, cannot help thinking as I do now, and will acknowledge he deserves the Name, without being honour'd by it. Cato is a Man whom Fortune has plac'd in the most obscure Part of the Country. His Circumstances are such,

as only put him above Necessity, without affording him many Superfluities; Yet who is greater than Cato? I happened but the other Day to be at a House in Town, where, among others, were met Men of the most Note in this Place. Cato had Business with some of them, and knock'd at the Door. The most trifling Actions of a Man, in my Opinion, as well as the smallest Features and Lineaments of the Face, give a nice Observer some Notion of his Mind. Methought he rapp'd in such a peculiar Manner, as seem'd of itself to express there was One, who deserv'd as well as desir'd Admission. He appear'd in the plainest Country Garb; his Great Coat was coarse, and looked old and threadbare; his Linnen was homespun; his Beard perhaps of Seven Days' Growth; his Shoes thick and heavy; and every Part of his Dress corresponding. Why was this Man receiv'd with such concurring Respect from every Person in the Room, even from those who had never known him or seen him before? It was not an exquisite Form of Person, or Grandeur of Dress, that struck us with Admiration.

I believe long Habits of Virtue have a sensible Effect on the Countenance. There was something in the Air of his Face, that manifested the true Greatness of his Mind, which likewise appear'd in all he said, and in every Part of his Behaviour, obliging us to regard him with a Kind of Veneration. His Aspect is sweetened with Humanity and Benevolence, and at the same Time emboldned with Resolution, equally free from a diffident Bashfulness and an unbecoming Assurance. The Consciousness of his own innate Worth and unshaken Integrity renders him calm and undaunted in the Presence of the most Great and Powerful, and upon the most extraordinary Occasions. His strict Justice and known Impartiality make him the Arbitrator and Decider of all Differences, that arise for many Miles around him, without putting his Neighbours to the Charge, Perplexity, and Uncertainty of Law-Suits. He always speaks the Thing he means, which he is never afraid or asham'd to do, because he knows he always means well, and therefore is never oblig'd to blush, and feel the Confusion of finding himself detected in the Meanness of a Falsehood. He never contrives Ill against his Neighbour, and therefore is never seen with a lowring, suspicious Aspect. A mixture of Innocence and Wisdom

makes him ever seriously cheerful. His generous Hospitality to Strangers, according to his Ability; his Goodness, his Charity, his Courage in the Cause of the Oppressed, his Fidelity in Friendship, his Humility, his Honesty and Sincerity, his Moderation, and his Loyalty to the Government; his Piety, his Temperance, his Love to Mankind, his Magnanimity, his Publick-Spiritedness, and in fine, his consummate Virtue, make him justly deserve to be esteem'd the Glory of his Country.

> "The Brave do never shun the Light;
> Just are their Thoughts, and open are their Tempers;
> Freely without Disguise they love and hate;
> Still are they found in the fair Face of Day,
> And Heaven and Men are Judges of their Actions."
>
> —Rowe.

Who would not rather chuse, if it were in his Choice, to merit the above Character, than be the richest, the most learned, or the most powerful Man in the Province without it?

Almost every Man has a strong natural Desire of being valu'd and esteem'd by the rest of his Species, but I am concern'd and griev'd to see how few fall into the Right and only infallible Method of becoming so. That laudable Ambition is too commonly misapply'd, and often ill employ'd. Some to make themselves considerable pursue Learning, others grasp at Wealth; some aim at being thought witty; and others are only careful to make the most of an handsome Person; But what is Wit, or Wealth, or Form, or Learning, when compar'd with Virtue? 'Tis true, we love the handsome, we applaud the Learned, and we fear the Rich and Powerful; but we even Worship and adore the Virtuous. Nor is it strange; since Men of Virtue are so rare, so very rare to be found. If we were as industrious to become Good as to make ourselves Great, we should become really Great by being Good, and the Number of valuable Men would be much increased; but it is a Grand Mistake to think of being Great without Goodness; and I pronounce it as certain, that there was never yet a truly Great Man, that was not at the same Time truly Virtuous.

O Cretico! thou sowre Philosopher! Thou cunning

Statesman! Thou art crafty, but far from being Wise. When wilt thou be esteem'd, regarded, and belov'd like Cato? When wilt thou, among thy Creatures, meet with that unfeign'd respect and warm Good-will, that all Men have for him? Wilt thou never understand, that the cringing, mean, submissive Deportment of thy Dependents, is (like the worship paid by Indians to the Devil) rather thro' Fear of the Harm thou may'st do to them, than out of Gratitude for the Favours they have receiv'd of thee? Thou art not wholly void of Virtue; there are many good Things in thee, and many good Actions reported of thee. Be advised by thy Friend. Neglect those musty Authors; let them be cover'd with Dust, and moulder on their proper Shelves; and do thou apply thyself to a Study much more profitable, The knowledge of Mankind and of thyself.

This is to give Notice, that the Busy-Body strictly forbids all Persons, from this Time forward, of what Age, Sex, Rank, Quality, Degree, or Denomination soever, on any Pretence, to enquire who is the Author of this Paper, on Pain of his Displeasure, (his own near and Dear Relations only excepted.)

'Tis to be observ'd, that if any bad Characters happen to be drawn in the Course of these Papers, they mean no particular Person, if they are not particularly apply'd.

Likewise, that the Author is no Party-man, but a general Meddler.

N. B. Cretico lives in a neighbouring Province.

[*Pennsylvania Gazette*, 18 February, 1728-9.]

THE BUSY-BODY. No. 4

Ne quid nimis.

In my first Paper I invited the Learned and the Ingenious to join with me in this Undertaking, and I now repeat that Invitation. I would have such Gentlemen take this Opportunity (by trying their Talent in Writing) of diverting themselves and their Friends, and improving the Taste of the Town. And because I would encourage all Wit of our own Growth and Produce, I hereby prom-

ise, that whoever shall send me a little Essay on some moral or other Subject, that is fit for publick View in this Manner, (and not basely borrow'd from any other Author,) I shall receive it with Candour, and take care to place it to the best Advantage. It will be hard if we cannot muster up in the whole Country a sufficient Stock of Sense to supply the *Busy-Body* at least for a Twelvemonth.

For my own Part, I have already profess'd, that I have the Good of my Country wholly at Heart in this Design, without the least sinister View; my chief Purpose being to inculcate the noble Principles of Virtue, and depreciate Vice of every kind. But, as I know the Mob hate Instruction, and the Generality would never read beyond the first Line of my Lectures, if they were actually fill'd with nothing but wholesome Precepts and Advice, I must therefore sometimes humor them in their own Way. There are a Set of Great Names in the Province, who are the common Objects of Popular Dislike. If I can now and then overcome my Reluctance, and prevail with myself to satyrize a little one of these Gentlemen, the Expectation of meeting with such a Gratification will induce many to read me through, who would otherwise proceed immediately to the Foreign News. As I am very well assured the greatest Men among us have a sincere Love for their Country, notwithstanding its Ingratitude, and the Insinuations of the Envious and Malicious to the contrary, so I doubt not but they will chearfully tolerate me in the Liberty I design to take for the End above mentioned.

As yet I have but few Correspondents, tho' they begin now to increase. The following Letter, left for me at the Printer's, is one of the first I have receiv'd, which I regard the more for that it comes from one of the Fair Sex, and because I have myself oftentimes suffer'd under the Grievance therein complain'd of.

"TO THE BUSY-BODY

"*Sir*,

"You having set yourself up for a *Censuror Morum*, (as I think you call it), which is said to mean a Reformer of *Manners*, I know no Person more proper to be apply'd to

for Redress in all the Grievances we suffer from Want of *Manners,* in some People. You must know I am a single Woman, and keep a Shop in this Town for a Livelyhood. There is a certain Neighbour of mine, who is really agreeable Company enough, and with whom I have had an Intimacy of some Time standing; but of late she makes her visits so excessively often, and stays so very long every Visit, that I am tir'd out of all Patience. I have no Manner of Time at all to myself; and you, who seem to be a wise Man, must needs be sensible that every Person has little Secrets and Privacies, that are not proper to be expos'd even to the nearest Friend. Now I cannot do the least Thing in the World, but she must know all about it; and it is a Wonder I have found an Opportunity to write you this Letter. My Misfortune is, that I respect her very well, and know not how to disoblige her so much as to tell her I should be glad to have less of her Company; for if I should once hint such a Thing, I am afraid she would resent it so as never to darken my Door again.

"But alas, Sir, I have not yet told you half my Affliction. She has two Children, that are just big enough to run about and do pretty Mischief; these are continually along with Mamma, either in my Room or Shop, if I have ever so many Customers or People with me about Business. Sometimes they pull the Goods off my low Shelves down to the Ground, and perhaps where one of them has just been making Water. My Friend takes up the Stuff, and cries, 'Eh! thou little wicked mischievous Rogue! But, however, it has done no great Damage; 'tis only wet a little;' and so puts it up upon the Shelf again. Sometimes they get to my Cask of Nails behind the Counter, and divert themselves, to my great Vexation, with mixing my Ten-penny, and Eight-penny, and Four-penny, together. I endeavour to conceal my Uneasiness as much as possible, and with a grave Look go to Sorting them out. She cries, 'Don't thee trouble thyself, Neighbour: Let them play a little; I'll put all to rights myself before I go.' But Things are never so put to rights, but that I find a great deal of Work to do after they are gone. Thus, Sir, I have all the Trouble and Pesterment of Children, without the Pleasure of—calling them my own; and they are now so us'd to being here, that they will be content nowhere else. If she would have been so kind as to have

moderated her Visits to ten times a Day, and stay'd but half an hour at a Time, I should have been contented, and I believe never have given you this Trouble. But this very Morning they have so tormented me, that I could bear no longer; for, while the Mother was asking me twenty impertinent Questions, the youngest got to my Nails, and with great Delight rattled them by handfuls all over the Floor; and the other, at the same time, made such a terrible Din upon my Counter with a Hammer, that I grew half distracted. I was just then about to make myself a new Suit of Pinners; but in the Fret and Confusion I cut it quite out of all Manner of Shape, and utterly spoil'd a Piece of the first Muslin.

"Pray, Sir, tell me what I shall do; and talk a little against such unreasonable Visiting in your next Paper; tho' I would not have her affronted with me for a great Deal, for sincerely I love her and her Children, as well, I think, as a Neighbour can, and she buys a great many Things in a Year at my Shop. But I would beg her to consider, that she uses me unmercifully, Tho' I believe it is only for want of Thought. But I have twenty Things more to tell you besides all this: There is a handsome Gentleman, that has a Mind (I don't question) to make love to me, but he can't get the least Opportunity to—O dear! here she comes again; I must conclude, yours, &c.

"PATIENCE."

Indeed, 'tis well enough, as it happens, that she is come to shorten this Complaint, which I think is full long enough already, and probably would otherwise have been as long again. However, I must confess, I cannot help pitying my Correspondent's Case; and, in her Behalf, exhort the Visitor to remember and consider the Words of the Wise Man, "Withdraw thy Foot from the House of thy Neighbour, lest he grow weary of thee, and so hate thee." It is, I believe, a nice thing, and very difficult, to regulate our Visits in such a Manner, as never to give Offence by coming too seldom, or too often, or departing too abruptly, or staying too long. However, in my Opinion, it is safest for most People in a general way, who are unwilling to disoblige, to visit seldom, and tarry but a little while in a Place, notwithstanding pressing invitations, which are many times insincere. And tho' more

of your Company should be really desir'd, yet in this Case, too much Reservedness is a Fault more easily excus'd than the Contrary.

Men are subjected to various Inconveniences meerly through lack of a small share of Courage, which is a Quality very necessary in the common Occurrences of Life, as well as in a Battle. How many Impertinences do we daily suffer with great Uneasiness, because we have not Courage enough to discover our Dislike? And why may not a Man use the Boldness and Freedom of telling his Friends, that their long Visits sometimes incommode him? On this Occasion, it may be entertaining to some of my Readers, if I acquaint them with the *Turkish* Manner of entertaining Visitors, which I have from an Author of unquestionable Veracity; who assures us, that even the Turks are not so ignorant of Civility and the Arts of Endearment, but that they can practise them with as much Exactness as any other Nation, whenever they have a Mind to shew themselves obliging.

"When you visit a Person of Quality," (says he) "and have talk'd over your Business, or the Complements, or whatever Concern brought you thither, he makes a Sign to have Things serv'd in for the Entertainment, which is generally, a little Sweetmeat, a Dish of Sherbet, and another of Coffee; all which are immediately brought in by the Servants, and tender'd to all the Guests in Order, with the greatest Care and Awfulness imaginable. At last comes the finishing Part of your Entertainment, which is, Perfuming the Beards of the Company; a Ceremony which is perform'd in this Manner. They have for the Purpose a small Silver Chaffing-Dish, cover'd with a Lid full of Holes, and fixed upon a handsome Plate. In this they put some fresh Coals, and upon them a piece of *Lignum Aloes,* and shutting it up, the smoak immediately ascends with a grateful Odour thro' the Holes of the Cover. This smoak is held under every one's Chin, and offer'd as it were a Sacrifice to his Beard. The bristly Idol soon receives the Reverence done to it, and so greedily takes in and incorporates the gummy Steam, that it retains the Savour of it, and may serve for a Nosegay a good while after.

"This Ceremony may perhaps seem ridiculous at first hearing, but it passes among the *Turks* for a high Grati-

fication. And I will say this in its Vindication, that its Design is very wise and useful. For it is understood to give a civil Dismission to the Visitants, intimating to them, that the Master of the House has Business to do, or some other Avocation, that permits them to go away as soon as they please, and the sooner after this Ceremony the better. By this Means you may, at any Time, without Offence, deliver yourself from being detain'd from your Affairs by tedious and unseasonable Visits; and from being constrain'd to use that Piece of Hypocrisy, so common in the World, of pressing those to stay longer with you, whom perhaps in your Heart you wish a great Way off for having troubled you so long already."

Thus far my Author. For my own Part, I have taken such a Fancy to this Turkish Custom, that for the future I shall put something like it in Practice. I have provided a Bottle of right French Brandy for the Men, and Citron-Water for the Ladies. After I have treated with a Dram, and presented a Pinch of my best Snuff, I expect all Company will retire, and leave me to pursue my Studies for the Good of the Publick.

ADVERTISEMENT

I give Notice, that I am now actually compiling, and design to publish in a short Time, the true History of the Rise, Growth, and Progress of the renowned Tiff-Club. All Persons who are acquainted with any Facts, Circumstances, Characters, Transactions, &c. which will be requisite to the Perfecting and Embellishment of the said Work, are desired to communicate the same to the Author, and direct their Letters to be left with the Printer hereof.

The Letter, sign'd *"Would-be-something,"* is come to hand.

[*Pennsylvania Gazette,* 25 February, 1728-9.]

THE BUSY-BODY. No. 8

Quid non mortalia pectora cogis,
Auri sacra fames!

—VIRGIL.

One of the greatest Pleasures an Author can have, is certainly the Hearing his Works applauded. The hiding

from the World our Names, while we publish our Thoughts, is so absolutely necessary to this Self-Gratification, that I hope my Well-wishers will congratulate me on my Escape from the many diligent but fruitless Enquiries, that have of late been made after me. Every Man will own, That an Author, as such, ought to be try'd by the Merit of his Production only; but Pride, Party, and Prejudice at this Time run so very high, that Experience shews we form our Notions of a Piece by the Character of the Author. Nay, there are some very humble Politicians in and about this City, who will ask on which Side the Writer is, before they presume to give their Opinion of the Thing wrote. This ungenerous Way of Proceeding I was well aware of before I publish'd my first Speculation, and therefore concealed my Name. And I appeal to the more generous Part of the World, if I have since I appear'd in the Character of the Busy-Body, given an Instance of my siding with any Party more than another, in the unhappy Divisions of my Country; and I have, above all, this Satisfaction in myself, that neither Affection, Aversion, or Interest have byass'd me to use any Partiality towards any Man, or sett of Men; but whatsoever I find nonsensically ridiculous, or immorally dishonest, I have, and shall continue openly to attack, with the Freedom of an honest Man and a Lover of my Country.

I profess I can hardly contain myself, or preserve the Gravity and Dignity, that should attend the Censorial Office, when I hear the odd and unaccountable Expositions, that are put upon some of my Works, thro' the malicious Ignorance of some, and the vain Pride of more than ordinary Penetration in others; one Instance of which many of my Readers are acquainted with. A certain Gentleman has taken a great Deal of Pains to write a Key to the Letter in my No. 4, wherein he has ingeniously converted a gentle Satyr upon tedious and impertinent Visitants, into a Libel on some in the Government. This I mention only as a Specimen of the Taste of the Gentlemen I am, forsooth, bound to please in my Speculations, not that I suppose my Impartiality will ever be called in Question upon that Account. Injustices of this Nature I could complain of in many Instances; but I am at present diverted by the Reception of a Letter, which,

tho' it regards me only in my Private Capacity as an Adept, yet I venture to publish it for the Entertainment of my Readers.

To Censor Morum, Esq., Busy-Body General of the Province of Pennsylvania, and the counties of Newcastle, Kent, and Sussex upon Delaware.[1]

"Honourable Sir,

"I judge by your Lucubrations, that you are not only a Lover of Truth and Equity, but a Man of Parts and Learning and a Master of Science; as such I honour you. Know, then, Most profound Sir, That I have, from my Youth up, been a very indefatigable Student in and Admirer of that Divine Science, Astrology. I have read over Scot, Albertus Magnus, and Cornelius Agrippa, above 300 Times; and was in hopes, by my Knowledge and Industry, to gain enough to have recompenced me for my Money expended and Time lost in the Pursuit of this Learning. You cannot be ignorant, Sir, (for your intimate Second-sighted Correspondent knows all Things) that there are large Sums of Money hidden under Ground in divers Places about this Town, and in many Parts of the Country; but, alas, Sir, Notwithstanding I have used all the Means laid down in the immortal Authors before mentioned, and when they fail'd, the ingenious Mr. P—d—l, with his Mercurial Wand and Magnet, I have still fail'd in my Purpose. This therefore I send, to propose and desire an Acquaintance with you; and I do not doubt, notwithstanding my repeated Ill Fortune, but we may be exceedingly serviceable to each other in our Discoveries; and that if we use our united Endeavours, the Time will come when the Busy-Body, his Second-sighted Correspondent, and your very humble Servant, will be Three of the richest Men in the Province. And then, Sir, what may not we do? A Word to the Wise is sufficient. I conclude, with all demonstrable Respect, yours and Urania's Votary,

"Titan Pleiades."

In the Evening, after I had received this Letter, I made

[1] This letter of "Titan Pleiades" was written by Joseph Brientnal.—Ed.

a Visit to my Second-sighted Friend, and communicated to him the Proposal. When he had read it, he assur'd me, that to his certain Knowledge there is not at this Time so much as one Ounce of Silver or Gold hid under Ground in any Part of this Province: For that the late and present Scarcity of Money had obliged those, who were living, and knew where they had formerly hid any, to take it up, and use it in their own necessary Affairs. And as to all the Rest, which was buried by Pyrates and others in old Times, who were never like to come for it, he himself had dug it all up and applied it to charitable Uses; And this he desired me to publish for general Good. For, as he acquainted me, There are among us great Numbers of honest Artificers and labouring People, who fed with a vain Hope of growing suddenly rich, neglect their Business, almost to the ruining of themselves and Families, and voluntarily endure abundance of Fatigue in a fruitless Search after Imaginary hidden Treasure. They wander thro' the Woods and Bushes by Day, to discover the Marks and Signs; at Midnight they repair to the hopeful Spot with Spades and Pickaxes; full of Expectation, they labour violently, trembling at the same Time, in every Joint, thro' Fear of certain malicious Demons, who are said to haunt and guard such Places. At length a mighty hole is dug, and perhaps several Cart-loads of Earth thrown out; but, alas, no Cag or Iron Pot is found! No Seaman's Chest cram'd with Spanish Pistoles, or weighty Pieces of Eight! Then they conclude, that, thro some Mistake in the Procedure, some rash Word spoke, or some Rule of Art neglected, the Guardian Spirit had Power to sink it deeper into the Earth, and convey it out of their Reach. Yet when a Man is once thus infatuated, he is so far from being discouraged by ill Success, that he is rather animated to double his Industry, and will try again and again in a Hundred Different Places, in Hopes at last of meeting with some lucky Hit, that shall at once sufficiently reward him for all his Expence of Time and Labour.

This odd humour of Digging for Money, thro' a Belief that much has been hid by Pirates formerly frequenting the River, has for several Years been mighty prevalent among us; insomuch that you can hardly walk half a Mile out of Town on any Side, without observing sevêral Pits

dug with that Design, and perhaps some lately opened. Men, otherwise of very good Sense, have been drawn into this Practice thro' an overweening Desire of sudden Wealth, and an easy Credulity of what they so earnestly wished might be true; while the rational and almost certain Methods of acquiring Riches by Industry and Frugality are neglected or forgotten. There seems to be some peculiar Charm in the conceit of *finding* Money; and if the Sands of Schuylkil were so much mixed with small Grains of Gold, that a Man might in a Day's Time, with Care and Application, get together to the Value of half a Crown, I make no Question but we should find several People employ'd there, that can with Ease earn Five Shillings a Day at their proper Trades.

Many are the idle Stories told of the private Success of some People, by which others are encouraged to proceed; and the Astrologers, with whom the Country swarms at this Time, are either in the Belief of these things themselves, or find their Advantage in persuading others to believe them; for they are often consulted about the critical Times for Digging, the Methods of laying the Spirit, and the like Whimseys, which renders them very necessary to, and very much caress'd by the poor deluded Money-hunters.

There is certainly something very bewitching in the Pursuit after Mines of Gold and Silver and other valuable Metals; And many have been ruined by it. A Sea-Captain of my Acquaintance us'd to blame the English for envying Spain their Mines of Silver, and too much despising or overlooking the Advantages of their own Industry and Manufactures. "For my Part," says he, "I esteem the Banks of Newfoundland to be a more valuable Possession than the Mountains of Potosi; and, when I have been there on the Fishing Account, have look'd upon every cod pull'd up into the Vessel as a certain Quantity of Silver Ore, which required only carrying to the next Spanish Port to be coin'd into Pieces of Eight; not to mention the National Profit of fiting out and Employing such a Number of Ships and Seamen."

Let honest Peter Buckrum, who has long without Success been a Searcher after hidden Money, reflect on this, and be reclaimed from that unaccountable Folly. Let him consider, that every Stitch he takes, when he is on his

Shopboard, is picking up part of a Grain of Gold, that will in a few Days' Time amount to a Pistole; and let Faber think the same of every Nail he drives, or every Stroke with his Plain. Such Thoughts may make them industrious, and of consequence in Time they may be Wealthy. But how absurd is it to neglect a certain Profit for such a ridiculous Whimsey: To spend whole Days at the George, in company with an idle Pretender to Astrology, contriving Schemes to discover what was never hidden, and forgetful how carelessly Business is managed at Home in their Absence; to leave their Wives and a warm Bed at midnight (no matter if it rain, hail, snow, or blow a Hurricane, provided that be the critical Hour), and fatigue themselves with the Violent Exercise of Digging for what they shall never find, and perhaps getting a Cold that may cost their Lives, or at least disordering themselves so as to be fit for no Business beside for some Days after. Surely this is nothing less than the most egregious Folly and Madness.

I shall conclude with the Words of my discreet friend Agricola, of Chester County, when he gave his Son a Good Plantation. "My son," says he, "I give thee now a Valuable Parcel of Land; I assure thee I have found a considerable Quantity of Gold by Digging there; thee mayst do the same. But thee must carefully observe this, *Never to dig more than Plow deep.*"

[*Pennsylvania Gazette,* 27 March, 1729.]

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN PHILOCLES AND HORATIO, MEETING ACCIDENTALLY IN THE FIELDS, CONCERNING VIRTUE AND PLEASURE.

Philocles. My friend *Horatio!* I am very glad to see you; prithee, how came such a Man as you alone? and musing too? What Misfortune in your Pleasures has sent you to Philosophy for Relief?

Horatio. You guess very right, my dear *Philocles!* We Pleasure-hunters are never without 'em; and yet, so enchanting is the Game! we can't quit the Chace. How calm and undisturbed is your Life! How free from present Embarrassments and future Cares! I know you love me,

and look with Compassion upon my Conduct; Shew me then the Path which leads up to that constant and invariable Good, which I have heard you so beautifully describe, and which you seem so fully to possess.

Phil. There are few Men in the World I value more than you, *Horatio!* for amidst all your Foibles and painful Pursuits of Pleasure, I have oft observed in you an honest Heart, and a Mind strongly bent towards Virtue. I wish, from my Soul, I could assist you in acting steadily the Part of a reasonable Creature; for, if you would not think it a Paradox, I should tell you I love you better than you do yourself.

Hor. A Paradox indeed! Better than I do myself! When I love my dear self so well, that I love every Thing else for my own sake.

Phil. He only loves himself well, who rightly and judiciously loves himself.

Hor. What do you mean by that, *Philocles!* You Men of Reason and Virtue are always dealing in Mysteries, tho' you laugh at 'em when the Church makes 'em. I think he loves himself very well and very judiciously too, as you call it, who allows himself to do whatever he pleases.

Phil. What, though it be to the ruin and Destruction of that very Self which he loves so well! That Man alone loves himself rightly, who procures the greatest possible Good to himself thro' the whole of his Existence; and so pursues Pleasure as not to give for it more than 'tis worth.

Hor. That depends all upon Opinion. Who shall judge what the Pleasure is worth? Supposing a pleasing Form of the fair Kind strikes me so much, that I can enjoy nothing without the Enjoyment of that one Object. Or, that Pleasure in general is so favorite a Mistress, that I will take her as Men do their Wives, for better, for worse; mind no Consequences, nor regarding what's to come. Why should I not do it?

Phil. Suppose, *Horatio,* that a Friend of yours entred into the World about Two-and-Twenty, with a healthful vigorous Body, and a fair plentiful Estate of about Five Hundred Pounds a Year; and yet, before he had reached Thirty, should, by following his Pleasures, and not, as you say, duly regarding Consequences, have run out of

his Estate, and disabled his Body to that Degree, that he had neither the Means nor Capacity of Enjoyment left, nor any Thing else to do but wisely shoot himself through the Head to be at rest; what would you say to this unfortunate Man's Conduct? Is it wrong by Opinion or Fancy only? Or is there really a Right and Wrong in the Case? Is not one Opinion of Life and Action juster than another? Or, one Sort of Conduct preferable to another? Or, does that miserable Son of Pleasure appear as reasonable and lovely a Being in your Eyes, as a Man who, by prudently and rightly gratifying his natural Passions, had preserved his Body in full Health, and his Estate entire, and enjoy'd both to a good old Age, and then died with a thankful Heart for the good Things he had received, and with an entire Submission to the Will of Him who first called him into Being? Say, *Horatio!* are these Men equally wise and happy? And is every Thing to be measured by mere Fancy and Opinion, without considering whether that Fancy or Opinion be right?

Hor. Hardly so neither, I think; yet sure the wise and good Author of Nature could never make us to plague us. He could never give us Passions, on purpose to subdue and conquer 'em; nor produce this Self of mine, or any other self, only that it may be denied; for that is denying the Works of the great Creator himself. Self-denial, then, which is what I suppose you mean by Prudence, seems to me not only absurd, but very dishonourable to that Supreme Wisdom and Goodness, which is supposed to make so ridiculous and Contradictious a Creature, that must be always fighting with himself in order to be at rest, and undergo voluntary Hardships in order to be happy: Are we created sick, only to be commanded to be Sound? Are we born under one Law, our Passions, and yet bound to another, that of Reason? Answer me, *Philocles,* for I am warmly concerned for the Honour of Nature, the Mother of us all.

Phil. I find, *Horatio,* my two Characters have affrighted you; so that you decline the Trial of what is Good, by reason: And had rather make a bold Attack upon Providence; the usual Way of you Gentlemen of Fashion, who, when by living in Defiance of the eternal Rules of Reason, you have plunged yourselves into a thousand Difficulties, endeavour to make yourselves easy by

throwing the Burden upon Nature. You are, *Horatio,* in a very miserable Condition indeed; for you say you can't be happy if you controul your Passions; and you feel yourself miserable by an unrestrained Gratification of 'em; so that here's Evil, irremediable Evil, either way.

Hor. That is very true, at least it appears so to me: Pray, what have you to say, *Philocles!* in Honour of Nature or Providence; methinks I'm in Pain for her: How do you rescue her? poor Lady!

Phil. This, my dear *Horatio,* I have to say; that what you find Fault with and clamour against, as the most terrible Evil in the World, Self-denial; is really the greatest Good, and the highest Self-gratification: If indeed, you use the Word in the Sense of some weak sour Moralists, and much weaker Divines, you'll have just Reason to laugh at it; but if you take it, as understood by Philosophers and Men of Sense, you will presently see her Charms, and fly to her Embraces, notwithstanding her demure Looks, as absolutely necessary to produce even your own darling sole Good, Pleasure: For, Self-denial is never a Duty, or a reasonable Action, but as 'tis a natural Means of procuring more Pleasure than you can taste without it so that this grave, Saintlike Guide to Happiness, as rough and dreadful as she has been made to appear, is in truth the kindest and most beautiful Mistress in the World.

Hor. Prithee, *Philocles!* do not wrap yourself in Allegory and Metaphor. Why do you teaze me thus? I long to be satisfied, what this Philosophical Self-denial is; the Necessity and Reason of it; I'm impatient, and all on Fire; explain, therefore, in your beautiful, natural easy Way of Reasoning, what I'm to understand by this grave Lady of yours, with so forbidding, downcast Looks, and yet so absolutely necessary to my Pleasures. I stand ready to embrace her; for you know, Pleasure I court under all Shapes and Forms.

Phil. Attend then, and you'll see the Reason of this Philosophical Self-denial. There can be no absolute Perfection in any Creature; because every Creature is derived, and dependent: No created Being can be All-wise, All-good, and All-powerful, because his Powers and Capacities are finite and limited; consequently whatever is created must, in its own Nature, be subject to Error,

Irregularity, Excess, and Disorder. All intelligent, rational Agents find in themselves a Power of judging what kind of Beings they are; what Actions are proper to preserve 'em, and what Consequences will generally attend them, what Pleasures they are form'd for, and to what Degree their Natures are capable of receiving them. All we have to do then, *Horatio,* is to consider, when we are surpriz'd with a new Object, and passionately desire to enjoy it, whether the gratifying that Passion be consistent with the gratifying other Passions and Appetites, equal if not more necessary to us. And whether it consists with our Happiness To-morrow, next Week, or next Year; for, as we all wish to live, we are obliged by Reason to take as much Care for our future, as our present Happiness, and not build one upon the Ruins of t'other. But, if thro' the Strength and Power of a present Passion, and thro' want of attending to Consequences, we have err'd and exceeded the Bounds which Nature or Reason have set us; we are then, for our own Sakes, to refrain, or deny ourselves a present momentary Pleasure for a future, constant and durable one: So that this Philosophical Self-denial is only refusing to do an Action which you strongly desire; because 'tis inconsistent with your Health, Fortunes, or Circumstances in the World; or, in other Words, because 'twould cost you more than 'twas worth. You would lose by it, as a Man of Pleasure. Thus you see, *Horatio!* that Self-denial is not only the most reasonable, but the most pleasant Thing in the World.

Hor. We are just coming into Town, so that we can't pursue this Argument any farther at present; you have said a great deal for Nature, Providence, and Reason: Happy are they who can follow such divine Guides.

Phil. Horatio! good Night; I wish you wise in your Pleasures.

Hor. I wish, *Philocles!* I could be as wise in my Pleasures as you are pleasantly Wise; your Wisdom is agreeable, your Virtue is amiable, and your Philosophy the highest Luxury. Adieu! thou enchanting Reasoner!

[*Pennsylvania Gazette,* 23 June, 1730.]

A SECOND DIALOGUE BETWEEN PHILOCLES AND HORATIO, CONCERNING VIRTUE AND PLEASURE.

Philocles. Dear *Horatio!* where hast thou been these three or four Months? What new Adventures have you fallen upon since I met you in these delightful, all-inspiring Fields, and wondred how such a Pleasure-hunter as you could bear being alone?

Horatio. O *Philocles,* thou best of Friends, because a Friend to Reason and Virtue, I am very glad to see you. Don't you remember, I told you then, that some Misfortunes in my Pleasures had sent me to Philosophy for Relief? But now I do assure you, I can, without a Sigh, leave other Pleasures for those of Philosophy; I can hear the Word *Reason* mentioned, and Virtue praised, without Laughing. Don't I bid fair for Conversion, think you?

Phil. Very fair, *Horatio!* for I remember the Time when Reason, Virtue, and Pleasure, were the same Thing with you: When you counted nothing Good but what pleas'd, nor any thing Reasonable but what you got by; When you made a Jest of a Mind, and the Pleasures of Reflection, and elegantly plac'd your sole Happiness, like the rest of the Animal Creation, in the Gratifications of Sense.

Hor. I did so: But in our last Conversation, when walking upon the Brow of this Hill, and looking down on that broad, rapid River, and yon widely-extended beautifully-varied Plain, you taught me another Doctrine: You shewed me, that Self-denial, which above all Things I abhorred, was really the greatest Good, and the highest Self-gratification, and absolutely necessary to produce even my own darling sole Good, Pleasure.

Phil. True: I told you that Self-denial was never a Duty but when it was a natural Means of procuring more Pleasure than we could taste without it: That as we all strongly desire to live, and to live only to enjoy, we should take as much Care about our future as our present Happiness; and not build one upon the Ruins of 'tother: That we should look to the End, and regard Consequences: and if, thro' want of Attention we had err'd, and exceeded the Bounds which Nature had set us, we were then obliged, for our own Sakes, to refrain or deny ourselves a present

momentary Pleasure for a future, constant, and durable Good.

Hor. You have shewn, *Philocles,* that Self-denial, which weak or interested Men have rendered the most forbidding, is really the most delightful and amiable, the most reasonable and pleasant Thing in the World. In a Word, if I understand you aright, Self-denial is, in Truth, Self-recognising, Self-acknowledging, or Self-owning. But now, my Friend! you are to perform another Promise; and shew me the Path which leads up to that constant, durable, and invariable Good, which I have heard you so beautifully describe, and which you seem so fully to possess: Is not this Good of yours a mere Chimera? Can any Thing be constant in a World which is eternally changing! and which appears to exist by an everlasting Revolution of one Thing into another, and where every Thing without us, and every Thing within us, is in perpetual Motion? What is this constant, durable Good, then, of yours? Prithee, satisfy my Soul, for I'm all on Fire, and impatient to enjoy her. Produce this eternal blooming Goddess with never-fading Charms, and see, whether I won't embrace her with as much Eagerness and Rapture as you.

Phil. You seem enthusiastically warm, *Horatio;* I will wait till you are cool enough to attend to the sober, dispassionate Voice of Reason.

Hor. You mistake me, my dear *Philocles!* my Warmth is not so great as to run away with my Reason: it is only just raised enough to open my Faculties, and fit them to receive those eternal Truths, and that durable Good, which you so triumphantly boasted of. Begin, then; I'm prepared.

Phil. I will. I believe, *Horatio!* with all your Skepticism about you, you will allow that Good to be constant which is never absent from you, and that to be durable, which never Ends but with your Being.

Hor. Yes, go on.

Phil. That can never be the Good of a Creature, which when present, the Creature may be miserable, and when absent, is certainly so.

Hor. I think not; but pray explain what you mean; for I am not much used to this abstract Way of Reasoning.

Phil. I mean all the Pleasures of Sense. The Good of

Man cannot consist in the mere Pleasures of Sense; because, when any one of those Objects which you love is absent, or can't be come at, you are certainly miserable: and if the Faculty be impair'd, though the Object be present, you can't enjoy it. So that this sensual Good depends upon a thousand Things without and within you, and all out of your Power. Can this then be the Good of Man? Say, *Horatio!* what think you, Is not this a chequer'd, fleeting, fantastical Good? Can that, in any propriety of Speech, be called the Good of Man which even, while he is tasting, he may be miserable; and which when he cannot taste, he is necessarily so? Can that be our Good, which costs us a great deal of Pains to obtain; which cloys in possessing; for which we must wait the Return of Appetite before we can enjoy again? Or, is that our Good, which we can come at without Difficulty; which is heightened by Possession, which never ends in Weariness and Disappointment; and which, the more we enjoy, the better qualified we are to enjoy on?

Hor. The latter, I think; but why do you torment me thus? *Philocles!* shew me this Good immediately.

Phil. I have shewed you what 'tis not; it is not sensual, but 'tis rational and moral Good. It is doing all the Good we can to others, by Acts of Humanity, Friendship, Generosity, and Benevolence: This is that constant and durable Good, which will afford Contentment and Satisfaction always alike, without Variation or Diminution. I speak to your Experience now, *Horatio!* Did you ever find yourself weary of relieving the Miserable? or of raising the Distressed into Life or Happiness? Or rather, don't you find the Pleasure grow upon you by Repetition, and that 'tis greater in the Reflection than in the Act itself? Is there a Pleasure upon Earth to be compared with that which arises from the Sense of making others happy? Can this Pleasure ever be absent, or ever end but with your Being? Does it not always accompany you? Doth not it lie down and rise with you? live as long as you live? give you Consolation in the Article of Death, and remain with you in that gloomy Hour, when all other Things are going to forsake you, or you them?

Hor. How glowingly you paint, *Philocles!* Methinks *Horatio* is amongst the Enthusiasts. I feel the Passion: I am enchantingly convinced; but I don't know why:

Overborn by something stronger than Reason. Sure some Divinity speaks within me; but prithee, *Philocles,* give me coolly the Cause, why this rational and moral Good so infinitely excels the meer natural or sensual.

Phil. I think, *Horatio!* that I have clearly shewn you the Difference between merely natural or sensual Good, and rational or moral Good. Natural or sensual Pleasure continues no longer than the Action itself; but this divine or moral Pleasure continues when the Action is over, and swells and grows upon your Hand by Reflection: The one is inconstant, unsatisfying, of short Duration, and attended with numberless Ills; the other is constant, yields full Satisfaction, is durable, and no Evils preceding, accompanying, or following it. But, if you enquire farther into the Cause of this Difference, and would know why the moral Pleasures are greater than the sensual; perhaps the Reason is the same as in all other Creatures, That their Happiness or chief Good consists in acting up to their chief Faculty, or that Faculty which distinguishes them from all Creatures of a different Species. The chief Faculty in a Man is his Reason; and consequently his chief Good; or that which may be justly called his Good, consists not merely in Action, but in reasonable Action. By reasonable Actions, we understand those Actions which are preservative of the human Kind, and naturally tend to produce real and unmixed Happiness; and these Actions, by way of Distinction, we call Actions morally Good.

Hor. You speak very clearly, *Philocles!* but, that no Difficulty may remain upon my Mind, pray tell me what is the real Difference between natural Good and Ill, and moral Good and Ill? for I know several People who use the Terms without Ideas.

Phil. That may be: The Difference lies only in this; that natural Good and Ill is Pleasure and Pain: Moral Good and Ill is Pleasure or Pain produced with Intention and Design; for 'tis the Intention only that makes the Agent morally Good or Bad.

Hor. But may not a Man, with a very good Intention, do an ill Action?

Phil. Yes, but, then he errs in his Judgment, tho' his Design be good. If his Error is inevitable, or such as, all Things considered, he could not help, he is inculpable:

But if it arose through want of Diligence in forming his Judgment about the Nature of human Actions, he is immoral and culpable.

Hor. I find, then, that in order to please ourselves rightly, or to do good to others morally, we should take great Care of our Opinions.

Phil. Nothing concerns you more; for, as the Happiness or real Good of Men consists in right Action, and right Action cannot be produced without right Opinion, it behoves us, above all Things in this World, to take Care that our Opinions of Things be according to the Nature of Things. The Foundation of all Virtue and Happiness is Thinking rightly. He who sees an Action is right, that is, naturally tending to Good, and does it because of that Tendency, he only is a moral Man; and he alone is capable of that constant, durable, and invariable Good, which has been the Subject of this Conversation.

Hor. How, my dear philosophical Guide, shall I be able to know, and determine certainly, what is Right and Wrong in Life?

Phil. As easily as you distinguish a Circle from a Square, or Light from Darkness. Look, *Horatio,* into the sacred Book of Nature; read your own Nature, and view the Relation which other Men stand in to you, and you to them; and you'll immediately see what constitutes human Happiness, and consequently what is Right.

Hor. We are just coming into Town, and can say no more at present. You are my good Genius, *Philocles.* You have shewed me what is good. You have redeemed me from the Slavery and Misery of Folly and Vice, and made me a free and happy Being.

Phil. Then I am the happiest Man in the World. Be steady, *Horatio!* Never depart from Reason and Virtue.

Hor. Sooner will I lose my Existence. Good Night, *Philocles.*

Phil. Adieu! dear *Horatio!*

[*Pennsylvania Gazette,* 9 July, 1730.]

A WITCH TRIAL AT MOUNT HOLLY

"Saturday last, at Mount-Holly, about 8 Miles from this Place near 300 People were gathered together to see an Experiment or two tried on some Persons accused of Witchcraft. It seems the Accused had been charged with making their Neighbours' Sheep dance in an uncommon Manner, and with causing Hogs to speak and sing Psalms, etc., to the great Terror and Amazement of the king's good and peaceable Subjects in this Province; and the Accusers, being very positive that if the Accused were weighed in Scales against a Bible, the Bible would prove too heavy for them; or that, if they were bound and put into the River they would swim; the said Accused, desirous to make Innocence appear, voluntarily offered to undergo the said Trials if 2 of the most violent of their Accusers would be tried with them. Accordingly the Time and Place was agreed on and advertised about the Country; The Accusers were 1 Man and 1 Woman: and the Accused the same. The Parties being met and the People got together, a grand Consultation was held, before they proceeded to Trial; in which it was agreed to use the Scales first; and a Committee of Men were appointed to search the Men, and a Committee of Women to search the Women, to see if they had any Thing of Weight about them, particularly Pins. After the Scrutiny was over a huge great Bible belonging to the Justice of the Place was provided, and a Lane through the Populace was made from the Justice's House to the Scales, which were fixed on a Gallows erected for that Purpose opposite to the House, that the Justice's Wife and the rest of the Ladies might see the Trial without coming amongst the Mob, and after the Manner of Moorfields a large Ring was also made. Then came out of the House a grave, tall Man carrying the Holy Writ before the supposed Wizard etc, (as solemnly as the Sword-bearer of London before the Lord Mayor) the Wizard was first put in the Scale, and over him was read a Chapter out of the Books of Moses, and then the Bible was put in the other Scale, (which, being kept down before) was immediately let go; but, to the great Surprize of the Spectators, Flesh and Bones came down plump, and outweighed that great good Book by

abundance. After the same Manner the others were served, and their Lumps of Mortality severally were too heavy for Moses and all the Prophets and Apostles. This being over, the Accusers and the rest of the Mob, not satisfied with this Experiment, would have the Trial by Water. Accordingly a most solemn Procession was made to the Mill-pond, where both Accused and Accusers being stripped (saving only to the Women their Shifts) were bound Hand and Foot and severally placed in the Water, lengthways, from the Side of a Barge or Flat, having for Security only a Rope about the Middle of each, which was held by some in the Flat. The accused man being thin and spare with some Difficulty began to sink at last; but the rest, every one of them, swam very light upon the Water. A Sailor in the Flat jump'd out upon the Back of the Man accused thinking to drive him down to the Bottom; but the Person bound, without any Help, came up some time before the other. The Woman Accuser being told that she did not sink, would be duck'd a second Time; when she swam again as light as before. Upon which she declared, That she believed the Accused had bewitched her to make her so light, and that she would be duck'd again a Hundred Times but she would duck the Devil out of her. The Accused Man, being surpriz'd at his own Swimming, was not so confident of his Innocence as before, but said, 'If I am a Witch, it is more than I know.' The more thinking Part of the Spectators were of Opinion that any Person so bound and placed in the Water (unless they were mere Skin and Bones) would swim, till their Breath was gone, and their Lungs fill'd with Water. But it being the general Belief of the Populace that the Women's shifts and the Garters with which they were bound help'd to support them, it is said they are to be tried again the next warm Weather, naked."

[*Pennsylvania Gazette,* 22 October, 1730.]

AN APOLOGY FOR PRINTERS

Being frequently censur'd and condemn'd by different Persons for printing Things which they say ought not to be printed, I have sometimes thought it might be necessary to make a standing Apology for my self, and publish

it once a Year, to be read upon all Occasions of that Nature. Much Business has hitherto hindered the execution of this Design; but having very lately given extraordinary Offence by printing an Advertisement with a certain N. B. at the End of it, I find an Apology more particularly requisite at this Juncture, tho' it happens when I have not yet Leisure to write such a Thing in the proper Form, and can only in a loose manner throw those Considerations together which should have been the Substance of it.

I request all who are angry with me on the Account of printing things they don't like, calmly to consider these following Particulars.

1. That the Opinions of Men are almost as various as their Faces; an Observation general enough to become a common Proverb, *So many Men so many Minds.*

2. That the Business of Printing has chiefly to do with Mens Opinions; most things that are printed tending to promote some, or oppose others.

3. That hence arises the peculiar Unhappiness of that Business, which other Callings are no way liable to; they who follow Printing being scarce able to do any thing in their way of getting a Living, which shall not probably give Offence to some, and perhaps to many; whereas the Smith, the Shoemaker, the Carpenter, or the Man of any other Trade, may work indifferently for People of all Persuasions, without offending any of them: and the Merchant may buy and sell with Jews, Turks, Hereticks and Infidels of all sorts, and get Money by every one of them, without giving Offence to the most orthodox, of any sort; or suffering the least Censure or Ill will on the Account from any Man whatever.

4. That it is as unreasonable in any one Man or Set of Men to expect to be pleas'd with every thing that is printed, as to think that nobody ought to be pleas'd but themselves.

5. Printers are educated in the Belief, that when Men differ in Opinion, both Sides ought equally to have the Advantage of being heard by the Publick; and that when Truth and Error have fair Play, the former is always an overmatch for the latter: Hence they chearfully serve all contending Writers that pay them well, without regarding on which side they are of the Question in Dispute.

6. Being thus continually employ'd in serving both

Parties, Printers naturally acquire a vast Unconcernedness as to the right or wrong Opinions contain'd in what they print; regarding it only as the Matter of their daily labour: They print things full of Spleen and Animosity, with the utmost Calmness and Indifference, and without the least Ill-will to the Persons reflected on; who nevertheless unjustly think the Printer as much their Enemy as the Author, and join both together in their Resentment.

7. That it is unreasonable to imagine Printers approve of everything they print, and to censure them on any particular thing accordingly; since in the way of their Business they print such great variety of things opposite and contradictory. It is likewise as unreasonable what some assert, "That Printers ought not to print any Thing but what they approve;" since if all of that Business should make such a Resolution, and abide by it, an End would thereby be put to Free Writing, and the World would afterwards have nothing to read but what happen'd to be the Opinions of Printers.

8. That if all Printers were determin'd not to print any thing till they were sure it would offend no body, there would be very little printed.

9. That if they sometimes print vicious or silly things not worth reading, it may not be because they approve such things themselves, but because the People are so viciously and corruptly educated that good things are not encouraged. I have known a very numerous Impression of Robin Hood's Songs go off in this Province at 2s. per Book, in less than a Twelvemonth; when a small Quantity of David's Psalms (an excellent Version) have lain upon my Hands above twice the Time.

10. That notwithstanding what might be urg'd in behalf of a Man's being allow'd to do in the Way of his Business whatever he is paid for, yet Printers do continually discourage the Printing of great Numbers of bad things, and stifle them in the Birth. I my self have constantly refused to print anything that might countenance Vice, or promote Immorality; tho' by complying in such Cases with the corrupt Taste of the Majority I might have got much Money. I have also always refus'd to print such things as might do real Injury to any Person, how much soever I have been solicited, and tempted with Offers of Great Pay; and how much soever I have by refusing

got the Ill-will of those who would have employ'd me. I have hitherto fallen under the Resentment of large Bodies of Men, for refusing absolutely to print any of their Party or Personal Reflections. In this Manner I have made my self many Enemies, and the constant Fatigue of denying is almost insupportable. But the Publick being unacquainted with all this, whenever the poor Printer happens either through Ignorance or much Persuasion, to do any thing that is generally thought worthy of Blame, he meets with no more Friendship or Favour on the above Account, than if there were no Merit in't at all. Thus, as Waller says,

> Poets lose half the Praise they would have got
> Were it but known what they discreetly blot;

Yet are censur'd for every bad Line found in their Works with the utmost Severity.

I come now to the Particular Case of the N. B. above mention'd, about which there has been more Clamour against me, than ever before on any other Account.—In the Hurry of other Business an Advertisement was brought to me to be printed; it signified that such a Ship lying at such a Wharff, would sail for Barbadoes in such a Time, and that Freighters and Passengers might agree with the Captain at such a Place; so far is what's common: But at the Bottom this odd Thing was added, "N. B. No Sea Hens nor Black Gowns will be admitted on any Terms." I printed it, and receiv'd my Money; and the Advertisement was stuck up round the Town as usual. I had not so much Curiosity at that time as to enquire the Meaning of it, nor did I in the least imagine it would give so much Offence. Several good Men are very angry with me on this Occasion; they are pleas'd to say I have too much Sense to do such things ignorantly; that if they were Printers they would not have dône such a thing on any Consideration; that it could proceed from nothing but my abundant Malice against Religion and the Clergy. They therefore declare they will not take any more of my Papers, nor have any farther Dealings with me; but will hinder me of all the Custom they can. All this is very hard!

I believe it had been better if I had refused to print the

said Advertisement. However, 'tis done, and cannot be revok'd. I have only the following few Particulars to offer, some of them in my behalf, by way of Mitigation, and some not much to the Purpose; but I desire none of them may be read when the Reader is not in a very good Humour.

1. That I really did it without the least Malice, and imagin'd the N. B. was plac'd there only to make the Advertisement star'd at, and more generally read.

2. That I never saw the Word Sea-Hens before in my Life; nor have I yet ask'd the meaning of it; and tho' I had certainly known that Black Gowns in that place signified the Clergy of the Church of England, yet I have that confidence in the generous good Temper of such of them as I know, as to be well satisfied such a trifling mention of their Habit gives them no Disturbance.

3. That most of the Clergy in this and the neighboring Provinces, are my Customers, and some of them my very good Friends; and I must be very malicious indeed, or very stupid, to print this thing for a small Profit, if I had thought it would have given them just Cause of Offence.

4. That if I had much Malice against the Clergy, and withal much Sense; 'tis strange I never write or talk against the Clergy myself. Some have observed that 'tis a fruitful Topic, and the easiest to be witty upon of all others; yet I appeal to the Publick that I am never guilty this way, and to all my Acquaintances as to my Conversation.

5. That if a Man of Sense had Malice enough to desire to injure the Clergy, this is the foolishest Thing he could possibly contrive for that Purpose.

6. That I got Five Shillings by it.

7. That none who are angry with me would have given me so much to let it alone.

8. That if all the People of different Opinions in this Province would engage to give me as much for not printing things they don't like, as I can get by printing them, I should probably live a very easy Life; and if all Printers were everywhere so dealt by, there would be very little printed.

9. That I am oblig'd to all who take my Paper, and am willing to think they do it out of meer Friendship.

I only desire they would think the same when I deal with them. I thank those who leave off, that they have taken it so long. But I beg they would not endeavour to dissuade others, for that will look like Malice.

10. That 'tis impossible any Man should know what he would do if he was a Printer.

11. That notwithstanding the Rashness and Inexperience of Youth, which is most likely to be prevail'd with to do things that ought not to be done; yet I have avoided printing such Things as usually give Offence either to Church or State, more than any Printer that has followed the Business in this Province before.

12. And lastly, That I have printed above a Thousand Advertisements which made not the least mention of *Sea-Hens* or *Black Gowns;* and this being the first Offence, I have the more Reason to expect Forgiveness.

I take leave to conclude with an old Fable, which some of my Readers have heard before, and some have not.

"A certain well-meaning Man and his Son, were travelling towards a Market Town, with an Ass which they had to sell. The Road was bad; and the old Man therefore rid, but the Son went a-foot. The first Passenger they met, asked the Father if he was not ashamed to ride by himself, and suffer the poor Lad to wade along thro' the Mire; this induced him to take up his Son behind him: He had not travelled far, when he met others, who said, they are two unmerciful Lubbers to get both on the Back of that poor Ass, in such a deep Road. Upon this the old Man gets off, and let his Son ride alone. The next they met called the Lad a graceless, rascally young Jackanapes, to ride in that Manner thro' the Dirt, while his aged Father trudged along on Foot; and they said the old Man was a Fool, for suffering it. He then bid his Son come down, and walk with him, and they travell'd on leading the Ass by the Halter; 'till they met another Company, who called them a Couple of senseless Blockheads, for going both on Foot in such a dirty Way, when they had an empty Ass with them, which they might ride upon. The old Man could bear no longer; My Son, said he, it grieves me much that we cannot please all these People. Let me throw the Ass over the next Bridge, and be no further troubled with him."

Had the old Man been seen acting this last Resolution,

he would probably have been called a Fool for troubling himself about the different Opinions of all that were pleas'd to find Fault with him: Therefore, tho' I have a Temper almost as complying as his, I intend not to imitate him in this last Particular. I consider the Variety of Humors among Men, and despair of pleasing every Body; yet I shall not therefore leave off Printing. I shall continue my Business. I shall not burn my Press and melt my Letters.

[*Pennsylvania Gazette,* 10 June, 1731.]

LETTER FROM ANTHONY AFTERWIT

Mr. Gazetteer,

I am an honest Tradesman, who never meant Harm to anybody. My Affairs went on smoothly while a Batchelor; but of late I have met with some Difficulties, of which I take the Freedom to give you an Account.

About the Time I first address'd my present Spouse, her Father gave out in Speeches, that if she married a Man he liked, he would give with her £200 on the Day of Marriage. 'Tis true he never said so to me, but he always receiv'd me very kindly at his House, and openly countenanc'd my Courtship. I form'd several fine Schemes what to do with this same £200, and in some Measure neglected my Business on that Account: But unluckily it came to pass, that when the old Gentleman saw I was pretty well engag'd, and that the Match was too far gone to be easily broke off; he, without any Reason given, grew very angry, forbid me the House, and told his Daughter, that if she married me he would not give her a Farthing. However, (as he foresaw) we were not to be disappointed in that Manner, but, having stole a Wedding, I took her home to my House, where we were not in quite so poor a Condition as the Couple describ'd in the Scotch Song, who had

> "Neither Pot nor Pan,
> But four bare Legs together,"

for I had a House tolerably furnished for an ordinary Man before. No thanks to Dad, who, I understand, was

very much pleased with his politick Management. And I have since learn'd, that there are other old Curmudgeons (so called) besides him, who have this Trick to marry their Daughters, and yet keep what they might well spare, till they can keep it no longer; But this by way of Digression; a Word to the Wise is enough.

I soon saw, that with Care and Industry we might live tolerably easy and in Credit with our Neighbors; But my Wife had a strong Inclination to be a Gentlewoman. In Consequence of this, my old-fashioned Looking-Glass was one Day broke, as she said, *No Mortal could tell which way.* However, since we could not be without a Glass in the Room, "My Dear," says she, "we may as well buy a large fashionable One, that Mr. Such-a-one has to sell: It will cost but little more than a common Glass, and will be much handsomer and more creditable." Accordingly, the Glass was bought and hung against the Wall: But in a Week's time I was made sensible, by little and little, that *the Table was by no means suitable to such a Glass.* And a more proper Table being procur'd, my Spouse, who was an excellent Contriver, inform'd me where we might have very handsome Chairs *in the Way;* and thus by Degrees I found all my old Furniture stow'd up in the Garret, and every thing below alter'd for the better.

Had we stopp'd here, it might have done well enough; but my Wife being entertain'd with Tea by the Good Women she visited, we could do no less than the like when they visited us; and so we got a Tea-Table with all its Appurtenances of China and Silver. Then my Spouse unfortunately overwork'd herself in washing the House, so that we could do no longer without a Maid. Besides this, it happened frequently, that when I came home at One, the Dinner was but just put in the Pot, and *my Dear thought really it had been but Eleven:* At other Times, when I came at the same Hour, *She wondered I would stay so long, for Dinner was ready and had waited for me these two Hours.* These Irregularities occasioned by mistaking the Time, convinced me, that it was absolutely necessary *to buy a Clock,* which my Spouse observ'd was *a great Ornament to the Room!* And lastly, to my Grief, she was frequently troubled with some Ailment or other, and *nothing did her so much Good as Riding; And these Hackney Horses were such wretched ugly Creatures that*

— I bought a very fine pacing Mare, which cost £20; and hereabouts Affairs have stood for some Months past.

I could see all along, that this Way of Living was utterly inconsistent with my Circumstances, but had not Resolution enough to help it. Till lately, receiving a very severe Dun, which mention'd the next Court, I began in earnest to project Relief. Last Monday, my Dear went over the River to see a Relation and stay a Fortnight, because she could not bear the Heat of the Town. In the Interim I have taken my Turn to make Alterations; viz, I have turn'd away the Maid, Bag and Baggage, (for what should we do with a Maid, who have except my Boy none but ourselves?) I have sold the fine Pacing Mare, and bought a good Milch Cow with £3 of the Money. I have dispos'd of the Tea Table, and put a Spinning-Wheel in its Place, which methinks looks very pretty: Nine empty Canisters I have stuff'd with Flax, and with some of the Money of the Tea-Furniture I have bought a Set of Knitting-Needles; for to tell you a truth, which I would have go no farther, *I begin to want Stockings.* The stately Clock I have transform'd into an Hour-Glass, by which I have gain'd a good round Sum, and one of the Pieces of the old Looking-Glass, squar'd and fram'd, supplies the Place of the Great One, which I have convey'd into a Closet, where it may possibly remain some Years. In short, the Face of Things is quite changed; and I am mightily pleased when I look at my Hour-Glass. What an Ornament it is to the Room! I have paid my Debts and find Money in my Pocket. I expect my Dame home next Friday, and, as your Paper is taken in at the House where she is, I hope the Reading of this will prepare her Mind for the above surprizing Revolutions. If she can conform to this new Scheme of Living, we shall be the happiest Couple perhaps in the Province, and by the Blessing of God may soon be in thriving Circumstances. I have reserv'd the great Glass, because I know her Heart is set upon it; I will allow her, when she comes in, to be taken suddenly ill with *the Head-ach, the Stomach-ach, Fainting Fits,* or whatever other Disorder she may think more proper, and she may retire to Bed as soon as she pleases: But, if I do not find her in perfect Health, both of Body and Mind, the next Morning, away goes the aforesaid Great Glass, with several other Trinkets I have

no Occasion for, to the Vendue that very Day. Which is the irrevocable Resolution

Of, Sir, Her loving Husband, and
Your very humble Servant,
ANTHONY AFTERWIT.

Postscript. You know we can return to our former Way of Living, when we please, if Dad will be at the Expence of it.

[*Pennsylvania Gazette,* 10 July, 1732.]

LETTER FROM CELIA SINGLE

Mr. Gazetteer,

I must needs tell you, that some of the Things you print do more Harm than Good; particularly I think so of my Neighbour the Tradesman's Letter, in one of your late Papers, which has broken the Peace of several Families, by causing Difference between Men and their Wives: I shall give you one Instance, of which I was an Eye and Ear Witness.

Happening last Wednesday Morning to be in at Mrs. C—ss's, when her Husband return'd from Market, among other Things which he had bought he show'd her some Balls of Thread. "My Dear," says he, "I like mightily those Stockings, which I yesterday saw Neighbour Afterwit knitting for her Husband, of Thread of her own Spinning. I should be glad to have some such stockings myself: I understand that your Maid Mary is a very good Knitter, and seeing this Thread in Market, I have bought it, that the Girl may make a Pair or two for me." Mrs. Careless was just then at the Glass, dressing her Head, and turning about with the Pins in her Mouth, "Lord, Child," says she, "are you crazy? What Time has Mary to knit? Who must do the Work, I wonder, if you set her to Knitting?" "Perhaps, my Dear," says he, "you have a mind to knit 'em yourself; I remember, when I courted you, I once heard you say, that you had learn'd to knit of your Mother." "I knit Stockins for you!" says she; "not I truly! There are poor Women enough in Town, that can knit; if you please, you may employ them." "Well, but my Dear," says he, "you know *a penny sav'd is a penny got,* A pin a day is a groat a year, every little makes a muckle, and there is neither Sin nor Shame in

Knitting a pair of Stockins; why should you express such a mighty Aversion to it? As to *poor* Women, you know we are not People of Quality, we have no Income to maintain us but what arises from my Labour and Industry: Methinks you should not be at all displeas'd, if you have an Opportunity to get something as well as myself."

"I wonder," says she, "how you can propose such a thing to me; did not you always tell me you would maintain me like a Gentlewoman? If I had married Captain ——, he would have scorn'd even to mention Knitting of Stockins." "Prithee," says he, (a little nettled,) "what do you tell me of your Captains? If you could have had him, I suppose you would, or perhaps you did not very well like him. If I did promise to maintain you like a Gentlewoman, I suppose 'tis time enough for that, when you know how to behave like one; Meanwhile 'tis your Duty to help make me able. How long, d'ye think, I can maintain you at your present Rate of Living?" "Pray," says she, (somewhat fiercely, and dashing the Puff into the Powder-Box,) "don't use me after this Manner, for I assure you I won't bear it. This is the Fruit of your poison Newspapers; there shall come no more here, I promise you." "Bless us," says he, "what an unaccountable thing is this? Must a Tradesman's Daughter, and the Wife of a Tradesman, necessarily and instantly be a Gentlewoman? You had no Portion; I am forc'd to work for a Living; you are too great to do the like; there's the Door, go and live upon your Estate, if you can find it; in short, I don't desire to be troubled w' ye."

What Answer she made, I cannot tell; for, knowing that a Man and his Wife are apt to quarrel more violently when before Strangers, than when by themselves, I got up and went out hastily: But I understand from Mary, who came to me of an Errand in the Evening, that they dined together pretty peaceably, (the Balls of Thread that had caused the Difference being thrown into the Kitchen Fire,) of which I was very glad to hear.

I have several times in your Paper seen severe Reflections upon us Women, for Idleness and Extravagance, but I do not remember to have once seen any such Animadversions upon the Men. If I were dispos'd to be censorious, I could furnish you with Instances enough. I might mention Mr. Billiard, who spends more than he

earns at the Green Table, and would have been in Jail long since, were it not for his industrious Wife: Mr. Husslecap, who, often all day long, leaves his Business for the rattling of Half-pence, in a certain Alley: Mr. Finikin, who has seven different Suits of fine cloaths, and wears a Change every Day, while his Wife and Children sit at home half naked: Mr. Crownhim, who is always dreaming over the Chequer-Board, and cares not how the World goes, so he gets the game: Mr. T'otherpot, the Tavern-haunter; Mr. Bookish, the everlasting Reader; Mr. Toot-a-toot, and several others, who are mighty diligent at any thing beside their Business. I say, if I were disposed to be censorious, I might mention all these and more, but I hate to be thought a Scandalizer of my Neighbours, and therefore forbear; and for your part, I would advise you for the future to entertain your Readers with something else, beside People's Reflections upon one another; for remember, that there are Holes enough to be pick'd in your Coat, as well as others, and those that are affronted by the Satyrs you may publish, will not consider so much who *wrote* as who *printed:* Take not this Freedom amiss from

Your Friend and Reader,
CELIA SINGLE.

[*Pennsylvania Gazette,* 24 July, 1732.]

LETTER FROM ALICE ADDERTONGUE

Mr. Gazetteer,

I was highly pleased with your last Week's Paper upon SCANDAL, as the uncommon Doctrine therein preach'd is agreeable both to my Principles and Practice, and as it was published very seasonably to reprove the Impertinence of a Writer in the foregoing Thursday's *Mercury,* who, at the Conclusion of one of his silly Paragraphs, laments forsooth, that the Fair Sex are so peculiarly guilty of this enormous Crime: Every Blockhead, ancient and modern, that could handle a Pen, has, I think, taken upon him to cant in the same senseless Strain. If to *scandalize* be really a Crime, what do these Puppies mean? They describe it, they dress it up in the most odious, frightful, and detestable Colours, they represent it as the worst

of Crimes, and then roundly and charitably charge the whole Race of Womankind with it. Are not they then guilty of what they condemn, at the same time that they condemn it? If they accuse us of any other Crime, they must necessarily *scandalize* while they do it; but to *scandalize* us with being guilty of Scandal, is in itself an egregious Absurdity, and can proceed from nothing but the most consummate Impudence in conjunction with the most profound Stupidity.

This, supposing, as they do, that to scandalize is a Crime; which you have convinc'd all reasonable People is an Opinion absolutely erroneous. Let us leave, then, these Ideot Mock-Moralists, while I entertain you with some Account of my Life and Manners.

I am a young Girl of about thirty-five, and live at present with my Mother. I have no Care upon my Head of getting a Living, and therefore find it my Duty, as well as Inclination, to exercise my Talent at *Censure,* for the Good of my Country-Folks. There was, I am told, a certain generous Emperor, who, if a Day had passed over his Head in which he had conferred no Benefit on any Man, used to say to his Friends, in Latin, *Diem perdidi,* that is, it seems, *I have lost a Day.* I believe I should make use of the same Expression, if it were possible for a Day to pass in which I had not, or miss'd, an Opportunity to scandalize somebody: But, Thanks be praised, no such Misfortune has befel me these dozen Years.

Yet, whatever Good I may do, I cannot pretend that I first entred into the Practice of this Virtue from a Principle of Publick Spirit; for I remember, that, when a Child, I had a violent Inclination to be ever talking in my own Praise; and being continually told that it was ill Manners, and once severely whipt for it, the confin'd Stream form'd itself a new Channel, and I began to speak for the future in the Dispraise of others. This I found more agreeable to Company, and almost as much so to myself: for what great Difference can there be, between putting yourself up, or putting your Neighbour down? *Scandal,* like other Virtues, is in part its own Reward, as it gives us the Satisfaction of making ourselves appear better than others, or others no better than ourselves.

My Mother, good Woman, and I, have heretofore differ'd upon this Account. She argu'd, that Scandal spoilt all

good Conversation; and I insisted, that without it there would be no such Thing. Our Disputes once rose so high, that we parted Tea-Tables, and I concluded to entertain my Acquaintance in the Kitchin. The first Day of this Separation we both drank Tea at the same Time, but she with her Visitors in the Parlor. She would not hear of the least Objection to any one's Character, but began a new sort of Discourse in some such queer philosophical Manner as this; "I am mightily pleas'd sometimes," says she, "when I observe and consider, that the World is not so bad as People out of humour imagine it to be. There is something amiable, some good Quality or other, in every body. If we were only to speak of People that are least respected, there is such a one is very dutiful to her Father, and methinks has a fine Set of Teeth; such a one is very respectful to her Husband; such a one is very kind to her poor Neighbours, and besides has a very handsome Shape; such a one is always ready to serve a Friend, and in my Opinion there is not a Woman in Town that has a more agreeable Air and Gait." This fine kind of Talk, which lasted near half an Hour, she concluded by saying, "I do not doubt but every one of you have made the like Observations, and I should be glad to have the Conversation continu'd upon this Subject." Just at that Juncture I peep'd in at the Door, and never in my Life before saw such a Set of simple vacant Countenances. They looked somehow neither glad, nor sorry, nor angry, nor pleas'd, nor indifferent, nor attentive; but (excuse the Simile) like so many blue wooden images of Rie Doe. I in the Kitchin had already begun a ridiculous Story of Mr. ——'s Intrigue with his Maid, and his Wife's Behaviour upon the Discovery; at some Passages we laugh'd heartily, and one of the gravest of Mama's Company, without making any Answer to her Discourse, got up *to go and see what the Girls were so merry about:* She was follow'd by a Second, and shortly after by a Third, till at last the old Gentlewoman found herself quite alone, and, being convinc'd that her Project was impracticable, came herself and finish'd her Tea with us; ever since which *Saul also has been among the Prophets,* and our Disputes lie Dormant.

By Industry and Application I have made myself the Centre of all the *Scandal* in the Province, there is little

stirring, but I hear of it. I began the World with this Maxim, that no Trade can subsist without Returns; and accordingly, whenever I receiv'd a good Story, I endeavour'd to give two or a better in the Room of it. My Punctuality in this Way of Dealing gave such Encouragement, that it has procur'd me an incredible deal of Business, which without Diligence and good Method it would be impossible for me to go through. For, besides the Stock of Defamation thus naturally flowing in upon me, I practise an Art, by which I can pump Scandal out of People that are the least enclin'd that way. Shall I discover my Secret? Yes; to let it die with me would be inhuman. If I have never heard Ill of some Person, I always impute it to defective Intelligence; *for there are none without their Faults, no, not one.* If she is a Woman, I take the first Opportunity to let all her Acquaintance know I have heard that one of the handsomest or best Men in Town has said something in Praise either of her Beauty, her Wit, her Virtue, or her good Management. If you know anything of Humane Nature, you perceive that this naturally introduces a Conversation turning upon all her Failings, past, present, and to come. To the same purpose, and with the same Success, I cause every Man of Reputation to be praised before his Competitors in Love, Business, or Esteem, on Account of any particular Qualification. Near the Times of *Election,* if I find it necessary, I commend every Candidate before some of the opposite Party, listening attentively to what is said of him in answer: (But Commendations in this latter Case are not always necessary, and should be used judiciously;) of late Years, I needed only observe what they said of one another freely; and having for the Help of Memory, taken Account of all Informations and Accusations received, whoever peruses my Writings after my Death, may happen to think, that during a certain Term the People of *Pennsylvania* chose into all their Offices of Honour and Trust, the veriest Knaves, Fools and Rascals in the whole Province. The Time of Election used to be a busy Time with me, but this Year, with Concern I speak it, People are grown so good-natur'd, so intent upon mutual Feasting and friendly Entertainment, that I see no Prospect of much Employment from that Quarter.

I mention'd above, that without good Method I could not go thro' my Business. In my Father's Lifetime I had some Instruction in Accompts, which I now apply with Advantage to my own Affairs. I keep a regular Set of Books, and can tell, at an Hour's Warning, how it stands between me and the World. In my *Daybook* I enter every Article of Defamation as it is transacted; for Scandals *receiv'd in* I give Credit, and when I pay them out again I make the Persons to whom they respectively relate *Debtor.* In my *Journal,* I add to each Story, by way of Improvement, such probable Circumstances as I think it will bear; and in my *Ledger* the whole is regularly posted.

I suppose the Reader already condemns me in his Heart for this particular of *adding Circumstances;* but I justify that part of my Practice thus. 'Tis a Principle with me, that none ought to have a greater Share of Reputation, than they really deserve; if they have, 'tis an Imposition upon the Publick. I know it is every one's Interest, and therefore believe they endeavour to conceal *all* their Vices and Follies; and I hold that those People are *extraordinary* foolish or careless, who suffer a Fourth of their Failings to come to publick Knowledge. Taking then the common Prudence and Imprudence of Mankind in a Lump, I suppose none suffer above *one Fifth* to be discovered: Therefore, when I hear of any person's Misdoing, I think I keep within Bounds if in relating it I only make it *three times* worse than it is; and I reserve to myself the Privilege of charging them with one Fault in four, which for aught I know, they may be entirely innocent of. You see there are but few so careful of doing Justice as myself. What Reason then have Mankind to complain of *Scandal?* In a general way the worst that is said of us is only half what *might* be said, if all our Faults were seen.

But, alas! two great Evils have lately befaln me at the same time; an extream Cold, that I can scarce speak, and a most terrible Tooth-ach, that I dare hardly open my Mouth: For some Days past, I have receiv'd ten Stories for one I have paid; and I am not able to balance my Accounts without your Assistance. I have long thought, that if you would make your Paper a Vehicle of Scandal, you would double the Number of your Subscribers. I

send you herewith Account of four Knavish Tricks, two * * *, 5 cu-ld-ms, 3 drub'd Wives, and 4 henpeck'd Husbands, all within this Fortnight; which you may, as Articles of News, deliver to the Publick; and, if my Tooth-ach continues, shall send you more, being in the mean time your constant Reader,

ALICE ADDERTONGUE.

I thank my Correspondent, Mrs. Addertongue, for her Good Will, but desire to be excus'd inserting the Articles of News she has sent me, such Things being in Reality no News at all.

[*Pennsylvania Gazette,* 12 September, 1732.]

A MEDITATION ON A QUART MUGG

Wretched, miserable, and unhappy Mug! I pity thy luckless Lot, I commiserate thy Misfortunes, thy Griefs fill me with Compassion, and because of thee are Tears made frequently to burst from my Eyes.

How often have I seen him compell'd to hold up his Handle at the Bar, for no other Crime than that of being empty; then snatch'd away by a surly Officer, and plung'd suddenly into a Tub of cold Water: Sad Spectacle, and Emblem of human Penury, oppress'd by arbitrary Power! How often is he hurry'd down into a dismal Vault, sent up fully laden in a cold Sweat, and by a rude Hand thrust into the Fire! How often have I seen it obliged to undergo the Indignities of a dirty Wench; to have melting Candles dropt on its naked Sides, and sometimes in its Mouth, to risque being broken into a thousand Pieces, for Actions which itself was not guilty of! How often is he forced into the Company of boisterous Sots, who lay all their Nonsence, Noise, profane Swearing, Cursing, and Quarreling, on the harmless Mug, which speaks not a Word! They overset him, maim him, and sometimes turn him to Arms offensive or defensive, as they please; when of himself he would not be of either Party, but would as willingly stand still. Alas! what Power, or Place, is provided, where this poor Mug, this unpitied Slave, can have Redress of his Wrongs and Sufferings? Or where shall he have a Word of Praise bestow'd on him for his

Well doings, and faithful Services? If he prove of a large size, his Owner curses him, and says he will devour more than he'll earn: If his Size be small, those whom his Master appoints him to serve will curse him as much, and perhaps threaten him with the Inquisition of the Standard. Poor Mug, unfortunate is thy Condition! Of thy self thou wouldst do no Harm, but much Harm is done with thee! Thou art accused of many Mischiefs; thou art said to administer Drunkenness, Poison, and broken Heads: But none praise thee for the good Things thou yieldest! Shouldst thou produce double Beer, nappy Ale, stallcop Cyder, or Cyder mull'd, fine Punch, or cordial Tiff; yet for all these shouldst thou not be prais'd, but the rich Liquors themselves, which tho' within thee, will be said to be foreign to thee! And yet, so unhappy is thy Destiny, thou must bear all their Faults and Abominations! Hast thou been industriously serving thy Employers with Tiff or Punch, and instantly they dispatch thee for Cyder, then must thou be abused for smelling of Rum. Hast thou been steaming their Noses gratefully, with mull'd Cyder or butter'd Ale, and then offerest to refresh their Palates with the best of Beer, they will curse thee for thy Greasiness. And how, alas! can thy Service be rendered more tolerable to thee? If thou submittest thyself to a Scouring in the Kitchen, what must thou undergo from sharp Sand, hot Ashes, and a coarse Dishclout; besides the Danger of having thy Lips rudely torn, thy Countenance disfigured, thy Arms dismantled, and thy whole Frame shatter'd, with violent Concussions in an Iron Pot or Brass Kettle! And yet, O Mug! if these Dangers thou escapest, with little Injury, thou must at last untimely fall, be broken to Pieces, and cast away, never more to be recollected and form'd into a Quart Mug. Whether by the Fire, or in a Battle, or choak'd with a Dishclout, or by a Stroke against a Stone, thy Dissolution happens; 'tis all alike to thy avaritious Owner; he grieves not for thee, but for the Shilling with which he purchased thee! If thy Bottom Part should chance to survive, it may be preserv'd to hold bits of Candles, or Blacking for Shoes, or Salve for kibed Heels; but all thy other Members will be for ever buried in some miry Hole; or less carefully disposed of, so that little Children, who have not yet arrived to Acts of Cru-

elty, may gather them up to furnish out their Baby Houses: Or, being cast upon the Dunghill, they will therewith be carted into Meadow Grounds; where, being spread abroad and discovered, they must be thrown to the Heap of Stones, Bones and Rubbish; or being left until the Mower finds them with his Scythe, they will with bitter Curses be tossed over the Hedge; and so serve for unlucky Boys to throw at Birds and Dogs; until by Length of Time and numerous Casualties, they shall be press'd into their Mother Earth, and be converted to their original Principles.

[*Pennsylvania Gazette,* 19 July, 1733.]

A TRUE PROGNOSTICATION, FOR 1739

Courteous Readers,

Having consider'd the infinite Abuses arising from the false Prognostications published among you, made under the shadow of a Pot of Drink, or so, I have here calculated one of the most sure and unerring that ever was seen in black and white, as hereafter you'll find. For doubtless it is a heinous, foul and crying Sin, to deceive the poor gaping World, greedy of the Knowledge of Futurity, as we Americans all are. Take Notice by the by, that having been at a great deal of pains in the Calculation, if you don't believe every Syllable, Jot and Tittle of it, you do me a great deal of wrong; for which either here or elsewhere, you may chance to be claw'd off with a Vengeance. A good Cowskin, Crabtree or Bull's pizzle may be plentifully bestow'd on your outward Man. You may snuff up your Noses as much as you please, 'tis all one for that.

Well however, come, suite your Noses my little Children; and you old doating Father Grey-Beards, pull out your best Eyes, on wi' your Barnacles, and carefully observe every Scruple of what I'm going to tell you.

OF THE GOLDEN NUMBER

The Golden Number, *non est inventus.* I cannot find it this Year by any Calculation I have made. I must content myself with a Number of Copper. No matter, go on.

Of the Eclipses *this Year*

There are so many invisible Eclipses this Year, that I fear, not unjustly, our Pockets will suffer Inanition, be full empty, and our Feeling at a Loss. During the first visible Eclipse *Saturn* is retrograde: For which Reason the Crabs will go sidelong, and the Ropemakers backward. The Belly will wag before, and the A— shall sit down first. *Mercury* will have his share in these Affairs, and so confound the Speech of People, that when a *Pensilvanian* would say Panther he shall say Painter. When a *New Yorker* thinks to say (This) he shall say (Diss) and the people in *New England* and *Cape May* will not be able to say (Cow) for their Lives, but will be forc'd to say (Keow) by a certain involuntary Twist in the Root of their Tongues. No *Connecticut man* nor *Marylander* will be able to open his Mouth this Year but (Sir) shall be the first or last Syllable he pronounces, and sometimes both. Brutes shall speak in many Places, and there will be above seven and twenty irregular Verbs made this Year, if Grammar don't interpose.—Who can help these Misfortunes!

Of the Diseases *This Year*

This Year the Stone-blind shall see but very little; the Deaf shall hear but poorly; and the Dumb sha'nt speak very plain. And it's much, if my Dame *Bridget* talks at all this Year.

Whole Flocks, Herds, and Droves of Sheep, Swine and Oxen, Cocks and Hens, Ducks and Drakes, Geese and Ganders shall go to Pot; but the Mortality will not be altogether so great among Cats, Dogs, and Horses. As for old Age, 'twill be incurable this Year, because of the Years past. And towards the Fall some People will be seiz'd with an unaccountable Inclination to roast and eat their own Ears: Should this be call'd Madness, Doctors? I think not. But the worst Disease of all will be a certain most horrid, dreadful, malignant, catching, perverse and odious Malady, almost epidemical, insomuch that many shall run mad upon it; I quake for very Fear when I think on't: for I assure you very few will escape this

Disease, which is called by the learned Albumazar *Lacko'-mony.*

Of the Fruits *of the* Earth

I find that this will be a plentiful Year of all manner of good Things, to those who have enough; but the Orange Trees in *Greenland,* will go near to fare the worse for the Cold. As for Oats, they'll be a great Help to Horses. I dare say there won't be much more Bacon than Swine. *Mercury* somewhat threatens our Parsley-beds, yet Parsly will be to be had for Money. Hemp will grow faster than the Children of this Age, and some will find there's but too much on't. As for Corn, Fruit, Cyder and Turnips, there never was such Plenty as will be now; if poor Folks may have their Wish.

Of the Condition *of some* Countries

I foresee an universal *Drought*h this Year thro' all the Northern Colonies. Hence there will be *dry* Rice in *Carolina, dry* Tobacco in *Virginia* and *Maryland, dry* Bread in *Pennsylvania* and *New York;* and in *New England dry* Fish and *dry* Doctrine. *Dry* Throats there will be everywhere; but then how pleasant it will be to drink cool Cyder! tho' some will tell you nothing is more contrary to Thirst. I believe it; and indeed, *Contraria contrariis curantur.*

R. Saunders.

[*Poor Richard,* 1739.]

SHAVERS AND TRIMMERS

Alexander Miller, Peruke-maker, in *Second-street, Philadelphia,* takes Opportunity to acquaint his Customers, that he intends to leave off the Shaving Business after the 22d of *August* next.

To Mr. Franklin

Sir,

It is a common Observation among the People of *Great Britain* and *Ireland,* that the Barbers are reverenced by the lower Classes of the Inhabitants of those Kingdoms.

and in the more remote Parts of those Dominions, as the sole Oracles of Wisdom and Politicks. This at first View seems to be owing to the odd Bent of Mind and peculiar Humour of the People of those Nations: But if we carry this Observation into other Parts, we shall find the same Passion equally prevalent throughout the whole civilized World; and discover in every little Market-Town and Village the 'Squire, the Exciseman, and even the Parson himself, listening with as much Attention to a Barber's News, as they would to the profound Revelations of a Chancellor of the Exchequer, or principal Secretary of State.

Antiquity likewise will furnish us with many Confirmations of the Truth of what I have here asserted. Among the old *Romans* the Barbers were understood to be exactly of the same Complection I have hear described. I shall not trouble your Readers with a Multitude of Examples taken from Antiquity. I shall only quote one Passage in *Horace,* which may serve to illustrate the Whole, and is as follows

> Strenuus et fortis, causisq; Philippus agendis
> Clarus, ab officiis octavam circiter horam
> Dum redit: atq; foro nimium distare carinas
> Jam grandis natu queritur, conspexit, ut aiunt,
> Adrasum quendam vacuâ tonsoris in umbrâ.
> Cultello proprios purgantem leniter ungues.
>
> Hor. Epist. Lib. 1. 7.

By which we may understand, that the *Tonsoris Umbra, or* Barber's Shop, was the common Rendezvous of every idle Fellow, who had no more to do than to pair his Nails, talk Politicks, and see, and to be seen.

But to return to the Point in Question. If we would know why the Barbers are so eminent for their Skill in Politicks, it will be necessary to lay aside the Appellation of Barber, and confine ourselves to that of Shaver and Trimmer, which will naturally lead us to consider the near Relation which subsists between Shaving, Trimming and Politicks, from whence we shall discover that Shaving and Trimming is not the Province of the Mechanic alone, but that there are their several Shavers and Trimmers at Court, the Bar, in Church and State.

And first, Shaving or Trimming, in a strict mechanical Sense of the Word, signifies a cutting, sheering, lopping

off, and fleecing us of those Excrescencies of Hair, Nails, Flesh, &c., which burthen and disguise our natural Endowments. And is not the same practised over the whole World, by Men of every Rank and Station? Does not the corrupt Minister lop off our Privileges and fleece us of our Money? Do not the Gentlemen of the long Robe find means to cut off those Excrescencies of the Nation, Highwaymen, Thieves and Robbers? And to look into the Church, who has been more notorious for shaving and fleecing, than that Apostle of Apostles, that Preacher of Preachers, the Rev. Mr. G. W.? But I forbear making farther mention of this spiritual Shaver and Trimmer, lest I should affect the Minds of my Readers as deeply as his Preaching has affected their Pockets.

The second Species of Shavers and Trimmers are those who, according to the *English* Phrase, *make the best of a bad Market:* Such as cover (what is called by an eminent Preacher) *their poor Dust* in tinsel Cloaths and gaudy Plumes of Feathers. A Star, and Garter, for Instance, adds Grace, Dignity and Lustre to a gross corpulent Body; and a competent Share of religious Horror thrown into the Countenance, with proper Distortions of the Face, and the Addition of a lank Head of Hair, or a long Wig and Band, commands a most profound Respect to Insolence and Ignorance. The Pageantry of the Church of *Rome* is too well known for me to instance: It will not however be amiss to observe, that his Holiness the Pope, when he has a Mind to fleece his Flock of a good round Sum, sets off the Matter with Briefs, Pardons, Indulgencies, &c. &c. &c.

The Third and last Kind of Shavers and Trimmers are those who (in Scripture Language) are carried away with every Wind of Doctrine. The Vicars of Bray, and those who exchange their Principles with the Times, may justly be referred to this Class. But the most odious Shavers and Trimmers of this Kind, are a certain set of Females, called (by the polite World) JILTS. I cannot give my Readers a more perfect Idea of these than by quoting the following Lines of the Poet:

> Fatally fair they are, and in their Smiles
> The Graces, little Loves, and young Desires inhabit:
> But they are false luxurious in their Appetites,

And all the Heav'n they hope for, is Variety.
One Lover to another still succeeds,
Another and another after that,
And the last Fool is welcome as the former;
'Till having lov'd his Hour out, he gives his Place,
And mingles with the Herd that went before him.
Rowe's Fair Penitent.

Lastly, I cannot but congratulate my Neighbours on the little Favour which is shown to Shavers and Trimmers by the People of this Province. The Business is at so low an Ebb, that the worthy Gentleman whose Advertisement I have chosen for the Motto of my Paper, acquaints us he will leave it off after the 22d of *August* next. I am of Opinion that all possible Encouragement ought to be given to Examples of this Kind, since it is owing to this that so perfect an Understanding is cultivated among ourselves, and the Chain of Friendship is brightened and perpetuated with our good Allies, the *Indians*. The Antipathy which these sage Naturalists bear to Shaving and Trimming, is well known.

I am, Yours, &c.
[*Pennsylvania Gazette,* 23 June, 1743.]

TO THE PUBLICK

* * * Causis Philippus agendis
Clarus, * * *
S. P. D.

My Paper on Shavers and Trimmers, in the last *Gazette,* being generally condemn'd, I at first imputed it to the Want of Taste and Relish for Pieces of that Force and Beauty, which none but University-bred Gentlemen can *produce:* But upon Advice of Friends, whose Judgment I could depend on, I examined *myself* and to my Shame must confess, that I found myself to be an uncircumcised Jew, whose Excrescencies of Hair, Nails, Flesh, &c. did burthen and disguise my Natural Endowments; but having my Hair and Nails since lopp'd off and shorn, and my fleshly Excrescencies circumcised, I now appear in my wonted Lustre, and expect a speedy Admission among the *Levites,* which I have already the Honour of among the Poets and Natural Philosophers. I have one Thing

more to add, which is, That I had no real Animosity against the Person whose Advertisement I made the Motto of my Paper; but (as may appear to all who have been Big with Pieces of this Kind) what I had long on my Mind, I at last unburden'd myself of. O! these JILTS still run in my Mind.

N.B. The Publick perhaps may suppose this Confession forced upon me; but if they *repair* to the P— Pe in Second-street, they may see Me, or the Original hereof under my own Hand, and be convinced that this is genuine.

[*Pennsylvania Gazette,* 30 June, 1743.]

TO JOHN FRANKLIN, AT BOSTON

Philadelphia, [March 10,] 1745.

— Our people are extremely impatient to hear of your success at Cape Breton. My shop is filled with thirty inquirers at the coming in of every post. Some wonder the place is not yet taken. I tell them I shall be glad to hear that news three months hence. Fortified towns are hard nuts to crack; and your teeth have not been accustomed to it. Taking strong places is a particular trade, which you have taken up without serving an apprenticeship to it. Armies and veterans need skilful engineers to direct them in their attack. Have you any? But some seem to think forts are as easy taken as snuff. Father Moody's prayers look tolerably modest. You have a fast and prayer day for that purpose; in which I compute five hundred thousand petitions were offered up to the same effect in New England, which added to the petitions of every family morning and evening, multiplied by the number of days since January 25th, make forty-five millions of prayers; which, set against the prayers of a few priests in the garrison, to the Virgin Mary, give a vast balance in your favour.

If you do not succeed, I fear I shall have but an indifferent opinion of Presbyterian prayers in such cases, as long as I live. Indeed, in attacking strong towns I should have more dependence on *works,* than on *faith;* for, like the kingdom of heaven, they are to be taken by

force and violence; and in a French garrison I suppose there are devils of that kind, that they are not to be cast out by prayers and fasting, unless it be by their own fasting for want of provisions. I believe there is Scripture in what I have wrote, but I cannot adorn the margin with quotations, having a bad memory, and no Concordance at hand; besides no more time than to subscribe myself, &c.

B. FRANKLIN.

ADVICE TO A YOUNG TRADESMAN

To my Friend, A. B.:

As you have desired it of me, I write the following hints, which have been of service to me, and may, if observed, be so to you.

Remember, that *time* is money. He that can earn ten shillings a day by his labour, and goes abroad, or sits idle, one half of that day, though he spends but sixpence during his diversion or idleness, ought not to reckon *that* the only expense; he has really spent, or rather thrown away, five shillings besides.

Remember, that *credit* is money. If a man lets his money lie in my hands after it is due, he gives me the interest, or so much as I can make of it during that time. This amounts to a considerable sum where a man has good and large credit, and makes good use of it.

Remember, that money is of the prolific, generating nature. Money can beget money, and its offspring can beget more, and so on. Five shillings turned is six, turned again it is seven and three-pence, and so on till it becomes an hundred pounds. The more there is of it, the more it produces every turning, so that the profits rise quicker and quicker. He that kills a breeding sow, destroys all her offspring to the thousandth generation. He that murders a crown, destroys all that it might have produced, even scores of pounds.

Remember, that six pounds a year is but a groat a day. For this little sum (which may be daily wasted either in time or expense unperceived) a man of credit may, on his own security, have the constant possession and use of an hundred pounds. So much in stock, briskly turned by an industrious man, produces great advantage.

Remember this saying, *The good paymaster is lord of another man's purse.* He that is known to pay punctually and exactly to the time he promises, may at any time, and on any occasion, raise all the money his friends can spare. This is sometimes of great use. After industry and frugality, nothing contributes more to the raising of a young man in the world than punctuality and justice in all his dealings; therefore never keep borrowed money an hour beyond the time you promised, lest a disappointment shut up your friend's purse for ever.

The most trifling actions that affect a man's credit are to be regarded. The sound of your hammer at five in the morning, or nine at night, heard by a creditor, makes him easy six months longer; but, if he sees you at a billiard-table, or hears your voice at a tavern, when you should be at work, he sends for his money the next day; demands it, before he can receive it, in a lump.

It shows, besides, that you are mindful of what you owe; it makes you appear a careful as well as an honest man, and that still increases your credit.

Beware of thinking all your own that you possess, and of living accordingly. It is a mistake that many people who have credit fall into. To prevent this, keep an exact account for some time, both of your expenses and your income. If you take the pains at first to mention particulars, it will have this good effect: you will discover how wonderfully small, trifling expenses mount up to large sums, and will discern what might have been, and may for the future be saved, without occasioning any great inconvenience.

In short, the way to wealth, if you desire it, is as plain as the way to market. It depends chiefly on two words, *industry* and *frugality;* that is, waste neither *time* nor *money,* but make the best use of both. Without industry and frugality nothing will do, and with them every thing. He that gets all he can honestly, and saves all he gets (necessary expenses excepted), will certainly become *rich,* if that Being who governs the world, to whom all should look for a blessing on their honest endeavours, doth not, in his wise providence, otherwise determine.

AN OLD TRADESMAN.

[1748]

EXPORTING OF FELONS TO THE COLONIES

To the Printers of the Gazette

By a Passage in one of your late Papers, I understand that the Government at home will not suffer our mistaken Assemblies to make any Law for preventing or discouraging the Importation of Convicts from Great Britain, for this kind Reason, *'That such Laws are against the Publick Utility, as they tend to prevent the* Improvement *and* Well Peopling *of the Colonies.'*

Such a tender *parental* Concern in our *Mother Country* for the *Welfare* of her *Children,* calls aloud for the highest *Returns* of Gratitude and Duty. This every one must be sensible of: But 'tis said, that in our present Circumstances it is absolutely impossible for us to make *such* as are adequate to the Favour. I own it; but nevertheless let us do our Endeavour. 'Tis something to show a grateful Disposition.

In some of the uninhabited Parts of these Provinces, there are Numbers of these venomous Reptiles we call Rattle-Snakes; Felons-convict from the Beginning of the World: These, whenever we meet with them, we put to Death, by Virtue of an old Law, *Thou shalt bruise his Head.* But as this is a sanguinary Law, and may seem too cruel; and as however mischievous those Creatures are with us, they may possibly change their Natures, if they were to change the Climate; I would humbly propose, that this general Sentence of *Death* be changed for *Transportation.*

In the Spring of the Year, when they first creep out of their Holes, they are feeble, heavy, slow, and easily taken; and if a small Bounty were allow'd *per* Head, some Thousands might be collected annually, and *transported* to *Britain.* There I would propose to have them carefully distributed in *St. James's Park,* in the *Spring-Gardens* and other Places of Pleasure about *London;* in the Gardens of all the Nobility and Gentry throughout the Nation; but particularly in the Gardens of the *Prime Ministers,* the *Lords of Trade* and *Members of Parliament;* for to them we are *most particularly* obliged.

There is no human Scheme so perfect, but some Incon-

veniencies may be objected to it: Yet when the Conveniencies far exceed, the Scheme is judg'd rational, and fit to be executed. Thus Inconveniencies have been objected to that *good* and *wise* Act of Parliament, by virtue of which all the *Newgates* and *Dungeons* in *Britain* are emptied into the Colonies. It has been said, that these Thieves and Villains introduc'd among us, spoil the Morals of Youth in the Neighbourhoods that entertain them, and perpetrate many horrid Crimes: But let not *private Interests* obstruct *publick* Utility. Our *Mother* knows what is best for us. What is a little *Housebreaking, Shoplifting,* or *Highway Robbing;* what is a *Son* now and then *corrupted* and *hang'd,* a Daughter *debauch'd* and *pox'd,* a Wife *stabb'd,* a Husband's *Throat cut,* or a Child's *Brains beat out* with an Axe, compar'd with this 'IMPROVEMENT and WELL PEOPLING of the Colonies!'

Thus it may perhaps be objected to my Scheme, that the *Rattle-Snake* is a mischievous Creature, and that his changing his Nature with the Clime is a mere Supposition, not yet confirm'd by sufficient Facts. What then? Is not Example more prevalent than Precept? And may not the honest rough British Gentry, by a Familiarity with these Reptiles, learn to *creep,* and to *insinuate,* and to *slaver,* and to *wriggle* into Place (and perhaps to *poison* such as stand in their Way) Qualities of no small Advantage to Courtiers! In comparison of which 'IMPROVEMENT and PUBLICK UTILITY,' what is a *Child* now and then kill'd by their venomous Bite, . . . or even a favourite *Lap Dog?*

I would only add, that this exporting of Felons to the Colonies, may be consider'd as a *Trade,* as well as in the Light of a *Favour,* Now all Commerce implies Returns: Justice requires them: There can be no Trade without them. And *Rattle-Snakes* seem the most *suitable Returns* for the *Human Serpents* sent us by our *Mother* Country. In this, however, as in every other Branch of Trade, she will have the Advantage of us. She will reap *equal* Benefits without equal Risque of the Inconveniencies and Dangers. For the *Rattle-Snake* gives Warning before he attempts his Mischief; which the Convict does not. I am

Yours, &c.

AMERICANUS.

[*Pennsylvania Gazette,* 9 May, 1751.]

THE WAY TO WEALTH

Courteous Reader,

I have heard that nothing gives an Author so great Pleasure, as to find his Works respectfully quoted by other learned Authors. This Pleasure I have seldom enjoyed; for tho' I have been, if I may say it without Vanity, an *eminent Author* of Almanacks annually now a full Quarter of a Century, my Brother Authors in the same Way, for what Reason I know not, have ever been very sparing in their Applauses, and no other Author has taken the least Notice of me, so that did not my Writings produce me some solid *Pudding,* the great Deficiency of *Praise* would have quite discouraged me.

I concluded at length, that the People were the best Judges of my merit; for they buy my Works; and besides, in my Rambles, where I am not personally known, I have frequently heard one or other of my Adages repeated, with, *as Poor Richard says,* at the End on 't; this gave me some Satisfaction, as it showed not only that my Instructions were regarded, but discovered likewise some Respect for my Authority; and I own, that to encourage the Practice of remembering and repeating those wise Sentences, I have sometimes *quoted myself* with great Gravity.

Judge, then how much I must have been gratified by an Incident I am going to relate to you. I stopt my Horse lately where a great Number of People were collected at a Vendue of Merchant Goods. The Hour of Sale not being come, they were conversing on the Badness of the Times and one of the Company call'd to a plain clean old Man, with white Locks, "Pray, Father Abraham, what think you of the Times? Won't these heavy Taxes quite ruin the Country? How shall we be ever able to pay them? What would you advise us to?" Father *Abraham* stood up, and reply'd, "If you'd have my Advice, I'll give it you in short, for *A Word to the Wise is enough,* and *many Words won't fill a Bushel,* as *Poor Richard* says." They join'd in desiring him to speak his Mind, and gathering round him, he proceeded as follows;

"Friends," says he, and Neighbours, "the Taxes are indeed very heavy, and if those laid on by the Government

were the only Ones we had to pay, we might more easily discharge them; but we have many others, and much more grievous to some of us. We are taxed twice as much by our *Idleness,* three times as much by our *Pride,* and four times as much by our *Folly;* and from these Taxes the Commissioners cannot ease or deliver us by allowing an Abatement. However let us hearken to good Advice, and something may be done for us; *God helps them that help themselves,* as *Poor Richard* says, in his Almanack of 1733.

It would be thought a hard Government that should tax its People one-tenth Part of their *Time,* to be employed in its Service. But *Idleness* taxes many of us much more, if we reckon all that is spent in absolute *Sloth,* or doing of nothing, with that which is spent in idle Employments or Amusements, that amount to nothing. *Sloth,* by bringing on Diseases, absolutely shortens Life. *Sloth, like Rust, consumes faster than Labour wears; while the used Key is always bright,* as *Poor Richard* says. *But dost thou love Life, then do not squander Time; for that's the stuff Life is made of,* as *Poor Richard* says. How much more than is necessary do we spend in sleep, forgetting that *The Sleeping Fox catches no Poultry,* and that *There will be sleeping enough in the Grave,* as *Poor Richard* says.

If Time be of all Things the most precious, wasting Time must be, as *Poor Richard* says, *the greatest Prodigality;* since, as he elsewhere tells us, *Lost Time is never found again; and what we call Time enough, always proves little enough:* Let us then up and be doing, and doing to the Purpose; so by Diligence shall we do more with less Perplexity. *Sloth makes all Things difficult, but Industry all easy,* as *Poor Richard* says; and *He that riseth late must trot all Day, and shall scarce overtake his Business at Night;* while *Laziness travels so slowly, that Poverty soon overtakes him,* as we read in *Poor Richard,* who adds, *Drive thy Business, let not that drive thee;* and *Early to Bed, and early to rise, makes a Man healthy, wealthy, and wise.*

So what signifies *wishing* and *hoping* for better Times. We may make these Times better, if we bestir ourselves. *Industry need not wish,* as *Poor Richard* says, *and he that lives upon Hope will die fasting. There are no Gains without Pains; then Help Hands, for I have no Lands,* or if I have, they are smartly taxed. And, as *Poor Richard* like-

wise observes, *He that hath a Trade hath an Estate; and he that hath a Calling, hath an Office of Profit and Honour;* but then the *Trade* must be worked at, and the *Calling* well followed, or neither the *Estate* nor the *Office* will enable us to pay our Taxes. If we are industrious, we shall never starve; for, as *Poor Richard* says, *At the working Man's House Hunger looks in, but dares not enter.* Nor will the Bailiff or the Constable enter, for *Industry pays Debts, while Despair encreaseth them,* says *Poor Richard.* What though you have found no Treasure, nor has any rich Relation left you a Legacy, *Diligence is the Mother of Goodluck* as *Poor Richard* says *and God gives all Things to Industry. Then plough deep, while Sluggards sleep, and you shall have Corn to sell and to keep,* says *Poor Dick.* Work while it is called To-day, for you know not how much you may be hindered To-morrow, which makes *Poor Richard* say, *One to-day is worth two To-morrows,* and farther, *Have you somewhat to do To-morrow, do it To-day.* If you were a Servant, would you not be ashamed that a good Master should catch you idle? Are you then your own Master, *be ashamed to catch yourself idle,* as *Poor Dick* says. When there is so much to be done for yourself, your Family, your Country, and your gracious King, be up by Peep of Day; *Let not the Sun look down and say, Inglorious here he lies.* Handle your tools without Mittens; remember that *The Cat in Gloves catches no Mice,* as *Poor Richard* says. 'Tis true there is much to be done, and perhaps you are weak-handed, but stick to it steadily; and you will see great Effects, for *Constant Dropping wears away Stones,* and by *Diligence and Patience the Mouse ate in two the Cable;* and *Little Strokes fell great Oaks,* as *Poor Richard* says in his Almanack, the Year I cannot just now remember.

Methinks I hear some of you say, *Must a Man afford himself no Leisure?* I will tell thee, my friend, what *Poor Richard* says, *Employ thy Time well, if thou meanest to gain Leisure; and, since thou art not sure of a Minute, throw not away an Hour.* Leisure, is Time for doing something useful; this Leisure the diligent Man will obtain, but the lazy Man never; so that, as *Poor Richard* says, *A Life of Leisure and a Life of Laziness are two Things.* Do you imagine that Sloth will afford you more Comfort than Labour? No, for as *Poor Richard* says, *Trouble*

springs from Idleness, and grievous Toil from needless Ease. Many without Labour, would live by their Wits only, but they break for want of Stock. Whereas Industry gives Comfort, and Plenty, and Respect: *Fly Pleasures, and they'll follow you. The diligent Spinner has a large Shift; and now I have a Sheep and a Cow, everybody bids me good Morrow;* all which is well said by *Poor Richard.*

But with our Industry, we must likewise be *steady, settled,* and *careful,* and oversee our own Affairs *with our own Eyes,* and not trust too much to others; for, as *Poor Richard* says

> *I never saw an oft-removed Tree,*
> *Nor yet an oft-removed Family,*
> *That throve so well as those that settled be.*

And again, *Three Removes is as bad as a Fire;* and again, *Keep thy Shop, and thy Shop will keep thee;* and again, *If you would have your Business done, go; if not, send.* And again,

> *He that by the Plough would thrive,*
> *Himself must either hold or drive.*

And again, *The Eye of a Master will do more Work than both his Hands;* and again, *Want of Care does us more Damage than Want of Knowledge;* and again, *Not to oversee Workmen, is to leave them your Purse open.* Trusting too much to others' Care is the Ruin of many; for, as the Almanack says, *In the Affairs of this World, Men are saved, not by Faith, but by the Want of it;* but a Man's own Care is profitable; for, saith *Poor Dick, Learning is to the Studious,* and *Riches to the Careful,* as well as *Power to the Bold,* and *Heaven to the Virtuous.* And farther, *If you would have a faithful Servant, and one that you like, serve yourself.* And again, he adviseth to Circumspection and Care, even in the smallest Matters, because sometimes *A little Neglect may breed great Mischief;* adding, *for want of a Nail the Shoe was lost; for want of a Shoe the Horse was lost; and for want of a Horse the Rider was lost, being overtaken and slain by the Enemy; all for want of Care about a Horse-shoe Nail.*

So much for Industry, my Friends, and Attention to

one's own Business; but to these we must add *Frugality,* if we would make our *Industry* more certainly successful. A Man may, if he knows not how to save as he gets, *keep his Nose all his Life to the Grindstone,* and die not worth a *Groat at last. A fat Kitchen makes a lean Will,* as *Poor Richard* says; and

Many Estates are spent in the Getting,
Since Women for Tea forsook Spinning and Knitting,
And Men for Punch forsook Hewing and Splitting.

If you would be wealthy, says he, in another Almanack, *think of Saving as well as of Getting: The Indies have not made Spain rich, because her Outgoes are greater than her Incomes.*

Away then with your expensive Follies, and you will not then have so much Cause to complain of hard Times, heavy Taxes, and chargeable Families; for, as *Poor Dick* says,

Women and Wine, Game and Deceit,
Make the Wealth small and the Wants great.

And farther, *What maintains one Vice, would bring up two Children.* You may think perhaps, that a *little* Tea, or a *little* Punch now and then, Diet a *little* more costly, Clothes a *little* finer, and a *little* Entertainment now and then, can be no *great* Matter; but remember what *Poor Richard* says, *Many a Little makes a Mickle;* and farther, *Beware of little Expences; A small Leak will sink a great Ship;* and again, *Who Dainties love, shall Beggars prove;* and moreover, *Fools make Feasts, and wise Men eat them.*

Here you are all got together at this Vendue of *Fineries* and *Knicknacks.* You call them *Goods;* but if you do not take Care, they will prove *Evils* to some of you. You expect they will be sold *cheap,* and perhaps they may for less than they cost; but if you have no Occasion for them, they must be *dear* to you. Remember what *Poor Richard* says; *Buy what thou hast no Need of, and ere long thou shalt sell thy Necessaries.* And again, *At a great Pennyworth pause a while:* He means, that perhaps the Cheapness is *apparent only,* and not *Real;* or the bargain, by straitening thee in thy Business, may do thee more Harm than Good. For

in another Place he says, *Many have been ruined by buying good Pennyworths.* Again, *Poor Richard* says, 'tis *foolish to lay out Money in a Purchase of Repentance;* and yet this Folly is practised every Day at Vendues, for want of minding the Almanack. *Wise Men,* as *Poor Dick* says, *learn by others Harms, Fools scarcely by their own;* but *felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.* Many a one, for the Sake of Finery on the Back, have gone with a hungry Belly, and half-starved their Families. *Silks and Sattins, Scarlet and Velvets,* as *Poor Richard* says, *put out the Kitchen Fire.*

These are not the *Necessaries* of Life; they can scarcely be called the *Conveniences;* and yet only because they look pretty, how many *want* to *have* them! The *artificial* Wants of Mankind thus become more numerous than the *Natural;* and, as *Poor Dick* says, *for one poor Person, there are an hundred indigent.* By these, and other Extravagancies, the Genteel are reduced to poverty, and forced to borrow of those whom they formerly despised, but who through Industry and Frugality have maintained their Standing; in which Case it appears plainly, that *A Ploughman on his Legs is higher than a Gentleman on his Knees,* as *Poor Richard* says. Perhaps they have had a small Estate left them, which they knew not the Getting of; they think, *'tis Day, and will never be Night;* that a little to be spent out of *so much,* is not worth minding; *a Child and a Fool,* as *Poor Richard* says, *imagine Twenty shillings and Twenty Years can never be spent* but, *always taking out of the Meal-tub, and never putting in, soon comes to the Bottom;* as *Poor Dick* says, *When the Well's dry, they know the Worth of Water.* But this they might have known before, if they had taken his Advice; *If you would know the Value of Money, go and try to borrow some; for, he that goes a borrowing goes a sorrowing;* and indeed so does he that lends to such People, when he goes *to get it in again. Poor Dick* farther advises, and says,

> *Fond Pride of Dress is sure a very Curse;*
> *E'er Fancy you consult, consult your Purse.*

And again, *Pride is as loud a Beggar as Want, and a great deal more saucy.* When you have bought one fine Thing, you must buy ten more, that your Appearance may be all

of a Piece; but *Poor Dick* says, *'Tis easier to suppress the first Desire, than to satisfy all that follow it.* And 'tis as truly Folly for the Poor to ape the Rich, as for the Frog to swell, in order to equal the ox.

Great Estates may venture more,
But little Boats should keep near Shore.

'Tis, however, a Folly soon punished; for *Pride that dines on Vanity, sups on Contempt,* as *Poor Richard* says. And in another Place, *Pride breakfasted with Plenty, dined with Poverty, and supped with Infamy.* And after all, of what Use is this *Pride of Appearance,* for which so much is risked so much is suffered? It cannot promote Health, or ease Pain; it makes no Increase of Merit in the Person, it creates Envy, it hastens Misfortune.

What is a Butterfly? At best
He's but a Caterpillar drest
The gaudy Fop's his Picture just,

as *Poor Richard* says.

But what Madness must it be to *run in Debt* for these Superfluities! We are offered, by the Terms of this Vendue, *Six Months' Credit;* and that perhaps has induced some of us to attend it, because we cannot spare the ready Money, and hope now to be fine without it. But, ah, think what you do when you run in Debt; *you give to another Power over your Liberty.* If you cannot pay at the Time, you will be ashamed to see your Creditor; you will be in Fear when you speak to him; you will make poor pitiful sneaking Excuses, and by Degrees come to lose your Veracity, and sink into base downright lying; for, as *Poor Richard* says, *The second Vice is Lying, the first is running in Debt.* And again, to the same Purpose, *Lying rides upon Debt's Back.* Whereas a free-born *Englishman* ought not to be ashamed or afraid to see or speak to any Man living. But Poverty often deprives a Man of all Spirit and Virtue: *'Tis hard for an empty Bag to stand upright,* as *Poor Richard* truly says.

What would you think of that Prince, or that Government, who should issue an Edict forbidding you to dress like a Gentleman or a Gentlewoman, on Pain of Imprison-

ment or Servitude? Would you not say, that you were free, have a Right to dress as you please, and that such an Edict would be a Breach of your Privileges, and such a Government tyrannical? And yet you are about to put yourself under that tyranny, when you run in Debt for such Dress! Your Creditor has Authority, at his Pleasure to deprive you of your Liberty, by confining you in Gaol for Life, or to sell you for a Servant, if you should not be able to pay him! When you have got your Bargain, you may, perhaps, think little of Payment; but *Creditors, Poor Richard* tells us, *have better Memories than Debtors;* and in another Place says, *Creditors are a superstitious Sect, great Observers of set Days and Times.* The Day comes round before you are aware, and the Demand is made before you are prepared to satisfy it, Or if you bear your Debt in Mind, the Term which at first seemed so long, will, as it lessens, appear extreamly short. *Time* will seem to have added Wings to his Heels as well as Shoulders. *Those have a short Lent,* saith *Poor Richard, who owe Money to be paid at Easter.* Then since, as he says, *The Borrower is a Slave to the Lender, and the Debtor to the Creditor,* disdain the Chain, preserve your Freedom; and maintain your Independency: Be *Industrious* and *free;* be *frugal* and *free.* At present, perhaps, you may think yourself in thriving Circumstances, and that you can bear a little Extravagance without Injury; but,

> *For Age and Want, save while you may;*
> *No Morning Sun lasts a whole Day,*

as *Poor Richard* says. Gain may be temporary and uncertain, but ever while you live, Expence is constant and certain; and *'tis easier to build two Chimnies, than to keep one in Fuel,* as *Poor Richard* says. So, *Rather go to Bed supperless than rise in Debt.*

> *Get what you can, and what you get hold;*
> *'Tis the Stone that will turn all your lead into Gold,*

as *Poor Richard* says. And when you have got the Philosopher's Stone, sure you will no longer complain of bad Times, or the Difficulty of paying Taxes.

This Doctrine, my Friends, is *Reason* and *Wisdom;* but

after all, do not depend too much upon your own *Industry,* and *Frugality,* and *Prudence,* though excellent Things, for they may all be blasted without the Blessing of Heaven; and therefore, ask that Blessing humbly, and be not uncharitable to those that at present seem to want it, but comfort and help them. Remember, *Job* suffered, and was afterwards prosperous.

And now to conclude, *Experience keeps a dear School, but Fools will learn in no other, and scarce in that;* for it is true, *we may give Advice, but we cannot give Conduct,* as *Poor Richard* says: However, remember this, *They that won't be counselled, can't be helped,* as *Poor Richard* says: and farther, That, *if you will not hear Reason, she'll surely rap your Knuckles."*

Thus the old Gentleman ended his Harangue. The People heard it, and approved the Doctrine, and immediately practised the contrary, just as if it had been a common Sermon; for the Vendue opened, and they began to buy extravagantly, notwithstanding, his Cautions and their own Fear of Taxes. I found the good Man had thoroughly studied my Almanacks, and digested all I had dropt on these Topicks during the Course of Five and twenty Years. The frequent Mention he made of me must have tired any one else, but my Vanity was wonderfully delighted with it, though I was conscious that not a tenth Part of the Wisdom was my own, which he ascribed to me, but rather the *Gleanings* I had made of the Sense of all Ages and Nations. However, I resolved to be the better for the Echo of it; and though I had at first determined to buy Stuff for a new Coat, I went away resolved to wear my old One a little longer. *Reader,* if thou wilt do the same, thy Profit will be as great as mine. I *am, as ever, thine to serve thee,*

RICHARD SAUNDERS.

July 7, 1757.

[*Poor Richard Improved,* 1758.]

TO MRS. JANE MECOM

London, September 16, 1758.

Dear Sister,

I received your favour of June 17. I wonder you have had no letter from me since my being in England. I have wrote you at least two, and I think a third before this, and what was next to waiting on you in person, sent you my picture. In June last I sent Benny a trunk of books, and wrote to him; I hope they are come to hand, and that he meets with encouragement in his business. I congratulate you on the conquest of Cape Breton, and hope as your people took it by praying, the first time, you will now pray that it may never be given up again, which you then forgot. Billy is well, but in the country. I left him at Tunbridge Wells, where we spent a fortnight, and he is now gone with some company to see Portsmouth. We have been together over a great part of England this summer, and among other places, visited the town our father was born in, and found some relations in that part of the country still living.

Our cousin Jane Franklin, daughter of our uncle John, died about a year ago. We saw her husband, Robert Page, who gave us some old letters to his wife, from uncle Benjamin. In one of them, dated Boston, July 4, 1723, he writes that your uncle Josiah has a daughter Jane, about twelve years old, a good-humoured child. So keep up to your character, and don't be angry when you have no letters. In a little book he sent her, called "None but Christ," he wrote an acrostick on her name, which for namesake's sake, as well as the good advice it contains, I transcribe and send you, viz.

"Illuminated from on high,
And shining brightly in your sphere,
Ne'er faint, but keep a steady eye,
Expecting endless pleasures there.

"Flee vice as you'd a serpent flee;
Raise *faith* and *hope* three stories higher,
And let Christ's endless love to thee
Ne'er cease to make thy love aspire.
Kindness of heart by words express,
Let your obedience be sincere,
In prayer and praise your God address,
Nor cease, till he can cease to hear."

After professing truly that I had a great esteem and veneration for the pious author, permit me a little to play the commentator and critic on these lines. The meaning of *three stories higher* seems somewhat obscure. You are to understand, then, that *faith, hope,* and *charity* have been called the three steps of Jacob's ladder, reaching from earth to heaven; our author calls them *stories,* likening religion to a building, and these are the three stories of the Christian edifice. Thus improvement in religion is called *building up* and *edification. Faith* is then the ground floor, *hope* is up one pair of stairs. My dear beloved Jenny, don't delight so much to dwell in those lower rooms, but get as fast as you can into the garret, for in truth the best room in the house is *charity.* For my part, I wish the house was turned upside down; 'tis so difficult (when one is fat) to go up stairs; and not only so, but I imagine *hope* and *faith* may be more firmly built upon *charity,* than *charity* upon *faith* and *hope.* However that may be, I think it the better reading to say—

"Raise faith and hope one story higher."

Correct it boldly, and I'll support the alteration; for, when you are up two stories already, if you raise your building three stories higher you will make five in all, which is two more than there should be, you expose your upper rooms more to the winds and storms; and, besides, I am afraid the foundation will hardly bear them, unless indeed you build with such light stuff as straw and stubble, and that, you know, won't stand fire. Again, where the author says,

"Kindness of heart by words express,"

strike out *words,* and put in *deeds.* The world is too full of compliments already. They are the rank growth of every soil, and choak the good plants of benevolence, and beneficence; nor do I pretend to be the first in this comparison of words and actions to plants; you may remember an ancient poet, whose works we have all studied and copied at school long ago.

"A man of words and not of deeds
Is like a garden full of weeds."

'Tis a pity that good works, among some sorts of people, are so little valued, and good words admired in their stead: I mean seemingly pious discourses, instead of humane benevolent actions. Those they almost put out of countenance, by calling morality *rotten morality,* righteousness *ragged righteousness,* and even filthy rags—and when you mention virtue, pucker up their noses as if they smelt a stink; at the same time that they eagerly snuff up an empty canting harangue, as if it was a posey of the choicest flowers: So they have inverted the good old verse, and say now

> "A man of deeds and not of words
> Is like a garden full of ——"

I have forgot the rhyme, but remember 'tis something the very reverse of perfume. So much by way of commentary.

My wife will let you see my letter, containing an account of our travels, which I would have you read to sister Dowse, and give my love to her. I have no thoughts of returning till next year, and then may possibly have the pleasure of seeing you and yours; taking Boston in my way home. My love to brother and all your children, concludes at this time from, dear Jenny, your affectionate brother,

B. Franklin.

TO THE PRINTER OF THE LONDON CHRONICLE

Sir,

I met lately with an old Quarto Book on a Stall, the Title-Page and the Author's Name wanting, but containing Discourses, address'd to some King of Spaine, on the Means of extending the Greatness of that Monarchy, translated into English, and said in the last Leaf, to be printed at London by Bonham Norton and John Bill, Printers to the King's most excellent Majestie, MDCXXIX. The Author appears to have been a Jesuit, for, speaking of that Order in two Places, he calls it *our Society.* Give me leave to communicate to the Public a

Chapter of it, so *apropos* to our present Situation, (only changing Spain for France,) that I think it well worth general Attention and Observation, as it discovers the Arts of our Enemies, and may therefore help in some Degree to put us on our Guard against them.

What Effect the Artifices here recommended might have had in the Times when our Author wrote, I cannot pretend to say; but I believe, the present Age being more enlightened and our People better acquainted than formerly with our true National Interest, such Arts can now hardly prove so generally successfull; for we may with Pleasure observe, and to the Honour of the British People, that tho' Writings and Discourses like these have lately not been wanting, yet few in any of the Classes he particularizes seem to be affected by them, but all Ranks and Degrees among us persist hitherto in declaring for a vigorous Prosecution of the War, in Preference to an unsafe, disadvantageous, or dishonourable Peace; yet as a little Change of Fortune may make such Writings more attended to and give them greater Weight, I think the Publication of this Piece, as it shows the Spring from whence these Scriblers draw their poisoned Waters, may be of publick Utility. I am, &c. A Briton.

"Chap. XXXIV.

"Of the Meanes of disposing the Enemie to Peace.

"Warres, with whatsoever Prudence undertaken and conducted, do not always succeed; many thinges out of Man's Power to governe, such as Dearth of Provision, Tempests, Pestilence, and the like, oftentimes interfering and totally overthrowing the best Designes: so that these Enemies (England and Holland) of our Monarchy, tho' apparently at first the weaker, may by disastrous Events of War, on our Part, become the stronger, and tho' not in such degree, as to endanger the Body of this great Kingdom, yet, by their greater Power of Shipping and Aptness in Sea Affairs, to be able to cut off, if I may so speak, some of its smaller Limbs and Members, that are remote therefrom and not easily defended, to wit, our Islands and Col-

onies in the Indies; thereby however depriving the Body of its wonted Nourishement, so that it must thenceforthe languish and grow weake, if those Parts are not recovered which possibly may by continuance of Warre be found unlikely to be done. And the Enemy puffed up with their Successes, and hoping still for more, may not be disposed to Peace on such Termes as would be suitable to the Honour of your Majestie, and to the Welfare of your State and Subjects. In such Case, the following Meanes may have good Effect.

"It is well knowne, that these Northerne People, though hardie of Body and bold in Fight, be nevertheless, through overmuch Eating and other Intemperance, slowe of Wit, and dull in Understanding, so that they are oftimes more easilie to be governed and turn'd by Skill than by Force. There is therefore always Hope, that by wise Counsel and dextrous Management, those Advantages, which through crosse Accidents in Warre, have been lost, may again with Honour be recovered. In this Place I shall say little of the Power of Money secretly distributed among Grandees or their Friends or Paramours; that Method being in all Ages known and Practised. If the *Minds* of Enemies can be *changed,* they may be brought to grant willingly and for nothing what much Gold would scarcely have otherwise prevailed to obtaine. Yet as the procuring this Change is to be by fitte Instruments, some few Doublones will not unprofitably be disbursed by your Majestie. The manner whereof I shall now briefly recite.

"In those Countries, and particularly in England, there are not wanting Menne of Learning, ingenious Speakers and Writers, who are nevertheless in lowe Estate, and pinched by Fortune. These being privately gained by proper Meanes, must be instructed in their Sermons, Discourses, Writings, Poems, and Songs, to handle and specially inculcate Points like these which followe. Let them magnifie the Blessings of Peace, and enlarge mightily thereon, which is not unbecoming grave Divines and other Christian Menne. Let them expatiate on the Miseries of Warre, the Waste of Christian Blood, the growing Scarcitie of Labourers and Workmen, the Dearness of all foreign Wares and Merchandise, the Interruption of Commerce, the Captures of Ships, the Increase and great Burthen of Taxes. Let them represent the Warre

as an unmeasurable Advantage to Particulars, and to Particulars only, (thereby to excite Envie against those, who manage and provide for the same,) while so prejudicial to the Commonweale and People in general. Let them represent the Advantages gained against us as trivial and of little import; the Places taken from us, as of small Trade and Produce, inconvenient for Situation, unwholesome for Climate and Ayre, useless to their Nations, and greatlie chargeable to keepe, draining the home Country both of Menne and Money.

"Let them urge, that, if a Peace be forced on us, and those Places withhelde, it will nourishe secret Griefe and Malice in the King and Grandees of Spaine, which will ere long breake forthe in new Warres, when those Places may again be retaken, without the Merit and Grace of restoring them willingly for Peace' Sake. Let them represent the making or continuance of Warres, from view of Gaine, to be Base and unworthy a brave People, as those made from Views of Ambition are mad and wicked. Let them insinuate that the Continuance of the present Warre, on their parte, hath these Ingredients in its Nature. Then let them magnifie the Great Power of your Majestie, and the Strength of your Kingdom, the inexhaustible Wealthe of your Mines, the Greatness of your Incomes, and thence your Abilitie of continuing the Warre; hinting withal the new Alliances you may possiblie make; at the same time setting forth the sincere Disposition you have for Peace, and that it is only a Concerne for your Honour, and the Honour of your Realme, that induceth you to insist on the Restitution of the places taken.

"If, with all this, they shrewdly intimate, and cause it to be understood by artful Words and believed, that their own Prince is himself in heart for Peace, on your Majestie's Terms, and grieved at the Obstinacy and Perverseness of those among his People who are for continuing the Warre, a marvellous Effect shall by these Discourses and Writings be produced; and a wonderful strong Party shall your Majestie raise among your Enemies in favour of the Peace you desire; insomuch that their own Princes and wisest Counsellours will in a Sorte be constrained to yeeld thereto. For in this Warre of Wordes, the Avarice and Ambition, the Hopes and Fears, and all the Crowd of Human Passions will be raised and put in array to fight

for your Interests against the reall and substantiall Interest of their own Countries. The simple and undiscerning Many shall be carried away by the plausibilitie and well-seeming of these Discourses; and the Opinions becoming more popular, all the Rich Men, who have great Possessions, and fear the continuance of Taxes, and hope Peace will end them, shall be emboldened thereby to crie aloud for Peace; their Dependents, who are many, must do the same.

"All Merchaunts, fearing Loss of Ships and greater Burthens on Trade by farther Duties and Subsidies, and hoping greater Profits by the ending of the Warre, shall join in the Crie for Peace. All the Usurers and Lenders of Money to the State, who on a Peace hope great Profit on their Bargains, and fear if the Warre be continued the State shall become Bankeroute, and unable to paye them; these, who have no small weighte, shall join the Crie for Peace. All who maligne the bold Conductors of the Warre, and envie the Glorie they may have thereby obtained; these shall crie aloud for Peace; hoping that when the Warre shall cease, such Menne becoming less necessarie shall be more lightly esteemed, and themselves more sought after. All the Officers of the Enemie's Armies and Fleets, who wish for Repose and to enjoy their Salaries or Rewardes in Quietnesse, and without Peril; these and their Friends and Families, who desire their Safetie and the Solace of their Societie, shall all crie for Peace.

"All those who be timorous by Nature, amongste whom be reckoned Menne of Learning that lead sedentarie Lives, using little Exercise of Bodie, and thence obtaining but few and weake Spirits; great Statesmen, whose natural Spirits be exhausted by much thinking, or depress'd by overmuch Feasting; together with all Women, whose Power, weake as they are, is not a little amongste the Menne; these shall incessantly speake for Peace: and finally all Courtiers, who suppose they conforme thereby to the Inclinations of the Prince, (*ad Exemplum Regis* &c.); all who are in Places, fear to lose them, or hope for better; all who are out of Places, and hope to obtaine them; with all the worldly minded Clergy, who seeke Preferment; these, with all the Weighte of their Character and Influence, shall join the Crie for Peace; till it becomes

one universal Clamour, and no Sound, but that of Peace, Peace, Peace, shall be heard from every Quarter.

"Then shall your Majestie's Termes of Peace be listened to with much readinesse, the Places taken from you be willingly restored, and your Kingdom, recovering its Strength, shall only need to waite a few Years for more favourable Occasions, when the Advantages to your Power, proposed by beginning the Warre, but lost by its bad Succesee, shall with better Fortune, be finally obtained."

[1760.]

TO MISS MARY STEVENSON

Philadª March 25, 1763.

My Dear Polley,

Your pleasing Favour of Nov. 11 is now before me. It found me as you suppos'd it would, happy with my American Friends and Family about me; and it made me more happy in showing me that I am not yet forgotten by the dear Friends I left in England. And indeed, why should I fear they will ever forget me, when I feel so strongly that I shall ever remember them!

I sympathise with you sincerely in your Grief at the Separation from your old Friend, Miss Pitt. The Reflection that she is going to be more happy, when she leaves you, might comfort you, if the Case was likely to be so circumstanc'd; but when the Country and Company she has been educated in, and those she is removing to, are compared, one cannot possibly expect it. I sympathise no less with you in your Joys. But it is not merely on your Account, that I rejoice at the Recovery of your dear Dolly's Health. I love that dear good Girl myself, and I love her other Friends. I am, therefore, made happy by what must contribute so much to the Happiness of them all. Remember me to her, and to every one of that worthy and amiable Family, most affectionately.

Remember me in the same manner to your and my good Doctor and Mrs. Hawkesworth. You have lately, you tell me, had the Pleasure of spending three Days with them at Mr. Stanley's. It was a sweet Society! I too, once partook of that same Pleasure, and can therefore feel what

you must have felt. Remember me also to Mr. and Mrs. Stanley, and to Miss Arlond.

Of all the enviable Things England has, I envy it most its People. Why should that petty Island, which compar'd to America, is but like a stepping-Stone in a Brook, scarce enough of it above Water to keep one's Shoes dry; why, I say, should that little Island enjoy in almost every Neighbourhood, more sensible, virtuous, and elegant Minds, than we can collect in ranging 100 Leagues of our vast forests? But 'tis said the Arts delight to travel Westward. You have effectually defended us in this glorious War, and in time you will improve us. After the first Cares for the Necessaries of Life are over, we shall come to think of the Embellishments. Already some of our young Geniuses begin to lisp Attempts at Painting, Poetry, and Musick. We have a young Painter now studying at Rome. Some specimens of our Poetry I send you, which if Dr. Hawkesworth's fine Taste cannot approve, his good Heart will at least excuse. The Manuscript Piece is by a young Friend of mine, and was occasion'd by the Loss of one of his Friends, who lately made a Voyage to Antigua to settle some Affairs, previous to an intended Marriage with an amiable young Lady here, but unfortunately died there. I send it to you, because the Author is a great Admirer of Mr. Stanley's musical Compositions, and has adapted this Piece to an Air in the 6th *Concerto* of that Gentleman, the sweetly solemn Movement of which he is quite in Raptures with. He has attempted to compose a *Recitativo* for it, but not being able to satisfy himself in the Bass, wishes I could get it supply'd. If Mr. Stanley would condescend to do that for him, thro' your Intercession, he would esteem it as one of the highest Honours, and it would make him excessively happy. You will say that a *Recitativo* can be but a poor Specimen of our Music. 'Tis the best and all I have at present, but you may see better hereafter.

I hope Mr. Ralph's Affairs are mended since you wrote. I know he had some Expectations, when I came away, from a Hand that would help him. He has Merit, and one would think ought not to be so unfortunate.

I do not wonder at the behaviour you mention of Dr. Smith towards me, for I have long since known him thoroughly. I made that Man my Enemy by doing him too

much Kindness. 'Tis the honestest Way of acquiring an Enemy. And, since 'tis convenient to have at least one Enemy, who by his Readiness to revile one on all Occasions, may make one careful of one's Conduct, I shall keep him an Enemy for that purpose; and shall observe your good Mother's Advice, never again to receive him as a Friend. She once admir'd the benevolent Spirit breath'd in his Sermons. She will now see the Justness of the Lines your Laureat Whitehead addresses to his Poets, and which I now address to her.

"Full many a peevish, envious, slanderous Elf
Is, in his Works, Benevolence itself.
For all Mankind, unknown, his Bosom heaves;
He only injures those, with whom he lives.
Read then the Man;—does *Truth* his Actions guide,
Exempt from *Petulance*, exempt from *Pride?*
To social Duties does his Heart attend.
As Son, as Father, Husband, Brother, *Friend?*
Do those, who know him, love him? If they do,
You've *my* Permission: you may love him too."

Nothing can please me more than to see your philosophical Improvements when you have Leisure to communicate them to me. I still owe you a long letter on that Subject, which I shall pay. I am vex'd with Mr. James, that he has been so dilatory in Mr. Maddison's *Armonica*. I was unlucky in both the Workmen, that I permitted to undertake making those Instruments. The first was fanciful, and never could work to the purpose, because he was ever conceiving some new Improvement, that answer'd no End. The other I doubt is absolutely idle. I have recommended a Number to him from hence, but must stop my hand.

Adieu, my dear Polly, and believe me as ever, with the sincerest Esteem and Regard, your truly affectionate Friend and humble Servant, B. Franklin.

P. S. My love to Mrs. Tickell and Mrs. Rooke, and to Pitty, when you write to her. Mrs. Franklin and Sally desire to be affectionately remember'd to you. I find the printed Poetry I intended to enclose will be too bulky to send per the Packet. I shall send it by a Ship, that goes shortly from hence.

TO THE EDITOR OF A NEWSPAPER

Monday, May 20, [1765.]

Sir,

In your Paper of Wednesday last, an ingenious Correspondent that calls himself THE SPECTATOR, and dates from *Pimlico,* under the Guise of Good Will to the Newswriters, whom he calls an "useful Body of Men in this great City," has, in my Opinion, artfully attempted to turn them & their Works into Ridicule, wherein if he could succeed, great Injury might be done to the Public as well as to those good People.

Supposing, Sir, that the *"We hears"* they give us of this & t'other intended Voyage or Tour of this & t'other great Personage, were mere Inventions, yet they at least offer us an innocent Amusement while we read, and useful Matter of Conversation when we are dispos'd to converse.

Englishmen, Sir, are too apt to be silent when they have nothing to say; too apt to be sullen when they are silent; and, when they are sullen, to hang themselves. But, by these *We hears,* we are supplied with abundant funds of Discourse, we discuss the Motives for such Voyages, the Probability of their being undertaken, and the Practicability of their Execution. Here we display our Judgment in Politics, our Knowledge of the Interests of Princes, and our Skill in Geography, and (if we have it) show our Dexterity moreover in Argumentation. In the mean time, the tedious Hour is kill'd, we go home pleas'd with the Applauses we have receiv'd from others, or at least with those we secretely give to ourselves: We sleep soundly, & live on, to the Comfort of our Families. But, Sir, I beg leave to say, that all the Articles of News that seem improbable are not mere Inventions. Some of them, I can assure you on the Faith of a Traveller, are serious Truths. And here, quitting Mr. Spectator of Pimlico, give me leave to instance the various numberless Accounts the Newswriters have given us, with so much honest Zeal for the welfare of *Poor Old England,* of the establishing Manufactures in the Colonies to the Prejudice of those of this Kingdom. It is objected by superficial Readers, who yet pretend to some Knowledge of those Countries, that such Establishments are not only improbable, but impossible, for that

their Sheep have but little Wooll, not in the whole sufficient for a Pair of Stockings a Year to each Inhabitant; and that, from the Universal Dearness of Labour among them, the Working of Iron and other Materials, except in some few coarse Instances, is impracticable to any Advantage.

Dear Sir, do not let us suffer ourselves to be amus'd with such groundless Objections. The very Tails of the American Sheep are so laden with Wooll, that each has a little Car or Waggon on four little Wheels, to support & keep it from trailing on the Ground. Would they caulk their Ships, would they fill their Beds, would they even litter their Horses with Wooll, if it were not both plenty and cheap? And what signifies Dearness of Labour, when an English Shilling passes for five and Twenty? Their engaging 300 Silk Throwsters here in one Week, for New York, was treated as a Fable, because, forsooth, they have "no Silk there to throw." Those, who made this Objection, perhaps did not know, that at the same time the Agents from the King of Spain were at Quebec to contract for 1000 Pieces of Cannon to be made there for the Fortification of Mexico, and at N York engaging the annual Supply of woven Floor-Carpets for their West India Houses, other Agents from the Emperor of China were at Boston treating about an Exchange of raw Silk for Wooll, to be carried in Chinese Junks through the Straits of Magellan.

And yet all this is as certainly true, as the Account said to be from Quebec, in all the Papers of last Week, that the Inhabitants of Canada are making Preparations for a Cod and Whale Fishery this "Summer in the upper Lakes." Ignorant People may object that the upper Lakes are fresh, and that Cod and Whale are Salt Water Fish: But let them know, Sir, that Cod, like other Fish when attack'd by their Enemies, fly into any Water where they can be safest; that Whales, when they have a mind to eat Cod, pursue them wherever they fly; and that the grand Leap of the Whale in that Chase up the Fall of Niagara is esteemed, by all who have seen it, as one of the finest Spectacles in Nature. Really, Sir, the World is grown too incredulous. It is like the Pendulum ever swinging from one Extream to another. Formerly every thing printed was believed, because it was in print. Now Things seem to

be disbelieved for just the very same Reason. Wise Men wonder at the present Growth of Infidelity. They should have consider'd, when they taught People to doubt the Authority of Newspapers and the Truth of Predictions in Almanacks, that the next Step might be a Disbelief in the well vouch'd Accts of Ghosts, Witches, and Doubts even of the Truths of the Creed!

Thus much I thought it necessary to say in favour of an honest Set of Writers, whose comfortable Living depends on collecting & supplying the Printers with News at the small Price of Sixpence an Article, and who always show their Regard to Truth, by contradicting in a subsequent Article such as are wrong,—for another Sixpence,—to the great Satisfaction & Improvement of us Coffee-house Students in History & Politics, and the infinite Advantage of all future Livies, Rapins, Robertsons, Humes, and McAulays, who may be sincerely inclin'd to furnish the World with that *rara Avis,* a true History. I am, Sir, your humble Servant, A TRAVELLER.

TO MRS. DEBORAH FRANKLIN

London, June 22, 1767.

My dear Child,

Capt. Falkener is arriv'd, and came yesterday to see me, and bring my Letters. I was extreamly glad of yours, because I had none by the Packet. It seems now as if I should stay here another Winter, and therefore I must leave it to your Judgment to act in the Affair of your Daughter's Match, as shall seem best. If you think it a suitable one, I suppose the sooner it is compleated the better. In that case, I would only advise that you do not make an expensive feasting Wedding, but conduct every thing with Frugality and Œconomy, which our Circumstances really now require to be observed in all our Expences: For since my Partnership with Mr. Hall is expired, a great Source of our Income is cut off; and if I should lose the PostOffice, which among the many Changes here is far from being unlikely, we should be reduc'd to our Rents and Interest of Money for a Subsistence, which will by no means afford the chargeable Housekeeping and

Entertainments we have been used to;—for my own Part I live here as frugally as possible not to be destitute of the Comforts of Life, making no Dinners for anybody, and contenting myself with a single Dish when I dine at home; and yet such is the Dearness of Living here in every Article, that my Expences amaze me. I see too by the Sums you have received in my Absence, that yours are very great, and I am very sensible that your Situation naturally brings you a great many Visitors, which occasion an Expence not easily to be avoided especially when one has been long in the Practice and Habit of it:—But when People's Incomes are lessened, if they cannot proportionably lessen their Outgoings, they must come to Poverty. If we were young enough to begin Business again, it might be another Matter;—but I doubt we are past it; and Business not well managed ruins one faster than no Business. In short, with Frugality and prudent Care we may subsist decently on what we have, and leave it entire to our Children:—but without such Care, we shall not be able to keep it together; it will melt away like Butter in the Sunshine; and me may live long enough to feel the miserable Consequences of our Indiscretion.

I know very little of the Gentleman or his Character, nor can I at this Distance. I hope his Expectations are not great of any Fortune to be had with our Daughter before our Death. I can only say, that if he proves a good Husband to her, and a good Son to me, he shall find me as good a Father as I can be:—but at present I suppose you would agree with me, that we cannot do more than fit her out handsomely in Cloaths and Furniture, not exceeding in the whole Five Hundred Pounds, of Value. For the rest, they must depend as you and I did, on their own Industry and Care: as what remains in our Hands will be barely sufficient for our Support, and not enough for them when it comes to be divided at our Decease.

Having lately bought a Piece of fine Pocket Handkerchiefs, I send you 4 of them, being Half the Piece; and shall look out for the Quilts you mention, that is, Mrs. Stevenson will, and for the Muff & Snail for Sally. None of the things are yet come on shore.

I send you the little Shade that was copied from the great one. If it will be acceptable to my good Friend Mr. Roberts, pray give it to him. Our Polly's Match is quite

broke off. The Difference was about Money-Matters. I am not displeas'd at it, as I did not much like the Man, thinking him a mean-spirited mercenary Fellow, and not worthy so valuable a Girl as she is in every Respect, Person, Fortune, Temper and excellent Understanding.

Sally Franklin is well; her Father who had not seen her for a twelvemonth, came lately & took her home with him for a few Weeks to see her Friends;—he is very desirous I should take her with me to America.

I suppose the blue Room is too blue, the wood being of the same Colour with the Paper, and so looks too dark. I would have you finish it as soon as you can, thus. Paint the Wainscot a dead white; Paper the Walls blue, & tack the gilt Border round just above the Surbase and under the Cornish. If the Paper is not equal Coloured when pasted on, let it be brush'd over again with the same Colour:—and let the *Papiér machée* musical Figures be tack'd to the middle of the Cieling;—when this is done, I think it will look very well.

Who is the Mrs. Morris you mention, as Mother to Dr. Rush? I am glad my Recommendations were of any Service to him.

I am glad to hear that Sally keeps up and increases the Number of her Friends. The best Wishes of a fond Father for her Happiness always attend her. I am, my dear Debby, your affectionate Husband,

B. Franklin.

TO MISS MARY STEVENSON

Paris, Sept. 14, 1767.

Dear Polly,

I am always pleas'd with a Letter from you, and I flatter myself you may be sometimes pleas'd in receiving one from me, tho' it should be of little Importance, such as this, which is to consist of a few occasional Remarks made here, and in my Journey hither.

Soon after I left you in that agreable Society at Bromley, I took the Resolution of making a Trip with Sir John Pringle into France. We set out the 28th past. All the way to Dover we were furnished with PostChaises, hung so as to lean forward, the Top coming down over one's Eyes, like a Hood, as if to prevent one's seeing the Coun-

try; which being one of my great Pleasures, I was engag'd in perpetual Disputes with the Innkeepers, Hostlers, and Postilions, about getting the Straps taken up a Hole or two before, and let down as much behind, they insisting that the Chaise leaning forward was an Ease to the Horses, and that the contrary would kill them. I suppose the chaise leaning forward looks to them like a Willingness to go forward, and that its hanging back shows a Reluctance. They added other Reasons, that were no Reasons at all, and made me, as upon a 100 other Occasions, almost wish that Mankind had never been endow'd with a reasoning Faculty, since they know so little how to make use of it, and so often mislead themselves by it, and that they had been furnish'd with a good sensible Instinct instead of it.

At Dover, the next Morning, we embark'd for Calais with a Number of Passengers, who had never been before at sea. They would previously make a hearty Breakfast, because, if the Wind should fail, we might not get over till Supper time. Doubtless they thought that when they had paid for their Breakfast, they had a Right to it, and that, when they had swallowed it they were sure of it. But they had scarce been out half an Hour, before the Sea laid Claim to it, and they were oblig'd to deliver it up. So it seems there are Uncertainties, even beyond those between the Cup and the Lip. If ever you go to Sea, take my Advice, and live sparingly a Day or two beforehand. The Sickness, if any, will be lighter and sooner over. We got to Calais that Evening.

Various Impositions we suffer'd from Boatmen, Porters, &c. on both Sides the Water. I know not which are most rapacious, the English or French, but the latter have, with their Knavery, the most Politeness.

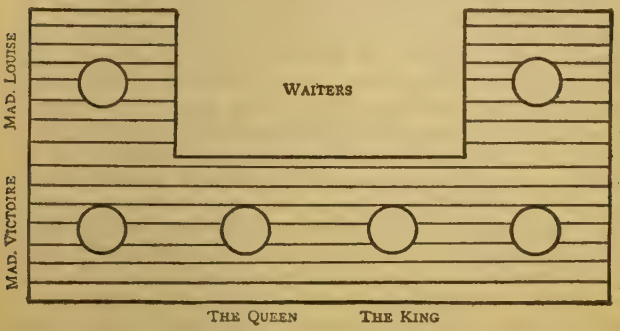
The Roads we found equally good with ours in England, in some Places pav'd with smooth Stone, like our new Streets, for many Miles together, and Rows of Trees on each Side, and yet there are no Turnpikes. But then the poor Peasants complain'd to us grievously, that they were oblig'd to work upon the Roads full two Months in the Year, without being paid for their Labour. Whether this is Truth, or whether, like Englishmen, they grumble Cause or no Cause, I have not yet been able fully to inform myself.

The Women we saw at Calais, on the Road, at Bouloigne, and in the Inns and Villages, were generally of dark Complexions; but arriving at Abbeville we found a sudden Change, a Multitude of both Women and Men in that Place appearing remarkably fair. Whether this is owing to a small Colony of Spinners, Wool-combers, and Weavers, brought hither from Holland with the Woollen Manufacture about 60 Years ago; or to their being less expos'd to the Sun, than in other Places, their Business keeping them much within Doors, I know not. Perhaps as in some other Cases, different Causes may club in producing the Effect, but the Effect itself is certain. Never was I in a Place of greater Industry, Wheels and Looms going in every House.

As soon as we left Abbeville, the Swarthiness return'd. I speak generally, for here are some fair Women at Paris, who I think are not whiten'd by Art. As to Rouge, they don't pretend to imitate Nature in laying it on. There is no gradual Diminution of the Colour, from the full Bloom in the Middle of the Cheek to the faint Tint near the Sides, nor does it show itself differently in different Faces. I have not had the Honour of being at any Lady's Toylette to see how it is laid on, but I fancy I can tell you how it is or may be done. Cut a Hole of 3 Inches Diameter in a Piece of Paper; place it on the Side of your Face in such a Manner as that the Top of the Hole may be just under your Eye; then with a Brush dipt in the Colour, paint Face and Paper together; so when the Paper is taken off there will remain a round Patch of Red exactly the Form of the Hole. This is the Mode, from the Actresses on the Stage upwards thro' all Ranks of Ladies to the Princesses of the Blood, but it stops there, the Queen not using it, having in the Serenity, Complacence, and Benignity that shine so eminently in, or rather through her Countenance, sufficient Beauty, tho' now an old Woman, to do extreamly well without it.

You see I speak of the Queen as if I had seen her, and so I have; for you must know I have been at Court. We went to Versailles last Sunday, and had the Honour of being presented to the King; he spoke to both of us very graciously and chearfully, is a handsome Man, has a very lively Look, and appears younger than he is. In the Evening we were at the *Grand Couvert,* where the Family sup

in Publick. The Form of their Sitting at the Table was this: The table was as you see half a Hollow Square, the Service Gold. When either made a Sign for Drink, the Word was given by one of the Waiters; *A boire pour le*



Roy, or, *A boire pour la Reine.* Then two persons within the Square approach'd, one with Wine, the other with Water in *Caraffes;* each drank a little Glass of what he brought, and then put both the *Caraffes* with a Glass on a Salver, and presented it. Their Distance from each other was such, as that other Chairs might have been plac'd between any two of them. An Officer of the Court brought us up thro' the Crowd of Spectators, and plac'd Sir John so as to stand between the King and Madame Adelaide, and me between the Queen and Madame Victoire. The King talk'd a good deal to Sir John, asking many Questions about our Royal Family; and did me too the Honour of taking some Notice of me; that's saying enough, for I would not have you think me so much pleas'd with this King and Queen, as to have a Whit less regard than I us'd to have for ours. No Frenchman shall go beyond me in thinking my own King and Queen the very best in the World, and the most amiable.

Versailles has had infinite Sums laid out in building it and supplying it with Water. Some say the Expences exceeded 80 Millions Sterling. The Range of Building is immense; the Garden-Front most magnificent, all of hewn Stone; the Number of Statues, Figures, Urns, &c., in Marble and Bronze of exquisite Workmanship, is beyond Conception. But the Waterworks are out of Repair, and

so is great Part of the Front next the Town, looking with its shabby half-Brick Walls, and broken Windows, not much better than the Houses in Durham Yard. There is, in short, both at Versailles and Paris, a prodigious Mixture of Magnificence and Negligence, with every kind of Elegance except that of Cleanliness, and what we call *Tidyness*. Tho' I must do Paris the Justice to say, that in two Points of Cleanliness they exceed us. The Water they drink, tho' from the River, they render as pure as that of the best Spring, by filtring it thro' Cisterns fill'd with Sand; and the Streets by constant Sweeping are fit to walk in, tho' there is no pav'd footPath. Accordingly, many well-dress'd People are constantly seen walking in them. The Crowds of Coaches and Chairs for this Reason is not so great. Men, as well as Women, carry Umbrellas in their Hands, which they extend in case of Rain or two (sic) much sun; and a Man with an Umbrella not taking up more than 3 foot square, or 9 square feet of the Street, when, if in a Coach, he would take up 240 square feet, you can easily conceive that tho' the Streets here are narrower they may be much less encumber'd. They are extreamly well pav'd, and the Stones, being generally Cubes, when worn on one Side, may be turn'd and become new.

The Civilities we everywhere receive give us the strongest Impressions of the French Politeness. It seems to be a Point settled here universally, that Strangers are to be treated with Respect; and one has just the same Deference shewn one here by being a Stranger, as in England by being a Lady. The Customhouse Officers at Port St. Denis, as we enter'd Paris, were about to seize 2 doz of excellent Bordeaux Wine given us at Boulogne, and which we brought with us; but, as soon as they found we were Strangers, it was immediately remitted on that Account. At the Church of Notre Dame, where we went to see a magnificent Illumination, with Figures, &c., for the deceas'd Dauphiness, we found an immense Crowd, who were kept out by Guards; but, the Officer being told that we were Strangers from England, he immediately admitted us, accompanied and show'd us every thing. Why don't we practise this Urbanity to Frenchmen? Why should they be allowed to outdo us in any thing?

Here is an Exhibition of Paintings like ours in Lon-

don, to which Multitudes flock daily. I am not Connoisseur enough to judge which has most Merit. Every Night, Sundays not excepted here are Plays or Operas; and tho' the Weather has been hot, and the Houses full, one is not incommoded by the Heat so much as with us in Winter. They must have some Way of changing the Air, that we are not acquainted with. I shall enquire into it.

Travelling is one Way of lengthening Life, at least in Appearance. It is but about a Fortnight since we left London, but the Variety of Scenes we have gone through makes it seem equal to Six Months living in one Place. Perhaps I have suffered a greater Change, too, in my own Person, than I could have done in Six Years at home. I had not been here Six Days, before my Taylor and Perruquier had transform'd me into a Frenchman. Only think what a Figure I make in a little Bag-Wig and naked Ears! They told me I was become 20 Years younger, and look'd very galante;

So being in Paris where the Mode is to be sacredly follow'd I was once very near making Love to my Friend's Wife.

This Letter shall cost you a Shilling, and you may consider it cheap, when you reflect, that it has cost me at least 50 Guineas to get into the Situation, that enables me to write it. Besides, I might, if I had staied at home, have won perhaps two Shillings of you at Cribbidge. By the Way, now I mention Cards, let me tell you that Quadrille is quite out of Fashion here, and English Whisk all the Mode at Paris and the Court.

And pray look upon it as no small Matter, that surrounded as I am by the Glories of this World, and Amusements of all Sorts, I remember you and Dolly and all the dear good Folks at Bromley. 'Tis true, I can't help it, but must and ever shall remember you all with Pleasure.

Need I add, that I am particularly, my dear good Friend, yours most affectionately,

B. Franklin.

TO PETER FRANKLIN

[No date.]

Dear Brother,

I like your ballad, and think it well adapted for your purpose of discountenancing expensive foppery, and encouraging industry and frugality. If you can get it generally sung in your country, it may probably have a good deal of the effect you hope and expect from it. But as you aimed at making it general, I wonder you chose so uncommon a measure in poetry, that none of the tunes in common use will suit it. Had you fitted it to an old one, well known, it must have spread much faster than I doubt it will do from the best new tune we can get compos'd for it. I think too, that if you had given it to some country girl in the heart of the *Massachusetts,* who has never heard any other than psalm tunes, or *Chevy Chace,* the *Children in the Wood,* the *Spanish Lady,* and such old simple ditties, but has naturally a good ear, she might more probably have made a pleasing popular tune for you, than any of our masters here, and more proper for your purpose, which would best be answered, if every word could as it is sung be understood by all that hear it, and if the emphasis you intend for particular words could be given by the singer as well as by the reader; much of the force and impression of the song depending on those circumstances. I will however get it as well done for you as I can.

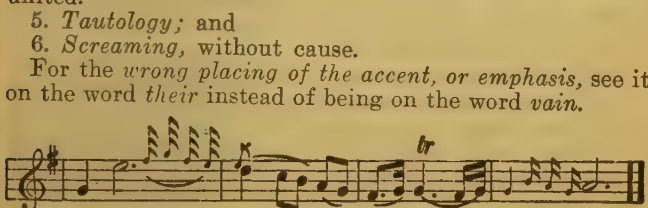
Do not imagine that I mean to depreciate the skill of our composers of music here; they are admirable at pleasing *practised* ears, and know how to delight *one another;* but, in composing for songs, the reigning taste seems to be quite out of nature, or rather the reverse of nature, and yet like a torrent, hurries them all away with it; one or two perhaps only excepted.

You, in the spirit of some ancient legislators, would influence the manners of your country by the united powers of poetry and music. By what I can learn of *their* songs, the music was simple, conformed itself to the usual pronunciation of words, as to measure, cadence or emphasis, &c., never disguised and confounded the language by making a long syllable short, or a short one long, when sung; their singing was only a more pleasing,

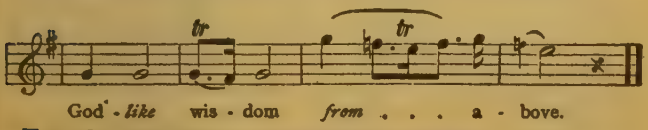
because a melodious manner of speaking; it was capable of all the graces of prose oratory, while it added the pleasure of harmony. A modern song, on the contrary, neglects all the proprieties and beauties of common speech, and in their place introduces its *defects* and *absurdities* as so many graces. I am afraid you will hardly take my word for this, and therefore I must endeavour to support it by proof. Here is the first song I lay my hand on. It happens to be a composition of one of our greatest masters, the ever-famous *Handel*. It is not one of his juvenile performances, before his taste could be improved and formed: It appeared when his reputation was at the highest, is greatly admired by all his admirers, and is really excellent in its kind. It is called, "*The additional* Favourite *Song in* Judas Maccabeus." Now I reckon among the defects and improprieties of common speech, the following, viz.:

1. *Wrong placing the accent or emphasis,* by laying it on words of no importance, or on wrong syllables.
2. *Drawling;* or extending the sound of words or syllables beyond their natural length.
3. *Stuttering;* or making many syllables of one.
4. *Unintelligibleness;* the result of the three foregoing united.
5. *Tautology;* and
6. *Screaming,* without cause.

For the *wrong placing of the accent, or emphasis,* see it on the word *their* instead of being on the word *vain.*

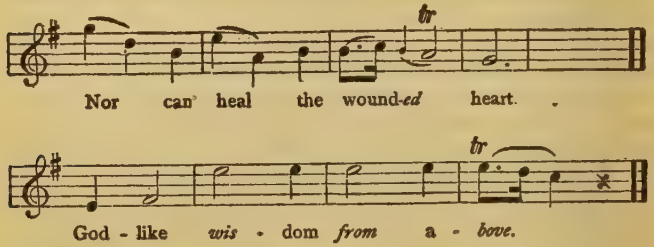


And on the word *from,* and the wrong syllable *like.*

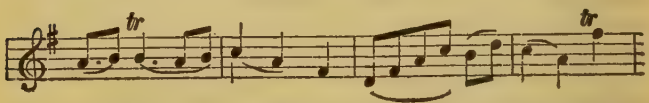


For the *drawling,* see the last syllable of the word *wounded* (see p. 98).

And in the syllable *wis,* and the word *from,* and syllable *bove.*



For the *stuttering,* see the words *ne'er relieve,* in

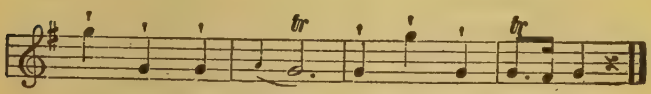


Here are four syllables made of one, and eight of three; but this is moderate. I have seen in another song, that I cannot now find, seventeen syllables made of three, and sixteen of one. The latter I remember was the word *charms;* viz., *cha, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, arms.* Stammering with a witness!

For the *unintelligibleness;* give this whole song to any taught singer, and let her sing it to any company that have never heard it; you shall find they will not understand three words in ten. It is therefore that at the oratorios and operas one sees with books in their hands all those who desire to understand what they hear sung by even our best performers.

For the *Tautology;* you have, *with their vain mysterious art,* twice repeated; *magic charms can ne'er relieve you,* three times. *Nor can heal the wounded heart,* three times. *Godlike wisdom from above,* twice; and, *this alone can ne'er deceive you,* two or three times. But this is reasonable when compared with *the Monster Polypheme, the Monster Polypheme,* a hundred times over and over, in his admired *Acis and Galatea.*

As to the *screaming;* perhaps I cannot find a fair instance in this song; but whoever has frequented our

operas will remember many. And yet here methinks the words *no* and *e'er,* when sung to these notes, have a little of the air of *screaming,* and would actually be screamed by some singers.

I send you inclosed the song with its music at length. Read the words without the repetitions. Observe how few they are, and what a shower of notes attend them: You will then perhaps be inclined to think with me, that though the words might be the principal part of an ancient song, they are of small importance in a modern one; they are in short only a *pretence for singing.*

I am, as ever,

Your affectionate brother,

B. FRANKLIN.

P. S. I might have mentioned *inarticulation* among the defects in common speech that are assumed as beauties in modern singing. But as that seems more the fault of the singer than of the composer, I omitted it in what related merely to the composition. The fine singer, in the present mode, stifles all the hard consonants, and polishes away all the rougher parts of words that serve to distinguish them one from another; so that you hear nothing but an admirable pipe, and understand no more of the song, than you would from its tune played on any other instrument. If ever it was the ambition of musicians to make instruments that should imitate the human voice, that ambition seems now reversed, the voice aiming to be like an instrument. Thus wigs were first made to imitate a good natural head of hair; but when they became fashionable, though in unnatural forms, we have seen natural hair dressed to look like wigs.

[Published 1769.]

THE CRAVEN-STREET GAZETTE

Saturday, September 22, 1770.

This morning Queen Margaret, accompanied by her first maid of honour, Miss Franklin, set out for Rochester. Immediately on their departure, the whole street was in tears—from a heavy shower of rain. It is whispered, that the new family administration, which took place on her Majesty's departure, promises, like all other new administrations, to govern much better than the old one.

We hear, that the great person (so called from his enormous size), of a certain family in a certain street, is grievously affected at the late changes, and could hardly be comforted this morning, though the new ministry promised him a roasted shoulder of mutton and potatoes for his dinner.

It is said, that the same great person intended to pay his respects to another great personage this day, at St. James's, it being coronation-day; hoping thereby a little to amuse his grief; but was prevented by an accident, Queen Margaret, or her maid of honour, having carried off the key of the drawers, so that the lady of the bedchamber could not come at a laced shirt for his Highness. Great clamours were made on this occasion against her Majesty.

Other accounts say, that the shirts were afterwards found, though too late, in another place. And some suspect, that the wanting a shirt from those drawers was only a ministerial pretence to excuse picking the locks, that the new administration might have every thing at command.

We hear that the lady chamberlain of the household went to market this morning by her own self, gave the butcher whatever he asked for the mutton, and had no dispute with the potato-woman, to their great amazement at the change of times.

It is confidently asserted, that this afternoon, the weather being wet, the great person a little chilly and nobody at home to find fault with the expense of fuel, he was indulged with a fire in his chamber. It seems the design is, to make him contented by degrees with the absence of the Queen.

A project has been under consideration of government, to take the opportunity of her Majesty's absence for doing a thing she was always averse to, namely, fixing a new lock on the street door, or getting a key made to the old one; it being found extremely inconvenient, that one or other of the great officers of state should, whenever the maid goes out for a ha'penny worth of sand, or a pint of porter, be obliged to attend the door to let her in again. But opinions being divided, which of the two expedients to adopt, the project is, for the present, laid aside.

We have good authority to assure our readers, that a Cabinet Council was held this afternoon at tea; the subject of which was a proposal for the reformation of manners, and a more strict observation of the Lord's day. The result was a unanimous resolution, that no meat should be dressed to-morrow; whereby the cook and the first minister will both be at liberty to go to church, the one having nothing to do, and the other no roast to rule. It seems the cold shoulder of mutton, and the apple-pie, were thought sufficient for Sunday's dinner. All pious people applaud this measure, and it is thought the new ministry will soon become popular.

We hear that Mr. Wilkes was at a certain house in Craven Street this day, and inquired after the absent Queen. His good lady and the children are well.

The report, that Mr. Wilkes, the patriot, made the above visit, is without foundation, it being his brother, the courtier.

Sunday, September 23.

It is now found by sad experience, that good resolutions are easier made than executed. Notwithstanding yesterday's solemn order of Council, nobody went to church today. It seems the great person's broad-built bulk lay so long abed, that the breakfast was not over till it was too late to dress. And least this is the excuse. In fine, it seems a vain thing to hope reformation from the example of our great folks.

The cook and the minister, however, both took advantage of the order so far, as to save themselves all trouble, and the clause of cold dinner was enforced, though the going to church was dispensed with; just as common working folks observe the commandments. *The seventh*

day thou shalt rest, they think a sacred injunction; but the other *six days thou shalt labour* is deemed a mere piece of advice, which they may practise when they want bread and are out of credit at the ale-house, and may neglect whenever they have money in their pockets.

It must, nevertheless, be said, in justice to our court, that, whatever inclination they had to gaming, no cards were brought out to-day. Lord and Lady Hewson walked after dinner to Kensington, to pay their duty to the Dowager, and Dr. Fatsides made four hundred and sixty-nine turns in his dining-room, as the exact distance of a visit to the lovely Lady Barwell, whom he did not find at home; so there was no struggle for and against a kiss, and he sat down to dream in the easy-chair, that he had it without any trouble.

Monday, September 24.

We are credibly informed, that the great person dined this day with the Club at the Cat and Bagpipes in the City, on cold round of boiled beef. This, it seems, he was under some necessity of doing (though he rather dislikes beef), because truly the ministers were to be all abroad somewhere to dine on hot roast venison. It is thought, that, if the Queen had been at home, he would not have been so slighted. And though he shows outwardly no marks of dissatisfaction, it is suspected, that he begins to wish for her Majesty's return.

It is currently reported, that poor Nanny had nothing for dinner in the kitchen, for herself and puss, but the scrapings of the bones of Saturday's mutton.

This evening there was high play at Craven Street House. The great person lost money. It is supposed the ministers, as is usually supposed of all ministers, shared the emoluments among them.

Tuesday, Sept. 25.

This Morning my good Lord Hutton call'd at Craven-Street House, and enquir'd very respectfully & affectionately concerning the Welfare of the Queen. He then imparted to the big Man a Piece of Intelligence important to them both, and but just communicated by Lady Hawkesworth, viz. that the amiable and delectable Companion, Miss D[orothea] B[lount], had made a Vow to

marry absolutely him of the two whose Wife should first depart this Life. It is impossible to express the various Agitations of Mind appearing in both their Faces on this Occasion. *Vanity* at the Preference given them over the rest of Mankind; *Affection* to their present Wives, *Fear* of losing them, *Hope,* if they must lose them, to obtain the proposed Comfort; *Jealousy* of each other in case both Wives should die together, &c. &c. &c.,—all working at the same time jumbled their Features into inexplicable Confusion. They parted at length with Professions & outward Appearances indeed of ever-during Friendship, but it was shrewdly suspected that each of them sincerely wished Health & Long Life to the other's Wife; & that however long either of these Friends might like to live himself, the other would be very well pleas'd to survive him.

It is remark'd, that the Skies have wept every Day in Craven Street, the Absence of the Queen.

The Publick may be assured that this Morning a certain *great* Personage was asked very complaisantly by the Mistress of the Household, if he would chuse to have the Blade-Bone of Saturday's Mutton that had been kept for his Dinner to-day, *broil'd* or *cold.* He answer'd gravely, *If there is any Flesh on it, it may be broil'd; if not, it may as well be cold.* Orders were accordingly given for Broiling it. But when it came to Table, there was indeed so very little Flesh, or rather none, (Puss having din'd on it yesterday after Nanny) that if our new Administration had been as good Oeconomists as they would be thought, the Expense of Broiling might well have been saved to the Publick, and carried to the Sinking Fund. It is assured the *great* Person bears all with infinite Patience. But the Nation is astonish'd at the insolent Presumption, that dares treat so much Mildness in so cruel a manner!

A terrible Accident *had like to have* happened this Afternoon at Tea. The Boiler was set too near the End of the little square Table. The first Ministress was sitting at one End of the Table to administer the Tea; the *great* Person was about to sit down at the other End where the Boiler stood. By a sudden Motion the Lady gave the Table a Tilt. Had it gone over, the G. P. must have been scalded, perhaps to Death. Various are the Sur-

mises and Observations on this Occasion. The Godly say it would have been a just Judgment on him, for preventing, by his Laziness, the Family's going to Church last Sunday. The Opposition do not stick to insinuate that there was a Design to scald him, prevented only by his quick Catching the Table. The Friends of the Ministry give it out, that he carelessly jogg'd the Table himself, & would have been inevitably scalded, had not the Ministress sav'd him. It is hard for the Publick to come at the Truth in these Cases.

At six o'Clock this Afternoon, News came by the Post, that her Majesty arrived safely at Rochester on Saturday Night. The Bells immediately rang,—for Candles to illuminate the Parlour, the Court went into Cribbidge, and the Evening concluded with every other Demonstration of Joy.

It is reported that all the principal Officers of the State have received an Invitation from the Dutchess Dowager of Rochester to go down thither on Saturday next. But it is not yet known whether the great Affairs they have on their Hands will permit them to make this Excursion.

We hear that from the Time of her Majesty's leaving Craven-Street House to this Day, no Care is taken to file the Newspapers; but they lie about in every Room in every Window, and on every Chair, just where the Great Person lays them when he reads them. It is impossible Government can long go on in such Hands.

"TO THE PUBLISHER OF THE CRAVEN-STREET GAZETTE.

"Sir,

"I make no doubt of the Truth of what the Papers tell us, that a certain great Person is half-starved on the Blade-Bone of a *Sheep* (I cannot call it of *Mutton,* there being none on it) by a Set of the most careless, worthless, thoughtless, inconsiderate, corrupt, ignorant, blundering, foolish, crafty, & knavish Ministers, that ever got into a House and pretended to govern a Family and provide a Dinner. Alas for the poor old England of Craven Street! If they continue in Power another Week, the Nation will be ruined. Undone, totally undone, if I and my Friends are not appointed to succeed them. I am a great Admirer

of your useful and impartial Paper; and therefore request you will insert this without fail, from

"Your humble Servant,

"INDIGNATION."

"TO THE PUBLISHER OF THE CRAVEN-STREET GAZETTE."

"*Sir,*

"Your Correspondent, *Indignation,* has made a fine Story in your Paper against our Craven Street Ministry, as if they meant to starve his Highness, giving him only a bare Blade-Bone for his Dinner, while they riot upon roast Venison. The Wickedness of Writers in this Age is truly amazing. I believe that if even the Angel Gabriel would condescend to be our Minister, and provide our Dinners, he could scarcely escape Newspaper Defamation from a Gang of hungry, ever-restless, discontented, and malicious Scribblers.

"It is, Sir, a Piece of Justice you owe our righteous Administration to undeceive the Publick on this Occasion, by assuring them of the Fact, which is, that there was provided, and actually smoaking on the Table under his Royal Nose at the same Instant, as fine a Piece of Ribs of Beef roasted as ever Knife was put into, with Potatoes, Horse-radish, Pickled Walnuts, &c. which his Highness might have eaten of if so he had pleased to do; and which he forbore to do merely from a whimsical Opinion (with Respect be it spoken) that Beef doth not with him perspire well, but makes his Back itch, to his no small Vexation, now that he has lost the little Chinese ivory Hand at the End of a Stick, commonly called a Scratch back, presented to him by her Majesty. This is the Truth, and if your boasted Impartiality is real, you will not hesitate a Moment to insert this Letter in your next Paper.

"I am, tho' a little angry at present,

"Yours as you behave,

"A HATER OF SCANDAL."

Junius and *Cinna* came to hand too late for this Paper, but shall be inserted in our next.

MARRIAGES, none since our last;—but Puss begins to go a Courting.

DEATHS. In the back Closet and elsewhere, many poor Mice.

STOCKS. Biscuit—very low. Buckwheat & Indian Meal —both sour. Tea, lowering daily—in the Canister. Wine, shut.

Wednesday, September 26th. Postscript.—Those in the Secret of Affairs do not scruple to assert roundly, that our present First Ministress is very notable, having this Day been at Market, bought Mutton-Chops, and Apples 4 a Penny, made an excellent Applepy with her own Hands, and mended two Pair of Breeches.

TO MISS GEORGIANA SHIPLEY

London, September 26, 1772.

Dear Miss,

I lament with you most sincerely the unfortunate end of poor MUNGO. Few squirrels were better accomplished; for he had had a good education, had travelled far, and seen much of the world. As he had the honour of being, for his virtues, your favourite, he should not go, like common skuggs, without an elegy or an epitaph. Let us give him one in the monumental style and measure, which, being neither prose nor verse, is perhaps the properest for grief; since to use common language would look as if we were not affected, and to make rhymes would seem trifling in sorrow.

EPITAPH

Alas! poor MUNGO!
Happy wert thou, hadst thou known
Thy own felicity.
Remote from the fierce bald eagle,
Tyrant of thy native woods,
Thou hadst nought to fear from his piercing talons,
Nor from the murdering gun
Of the thoughtless sportsman.
Safe in thy wired castle,
GRIMALKIN never could annoy thee.
Daily wert thou fed with the choicest viands,
By the fair hand of an indulgent mistress;
But, discontented,
Thou wouldst have more freedom.

Too soon, alas! didst thou obtain it;
And wandering,
Thou art fallen by the fangs of wanton, cruel RANGER!

Learn hence,
Ye who blindly seek more liberty,
Whether subjects, sons, squirrels or daughters,
That apparent restraint may be real protection;
Yielding peace and plenty
With security.

You see, my dear Miss, how much more decent and proper this broken style is, than if we were to say, by way of epitaph,

Here SKUGG
Lies snug,
As a bug
In a rug.

and yet, perhaps, there are people in the world of so little feeling as to think that this would be a good-enough epitaph for poor Mungo.

If you wish it, I shall procure another to succeed him; but perhaps you will now choose some other amusement.

Remember me affectionately to all the good family, and believe me ever,

Your affectionate friend, B. FRANKLIN.

AN EDICT BY THE KING OF PRUSSIA

Dantzic, Sept. 5, [1773.]

We have long wondered here at the supineness of the English nation, under the Prussian impositions upon its trade entering our port. We did not, till lately, know the claims, ancient and modern, that hang over that nation; and therefore could not suspect that it might submit to those impositions from a sense of duty or from principles of equity. The following Edict, just made publick, may, if serious, throw some light upon this matter.

"FREDERIC, by the grace of God, King of Prussia, &c. &c. &c., to all present and to come, (*à tous présens et à venir,*) Health. The peace now enjoyed throughout our dominions, having afforded us leisure to apply ourselves

to the regulation of commerce, the improvement of our finances, and at the same time the easing our domestic subjects in their taxes: For these causes, and other good considerations us thereunto moving, we hereby make known, that, after having deliberated these affairs in our council, present our dear brothers, and other great officers of the state, members of the same, we, of our certain knowledge, full power, and authority royal, have made and issued this present Edict, viz.

"Whereas it is well known to all the world, that the first German settlements made in the Island of Britain, were by colonies of people, subject to our renowned ducal ancestors, and drawn from their dominions, under the conduct of Hengist, Horsa, Hella, Uff, Cerdicus, Ida, and others; and that the said colonies have flourished under the protection of our august house for ages past; have never been emancipated therefrom; and yet have hitherto yielded little profit to the same: And whereas we ourselves have in the last war fought for and defended the said colonies, against the power of France, and thereby enabled them to make conquests from the said power in America, for which we have not yet received adequate compensation: And whereas it is just and expedient that a revenue should be raised from the said colonies in Britain, towards our indemnification; and that those who are descendants of our ancient subjects, and thence still owe us due obedience, should contribute to the replenishing of our royal coffers as they must have done, had their ancestors remained in the territories now to us appertaining: We do therefore hereby ordain and command, that, from and after the date of these presents, there shall be levied and paid to our officers of the *customs*, on all goods, wares, and merchandizes, and on all grain and other produce of the earth, exported from the said Island of Britain, and on all goods of whatever kind imported into the same, a duty of four and a half per cent *ad valorem,* for the use of us and our successors. And that the said duty may more effectually be collected, we do hereby ordain, that all ships or vessels bound from Great Britain to any other part of the world, or from any other part of the world to Great Britain, shall in their respective voyages touch at our port of Koningsberg, there to be unladen, searched, and charged with the said duties.

"And whereas there hath been from time to time discovered in the said island of Great Britain, by our colonists there, many mines or beds of iron-stone; and sundry subjects, of our ancient dominion, skilful in converting the said stone into metal, have in time past transported themselves thither, carrying with them and communicating that art; and the inhabitants of the said island, presuming that they had a natural right to make the best use they could of the natural productions of their country for their own benefit, have not only built furnaces for smelting the said stone into iron; but have erected plating-forges, slitting-mills, and steel-furnaces, for the more convenient manufacturing of the same; thereby endangering a diminution of the said manufacture in our ancient dominion;—we do therefore hereby farther ordain, that, from and after the date hereof, no mill or other engine for slitting or rolling of iron, or any plating-forge to work with a tilt-hammer, or any furnace for making steel, shall be erected or continued in the said island of Great Britain: And the Lord Lieutenant of every county in the said island is hereby commanded, on information of any such erection within his county, to order and by force to cause the same to be abated and destroyed; as he shall answer the neglect thereof to us at his peril. But we are nevertheless graciously pleased to permit the inhabitants of the said island to transport their iron into Prussia, there to be manufactured, and to them returned; they paying our Prussian subjects for the workmanship, with all the costs of commission, freight, and risk, coming and returning; any thing herein contained to the contrary notwithstanding.

"We do not, however, think fit to extend this our indulgence to the article of wool; but, meaning to encourage, not only the manufacturing of woollen cloth, but also the raising of wool, in our ancient dominions, and to prevent both, as much as may be, in our said island, we do hereby absolutely forbid the transportation of wool from thence, even to the mother country, Prussia; and that those islanders may be farther and more effectually restrained in making any advantage of their own wool in the way of manufacture, we command that none shall be carried out of one county into another; nor shall any worsted, bay, or woollen yarn, cloth, says, bays, kerseys,

serges, frizes, druggets, cloth-serges, shalloons, or any other drapery stuffs or woollen manufactures whatsoever, made up or mixed with wool in any of the said counties, be carried into any other county, or be water-borne even across the smallest river or creek, on penalty of forfeiture of the same, together with the boats, carriages, horses, &c., that shall be employed in removing them. Nevertheless, our loving subjects there are hereby permitted (if they think proper) to use all their wool as manure for the improvement of their lands.

"And whereas the art and mystery of making hats hath arrived at great perfection in Prussia, and the making of hats by our remoter subjects ought to be as much as possible restrained: And forasmuch as the islanders before mentioned, being in possession of wool, beaver and other furs, have presumptuously conceived they had a right to make some advantage thereof, by manufacturing the same into hats, to the prejudice of our domestic manufacture: We do therefore hereby strictly command and ordain, that no hats or felts whatsoever, dyed or undyed, finished or unfinished, shall be loaded or put into or upon any vessel, cart, carriage, or horse, to be transported or conveyed out of one county in the said island into another county, or to any other place whatsoever, by any person or persons whatsoever; on pain of forfeiting the same, with a penalty of five hundred pounds sterling for every offence. Nor shall any hat-maker, in any of the said counties, employ more than two apprentices, on penalty of five pounds sterling per month; we intending hereby, that such hat-makers, being so restrained, both in the production and sale of their commodity, may find no advantage in continuing their business. But, lest the said islanders should suffer inconveniency by the want of hats, we are farther graciously pleased to permit them to send their beaver furs to Prussia; and we also permit hats made thereof to be exported from Prussia to Britain; the people thus favoured to pay all costs and charges of manufacturing, interest, commission to our merchants, insurance and freight going and returning, as in the case of iron.

"And, lastly, being willing farther to favour our said colonies in Britain, we do hereby also ordain and command, that all the *thieves*, highway and street robbers, house-breakers, forgerers, murderers, s—d—tes, and vil-

lains of every denomination, who have forfeited their lives to the law in Prussia; but whom we, in our great clemency, do not think fit here to hang, shall be emptied out of our gaols into the said island of Great Britain, for the better peopling of that country.

"We flatter ourselves, that these our royal regulations and commands will be thought just and reasonable by our much-favoured colonists in England; the said regulations being copied from their statutes of 10 and 11 William III. c. 10, 5 Geo. II. c. 22, 23, Geo. II. c. 29, 4 Geo. I. c. 11, and from other equitable laws made by their parliaments; or from instructions given by their Princes; or from resolutions of both Houses, entered into for the good government of their *own colonies in Ireland and America.*

"And all persons in the said island are hereby cautioned not to oppose in any wise the execution of this our Edict, or any part thereof, such opposition being high treason; of which all who are suspected shall be transported in fetters from Britain to Prussia, there to be tried and executed according to the Prussian law.

"Such is our pleasure.

"Given at Potsdam, this twenty-fifth day of the month of August, one thousand seven hundred and seventy-three, and in the thirty-third year of our reign.

"By the King, in his Council.

"RECHTMAESSIG, *Sec.*"

Some take this Edict to be merely one of the King's *Jeux d'Esprit:* others suppose it serious, and that he means a quarrel with England; but all here think the assertion it concludes with, "that these regulations are copied from acts of the English parliament respecting their colonies," a very injurious one; it being impossible to believe, that a people distinguished for their love of liberty, a nation so wise, so liberal in its sentiments, so just and equitable towards its neighbours, should, from mean and injudicious views of petty immediate profit, treat its own children in a manner so arbitrary and tyrannical!

[*Gentleman's Magazine,* October, 1773.]

RULES BY WHICH A GREAT EMPIRE MAY BE REDUCED TO A SMALL ONE; PRESENTED TO A LATE MINISTER, WHEN HE ENTERED UPON HIS ADMINISTRATION

An ancient Sage boasted, that, tho' he could not fiddle, he knew how to make a *great city* of a *little one*. The science that I, a modern simpleton, am about to communicate, is the very reverse.

I address myself to all ministers who have the management of extensive dominions, which from their very greatness are become troublesome to govern, because the multiplicity of their affairs leaves no time for *fiddling*.

I. In the first place, gentlemen, you are to consider, that a great empire, like a great cake, is most easily diminished at the edges. Turn your attention, therefore, first to your *remotest* provinces; that, as you get rid of them, the next may follow in order.

II. That the possibility of this separation may always exist, take special care the provinces are never incorporated with the mother country; that they do not enjoy the same common rights, the same privileges in commerce; and that they are governed by *severer* laws, all of *your enacting*, without allowing them any share in the choice of the legislators. By carefully making and preserving such distinctions, you will (to keep to my simile of the cake) act like a wise ginger-bread-baker, who, to facilitate a division, cuts his dough half through in those places where, when baked, he would have it *broken to pieces*.

III. Those remote provinces have perhaps been acquired, purchased, or conquered, at the *sole expence* of the settlers, or their ancestors, without the aid of the mother country. If this should happen to increase her *strength*, by their growing numbers, ready to join in her wars; her *commerce*, by their growing demand for her manufactures; or her *naval power*, by greater employment for her ships and seamen, they may probably suppose some merit in this, and that it entitles them to some favour; you are therefore to *forget it all, or resent it*, as if they had done you injury. If they happen to be zealous whigs, friends of liberty, nurtured in revolution principles, *remember all*

that to their prejudice, and resolve to punish it; for such principles, after a revolution is thoroughly established, are of *no more use;* they are even *odious* and *abominable.*

IV. However peaceably your colonies have submitted to your government, shewn their affection to your interests, and patiently borne their grievances; you are to *suppose* them always inclined to revolt, and treat them accordingly. Quarter troops among them, who by their insolence may *provoke* the rising of mobs, and by their bullets and bayonets *suppress* them. By this means, like the husband who uses his wife ill *from suspicion,* you may in time convert your *suspicions* into *realities.*

V. Remote provinces must have *Governors* and *Judges,* to represent the Royal Person, and execute everywhere the delegated parts of his office and authority. You ministers know, that much of the strength of government depends on the *opinion* of the people; and much of that opinion on the *choice of rulers* placed immediately over them. If you send them wise and good men for governors, who study the interest of the colonists, and advance their prosperity, they will think their King wise and good, and that he wishes the welfare of his subjects. If you send them learned and upright men for Judges, they will think him a lover of justice. This may attach your provinces more to his government. You are therefore to be careful whom you recommend for those offices. If you can find prodigals, who have ruined their fortunes, broken gamesters or stockjobbers, these may do well as *governors;* for they will probably be rapacious, and provoke the people by their extortions. Wrangling proctors and pettifogging lawyers, too, are not amiss; for they will be for ever disputing and quarrelling with their little parliaments. If withal they should be ignorant, wrong-headed, and insolent, so much the better. Attornies' clerks and Newgate solicitors will do for *Chief Justices,* especially if they hold their places *during your pleasure;* and all will contribute to impress those ideas of your government, that are proper for a people *you would wish to renounce it.*

VI. To confirm these impressions, and strike them deeper, whenever the injured come to the capital with complaints of mal-administration, oppression, or injustice, punish such suitors with long delay, enormous expence, and a final judgment in favour of the oppressor. This will

have an admirable effect every way. The trouble of future complaints will be prevented, and Governors and Judges will be encouraged to farther acts of oppression and injustice; and thence the people may become more disaffected, and at length desperate.

VII. When such Governors have crammed their coffers, and made themselves so odious to the people that they can no longer remain among them, with safety to their persons, *recall and reward* them with pensions. You may make them *baronets* too, if that respectable order should not think fit to resent it. All will contribute to encourage new governors in the same practice, and make the supreme government, *detestable.*

VIII. If, when you are engaged in war, your colonies should vie in liberal aids of men and money against the common enemy, upon your simple requisition, and give far beyond their abilities, reflect that a penny taken from them by your power is more honourable to you, than a pound presented by their benevolence; despise therefore their voluntary grants, and resolve to harass them with novel taxes. They will probably complain to your parliaments, that they are taxed by a body in which they have no representative, and that this is contrary to common right. They will petition for redress. Let the Parliaments flout their claims, reject their petitions, refuse even to suffer the reading of them, and treat the petitioners with the utmost contempt. Nothing can have a better effect in producing the alienation proposed; for though many can forgive injuries, *none ever forgave contempt.*

IX. In laying these taxes, never regard the heavy burthens those remote people already undergo, in defending their own frontiers, supporting their own provincial governments, making new roads, building bridges, churches, and other public edifices, which in old countries have been done to your hands by your ancestors, but which occasion constant calls and demands on the purses of a new people. Forget the *restraints* you lay on their trade for *your own* benefit, and the advantage a *monopoly* of this trade gives your exacting merchants. Think nothing of the wealth those merchants and your manufacturers acquire by the colony commerce; their encreased ability thereby to pay taxes at home; their accumulating, in the price of their commodities, most of those taxes, and so

levying them from their consuming customers; all this, and the employment and support of thousands of your poor by the colonists, you are *intirely to forget.* But remember to make your arbitrary tax more grievous to your provinces, by public declarations importing that your power of taxing them has *no limits;* so that when you take from them without their consent one shilling in the pound, you have a clear right to the other nineteen. This will probably weaken every idea of *security in their property,* and convince them, that under such a government they *have nothing they can call their own;* which can scarce fail of producing the *happiest consequences!*

X. Possibly, indeed, some of them might still comfort themselves, and say, "Though we have no property, we have yet *something* left that is valuable; we have constitutional *liberty,* both of person and of conscience. This King, these Lords, and these Commons, who it seems are too remote from us to know us, and feel for us, cannot take from us our *Habeas Corpus* right, or our right of trial *by a jury of our neighbours;* they cannot deprive us of the exercise of our religion, alter our ecclesiastical constitution, and compel us to be Papists, if they please, or Mahometans." To annihilate this comfort, begin by laws to perplex their commerce with infinite regulations, impossible to be remembered and observed; ordain seizures of their property for every failure; take away the trial of such property by Jury, and give it to arbitrary Judges of your own appointing, and of the lowest characters in the country, whose salaries and emoluments are to arise out of the duties or condemnations, and whose appointments are *during pleasure.* Then let there be a formal declaration of both Houses, that opposition to your edicts is *treason,* and that any person suspected of treason in the provinces may, according to some obsolete law, be seized and sent to the metropolis of the empire for trial; and pass an act, that those there charged with certain other offences, shall be sent away in chains from their friends and country to be tried in the same manner for felony. Then erect a new Court of Inquisition among them, accompanied by an armed force, with instructions to transport all such suspected persons; to be ruined by the expence, if they bring over evidences to prove their innocence, or be found guilty and hanged, if they cannot afford it. And, lest the people

should think you cannot possibly go any farther, pass another solemn declaratory act, "that King, Lords, Commons had, hath, and of right ought to have, full power and authority to make statutes of sufficient force and validity to bind the unrepresented provinces IN ALL CASES WHATSOEVER." This will include *spiritual* with temporal, and, taken together, must operate wonderfully to your purpose: by convincing them, that they are at present under a power something like that spoken of in the scriptures, which can not only *kill their bodies,* but *damn their souls* to all eternity, by compelling them, if it pleases, *to worship the Devil.*

XI. To make your taxes more odious, and more likely to procure resistance, send from the capital a board of officers to superintend the collection, composed of the most *indiscreet, ill-bred,* and *insolent* you can find. Let these have large salaries out of the extorted revenue, and live in open, grating luxury upon the sweat and blood of the industrious; whom they are to worry continually with groundless and expensive prosecutions before the abovementioned arbitrary revenue Judges; *all at the cost of the party prosecuted,* tho' acquitted, because *the King is to pay no costs.* Let these men, *by your order,* be exempted from all the common taxes and burthens of the province, though they and their property are protected by its laws. If any revenue officers are *suspected* of the least tenderness for the people, discard them. If others are justly complained of, protect and reward them. If any of the under officers behave so as to provoke the people to drub them, promote those to better offices: this will encourage others to procure for themselves such profitable drubbings, by multiplying and enlarging such provocations, and *all will work towards the end you aim at.*

XII. Another way to make your tax odious, is to misapply the produce of it. If it was originally appropriated for the *defence* of the provinces, the better support of government, and the administration of justice, where it may be *necessary,* then apply none of it to that *defence,* but bestow it where it is *not necessary,* in augmented salaries or pensions to every governor, who has distinguished himself by his enmity to the people, and by calumniating them to their sovereign. This will make them pay it more unwillingly, and be more apt to quarrel with those that collect

it and those that imposed it, who will quarrel again with them, and all shall contribute to your *main purpose,* of making them *weary of your government.*

XIII. If the people of any province have been accustomed to support their own Governors and Judges to satisfaction, you are to apprehend that such Governors and Judges may be thereby influenced to treat the people kindly, and to do them justice. This is another reason for applying part of that revenue in larger salaries to such Governors and Judges, given, as their commissions are, *during your pleasure* only; forbidding them to take any salaries from their provinces; that thus the people may no longer hope any kindness from their Governors, or (in Crown cases) any justice from their Judges. And, as the money thus misapplied in one province is extorted from all, probably *all will resent the misapplication.*

XIV. If the parliaments of your provinces should dare to claim rights, or complain of your administration, order them to be harassed with *repeated dissolutions.* If the same men are continually returned by new elections, adjourn their meetings to some country village, where they cannot be accommodated, and there keep them *during pleasure;* for this, you know, is your PREROGATIVE; and an excellent one it is, as you may manage it to promote discontents among the people, diminish their respect, and *increase their disaffection.*

XV. Convert the brave, honest officers of your *navy* into pimping tide-waiters and colony officers of the *customs.* Let those, who in time of war fought gallantly in defence of the commerce of their countrymen, in peace be taught to prey upon it. Let them learn to be corrupted by great and real smugglers; but (to shew their diligence) scour with armed boats every bay, harbour, river, creek, cove, or nook throughout the coast of your colonies; stop and detain every coaster, every wood-boat, every fisherman, tumble their cargoes and even their ballast inside out and upside down; and, if a penn'orth of pins is found un-entered, let the whole be seized and confiscated. Thus shall the trade of your colonists suffer more from their friends in time of peace, than it did from their enemies in war. Then let these boats crews land upon every farm in their way, rob the orchards steal the pigs and the poultry, and insult the inhabitants. If the injured and exasper-

ated farmers, unable to procure other justice, should attack the aggressors, drub them, and burn their boats; you are to call this *high treason and rebellion,* order fleets and armies into their country, and threaten to carry all the offenders three thousand miles to be hanged, drawn, and quartered. *O! this will work admirably!*

XVI. If you are told of discontents in your colonies, never believe that they are general, or that you have given occasion for them; therefore do not think of applying any remedy, or of changing any offensive measure. Redress no grievance, lest they should be encouraged to demand the redress of some other grievance. Grant no request that is just and reasonable, lest they should make another that is unreasonable. Take all your informations of the state of the colonies from your Governors and officers in enmity with them. Encourage and reward these *leasing-makers;* secrete their lying accusations, lest they should be confuted; but act upon them as the clearest evidence; and believe nothing you hear from the friends of the people: suppose all *their* complaints to be invented and promoted by a few factious demagogues, whom if you could catch and hang, all would be quiet. Catch and hang a few of them accordingly; and the *blood of the Martyrs* shall *work miracles* in favour of your purpose.

XVII. If you see *rival nations* rejoicing at the prospect of your disunion with your provinces, and endeavouring to promote it; if they translate, publish, and applaud all the complaints of your discontented colonists, at the same time privately stimulating you to severer measures, let not that *alarm* or offend you. Why should it, since you all mean *the same thing?*

XVIII. If any colony should at their own charge erect a fortress to secure their port against the fleets of a foreign enemy, get your Governor to betray that fortress into your hands. Never think of paying what it cost the country, for that would look, at least, like some regard for justice; but turn it into a citadel to awe the inhabitants and curb their commerce. If they should have lodged in such fortress the very arms they bought and used to aid you in your conquests, seize them all; it will provoke like *ingratitude* added to *robbery.* One admirable effect of these operations will be, to discourage every other colony from erecting such defences, and so your enemies may more

easily invade them; to the great disgrace of your government, and of course *the furtherance of your project.*

XIX. Send armies into their country under pretence of protecting the inhabitants; but, instead of garrisoning the forts on their frontiers with those troops, to prevent incursions, demolish those forts, and order the troops into the heart of the country, that the savages may be encouraged to attack the frontiers, and that the troops may be protected by the inhabitants. This will seem to proceed from your ill will or your ignorance, and contribute farther to produce and strengthen an opinion among them, *that you are no longer fit to govern them.*

XX. Lastly, invest the General of your army in the provinces, with great and unconstitutional powers, and free him from the controul of even your own Civil Governors. Let him have troops enow under his command, with all the fortresses in his possession; and who knows but (like some provincial Generals in the Roman empire, and encouraged by the universal discontent you have produced) he may take it into his head to set up for himself? If he should, and you have carefully practised these few *excellent rules* of mine, take my word for it, all the provinces will immediately join him; and you will that day (if you have not done it sooner) get rid of the trouble of governing them, and all the *plagues* attending their *commerce* and connection from henceforth and for ever.

Q. E. D.

[*Gentleman's Magazine,* September, 1773.]

A PARABLE AGAINST PERSECUTION

1. And it came to pass after these things, that Abraham sat in the door of his tent, about the going down of the sun.

2. And behold a man, bent with age, coming from the way of the wilderness, leaning on a staff.

3. And Abraham arose and met him, and said unto him, Turn in, I pray thee, and wash thy feet, and tarry all night, and thou shalt arise early in the morning, and go on thy way.

4. But the man said, Nay, for I will abide under this tree.

5. And Abraham pressed him greatly; so he turned, and they went into the tent; and Abraham baked unleavened bread, and they did eat.

6. And when Abraham saw that the man blessed not God, he said unto him, Wherefore dost thou not worship the most high God, Creator of heaven and earth?

7. And the man answered and said, I do not worship thy God, neither do I call upon his name; for I have made to myself a god, which abideth always in mine house, and provideth me with all things.

8. And Abraham's zeal was kindled against the man, and he arose and fell upon him, and drove him forth with blows into the wilderness.

9. And God called unto Abraham, saying, Abraham, where is the stranger?

10. And Abraham answered and said, Lord, he would not worship thee, neither would he call upon thy name; therefore have I driven him out from before my face into the wilderness.

11. And God said, Have I borne with him these hundred and ninety and eight years, and nourished him, and cloathed him, notwithstanding his rebellion against me; and couldst not thou, who art thyself a sinner, bear with him one night?

12. And Abraham said, Let not the anger of the Lord wax hot against his servant; lo, I have sinned; lo, I have sinned; forgive me, I pray thee.

13. And Abraham arose, and went forth into the wilderness, and sought diligently for the man, and found him, and returned with him to the tent; and when he had entreated him kindly, he sent him away on the morrow with gifts.

14. And God spake again unto Abraham, saying, For this thy sin shall thy seed be afflicted four hundred years in a strange land;

15. But for thy repentance will I deliver them; and they shall come forth with power, and with gladness of heart, and with much substance. [1774.]

A PARABLE ON BROTHERLY LOVE

1. In those days there was no worker of iron in all the land. And the merchants of Midian, passed by with their camels, bearing spices, and myrrh, and balm, and wares of iron.

2. And Reuben bought an axe of the Ishmaelite merchants, which he prized highly, for there was none in his father's house.

3. And Simeon said unto Reuben his brother, "Lend me, I pray thee, thine axe." But he refused, and would not.

4. And Levi also said unto him, "My brother, lend me, I pray thee, thine axe;" and he refused him also.

5. Then came Judah unto Reuben, and entreated him, saying, "Lo, thou lovest me, and I have always loved thee; do not refuse me the use of thine axe."

6. But Reuben turned from him, and refused him likewise.

7. Now it came to pass, that Reuben hewed timber on the bank of the river, and his axe fell therein, and he could by no means find it.

8. But Simeon, Levi, and Judah had sent a messenger after the Ishmaelites with money, and had bought for themselves each an axe.

9. Then came Reuben unto Simeon, and said, "Lo, I have lost mine axe, and my work is unfinished; lend me thine, I pray thee."

10. And Simeon answered him, saying, "Thou wouldest not lend me thine axe, therefore will I not lend thee mine."

11. Then went he unto Levi, and said unto him, "My brother, thou knowest my loss and my necessity; lend me, I pray thee, thine axe."

12. And Levi, reproached him, saying, "Thou wouldest not lend me thine axe when I desired it, but I will be better than thou, and will lend thee mine."

13. And Reuben was grieved at the rebuke of Levi and being ashamed, turned from him, and took not the axe, but sought his brother Judah.

14. And as he drew near, Judah beheld his countenance as it were covered with grief and shame; and he prevented him, saying, "My brother, I know thy loss; but why should it trouble thee? Lo, have I not an axe that will serve

both thee and me? Take it, I pray thee, and use it as thine own."

15. And Reuben fell on his neck, and kissed him, with tears, saying, "Thy kindness is great, but thy goodness in forgiving me is greater. Thou are indeed my brother, and whilst I live, will I surely love thee."

16. And Judah said, "Let us also love our other brethren; behold, are we not all of one blood?"

17. And Joseph saw these things, and reported them to his father Jacob.

18. And Jacob said, "Reuben did wrong, but he repented. Simeon also did wrong; and Levi was not altogether blameless.

19. "But the heart of Judah is princely. Judah hath the soul of a king. His father's children shall bow down before him, and he shall rule over his brethren."

[1774.]

TO WILLIAM STRAHAN[1]

Philada July 5, 1775

Mr. Strahan,

You are a Member of Parliament, and one of that Majority which has doomed my Country to Destruction.— You have begun to burn our Towns, and murder our People. — Look upon your Hands! They are stained with the Blood of your Relations! — You and I were long Friends: — You are now my Enemy, — and I am

Yours,

B. FRANKLIN.

THE SALE OF THE HESSIANS

FROM THE COUNT DE SCHAUMBERGH TO THE BARON HOHENDORF, COMMANDING THE HESSIAN TROOPS IN AMERICA

Rome, February 18, 1777.

Monsieur Le Baron:—On my return from Naples, I received at Rome your letter of the 27th December of last year. I have learned with unspeakable pleasure the cour-

[1] This letter was never sent.

age our troops exhibited at Trenton, and you cannot imagine my joy on being told that of the 1,950 Hessians engaged in the fight, but 345 escaped. There were just 1,605 men killed, and I cannot sufficiently commend your prudence in sending an exact list of the dead to my minister in London. This precaution was the more necessary, as the report sent to the English ministry does not give but 1,455 dead. This would make 483,450 florins instead of 643,500 which I am entitled to demand under our convention. You will comprehend the prejudice which such an error would work in my finances, and I do not doubt you will take the necessary pains to prove that Lord North's list is false and yours correct.

The court of London objects that there were a hundred wounded who ought not to be included in the list, nor paid for as dead; but I trust you will not overlook my instructions to you on quitting Cassel, and that you will not have tried by human succor to recall the life of the unfortunates whose days could not be lengthened but by the loss of a leg or an arm. That would be making them a pernicious present, and I am sure they would rather die than live in a condition no longer fit for my service. I do not mean by this that you should assassinate them; we should be humane, my dear Baron, but you may insinuate to the surgeons with entire propriety that a crippled man is a reproach to their profession, and that there is no wiser course than to let every one of them die when he ceases to be fit to fight.

I am about to send to you some new recruits. Don't economize them. Remember glory before all things. Glory is true wealth. There is nothing degrades the soldier like the love of money. He must care only for honour and reputation, but this reputation must be acquired in the midst of dangers. A battle gained without costing the conqueror any blood is an inglorious success, while the conquered cover themselves with glory by perishing with their arms in their hands. Do you remember that of the 300 Lacedæmonians who defended the defile of Thermopylæ, not one returned? How happy should I be could I say the same of my brave Hessians!

It is true that their king, Leonidas, perished with them: but things have changed, and it is no longer the custom for princes of the empire to go and fight in America for

a cause with which they have no concern. And besides, to whom should they pay the thirty guineas per man if I did not stay in Europe to receive them? Then, it is necessary also that I be ready to send recruits to replace the men you lose. For this purpose I must return to Hesse. It is true, grown men are becoming scarce there, but I will send you boys. Besides, the scarcer the commodity the higher the price. I am assured that the women and little girls have begun to till our lands, and they get on not badly. You did right to send back to Europe that Dr. Crumerus who was so successful in curing dysentery. Don't bother with a man who is subject to looseness of the bowels. That disease makes bad soldiers. One coward will do more mischief in an engagement than ten brave men will do good. Better that they burst in their barracks than fly in a battle, and tarnish the glory of our arms. Besides, you know that they pay me as killed for all who die from disease, and I don't get a farthing for runaways. My trip to Italy, which has cost me enormously, makes it desirable that there should be a great mortality among them. You will therefore promise promotion to all who expose themselves; you will exhort them to seek glory in the midst of dangers; you will say to Major Maundorff that I am not at all content with his saving the 345 men who escaped the massacre of Trenton. Through the whole campaign he has not had ten men killed in consequence of his orders. Finally, let it be your principal object to prolong the war and avoid a decisive engagement on either side, for I have made arrangements for a grand Italian opera, and I do not wish to be obliged to give it up. Meantime I pray God, my dear Baron de Hohendorf, to have you in his holy and gracious keeping.

[1777.]

MODEL OF A LETTER OF RECOMMENDATION

Paris, April 2, 1777.

Sir:—The bearer of this, who is going to America, presses me to give him a Letter of Recommendation, tho' I know nothing of him, not even his Name. This may seem extraordinary, but I assure you it is not uncommon

here. Sometimes, indeed one unknown Person brings another equally unknown, to recommend him; and sometimes they recommend one another! As to this Gentleman, I must refer you to himself for his Character and Merits, with which he is certainly better acquainted than I can possibly be. I recommend him however to those Civilities, which every Stranger, of whom one knows no Harm, has a Right to; and I request you will do him all the good Offices, and show him all the Favour that, on further Acquaintance, you shall find him to deserve. I have the Honour to be, etc. [B. F.]

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

BRITAIN, FRANCE, SPAIN, HOLLAND, SAXONY AND AMERICA

Britain. Sister of Spain, I have a Favour to ask of you. My Subjects in America are disobedient, and I am about to chastize them; I beg you will not furnish them with any Arms or Ammunition.

Spain. Have you forgotten, then, that when my Subjects in the Low Countries rebelled against me, you not only furnish'd them with military Stores, but join'd them with an Army and a Fleet? I wonder how you can have the Impudence to ask such a Favour of me, or the Folly to expect it!

Britain. You, my dear Sister of France, will surely not refuse me this Favour.

France. Did you not assist my Rebel Hugenots with a Fleet and an Army at Rochelle? And have you not lately aided privately and sneakingly my Rebel Subjects in Corsica? And do you not at this Instant keep their Chief, pension'd, and ready to head a fresh Revolt there, whenever you can find or make an Opportunity? . Dear Sister, you must be a little silly!

Britain. Honest Holland! You see it is remembered that I was once your Friend; you will therefore be mine on this Occasion. I know, indeed, you are accustom'd to smuggle with these Rebels of mine. I will wink at that;

sell 'em as much Tea as you please, to enervate the Rascals, since they will not take it of me; but for God's sake don't supply them with any Arms!

Holland. 'T is true you assisted me against Philip, my Tyrant of Spain, but have I not assisted you against one of your Tyrants; and enabled you to expell him? Surely that Accompt, as we Merchants say, is *ballanced,* and I am nothing in your Debt. I have indeed some Complaints against *you,* for endeavouring to starve me by your *Navigation Acts;* but, being peaceably dispos'd, I do not quarrel with you for that. I shall only go on quietly with my own Business. Trade is my Profession: 't is all I have to subsist on. And, let me tell you, I shall make no scruple (on the prospect of a good Market for that Commodity) even to send my ships to Hell and supply the Devil with Brimstone. For you must know, I can insure in London against the Burning of my Sails.

America to Britain. Why, you old bloodthirsty Bully! You who have been everywhere vaunting your own Prowess, and defaming the Americans as poltroons! You who have boasted of being able to march over all their Bellies with a single Regiment! You who by Fraud have possessed yourself of their strongest Fortress, and all the arms they had stored up in it! You who have a disciplin'd Army in their Country, intrench'd to the Teeth, and provided with every thing! Do *you* run about begging all Europe not to supply those poor People with a little Powder and Shot? Do you mean, then, to fall upon them naked and unarm'd, and butcher them in cold Blood? Is this your Courage? Is this your Magnanimity?

Britain. Oh! you wicked — Whig — Presbyterian — Serpent! Have you the Impudence to appear before me after all your Disobedience? Surrender immediately all your Liberties and Properties into my Hands, or I will cut you to Pieces. Was it for this that I planted your country at so great an Expence? That I protected you in your Infancy, and defended you against all your Enemies?

America. I shall not surrender my Liberty and Property, but with my Life. It is not true, that my Country was planted at your expence. Your own Records refute that Falshood to your Face. Nor did you ever afford me a Man or a Shilling to defend me against the Indians, the only Enemies I had upon my own Account. But, when

you have quarrell'd with all Europe, and drawn me with you into all your Broils, then you value yourself upon protecting me from the Enemies you have made for me. I have no natural Cause of Difference with Spain, France, or Holland, and yet by turns I have join'd with you in Wars against them all. You would not suffer me to make or keep a separate Peace with any of them, tho' I might easily have done it to great Advantage. Does your protecting me in those Wars give you a Right to fleece me? If so, as I fought for you, as well as you for me, it gives me a proportionable Right to fleece you. What think you of an American Law to make a Monopoly of you and your Commerce, as you have done by your Laws of me and mine? Content yourself with that Monopoly if you are Wise, and learn Justice if you would be respected!

Britain. You impudent b——h! Am not I your Mother Country? Is that not a sufficient Title to your Respect and Obedience?

Saxony. Mother country! Hah, hah, he! What Respect have *you* the front to claim as a Mother Country? You know that *I* am *your* Mother Country, and yet you pay me none. Nay, it is but the other day, that you hired Ruffians[1] to rob me on the Highway,[2] and burn my House![3] For shame! Hide your Face and hold your Tongue. If you continue this Conduct, you will make yourself the Contempt of Europe!

Britain. O Lord! Where are my friends?

France, Spain, Holland, and Saxony, all together. Friends! Believe us, you have none, nor ever will have any, 'till you mend your Manners. How can we, who are your Neighbours, have any regard for you, or expect any Equity from you, should your Power increase, when we see how basely and unjustly you have us'd both your *own Mother and your own Children?* [1777.]

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[1] Prussians.

[2] They enter'd and rais'd Contributions in Saxony.

[3] And they burnt the fine Suburbs of Dresden, the Capital of Saxony.

À MADAME HELVÉTIUS

Chagriné de votre résolution barbare, prononcée si positivement hier au soir, de rester seule pendant la vie en honneur de votre cher mari, je me retirois chez moi, tombois sur mon lit, me croyois mort, et que je me trouvois dans les Champs-Elisées.

On me demanda si j'avois envie de voir quelques personnages particuliers. "Menez-moi chez les philosophes." "Il y en a deux qui demeurent ici près dans ce jardin; ils sont de très-bons voisins, et très-amis l'un de l'autre." "Qui sont-ils?" "Socrate et Helvétius." "Je les estime prodigieusement tous les deux; mais faites-moi voir premièrement Helvétius, parce que j'entends un peu de François et pas un mot de Grec." — Il m'a reçu avec beaucoup de courtoisie, m'ayant connu, disoit-il, de réputation il y avoit quelque temps. Il me demanda mille choses sur la guerre, et sur l'état présent de la religion, de la liberté, et du gouvernement en France. "Vous ne demandez donc rien," lui dis-je, "de votre chère amie Madame Helvétius; et cependant elle vous aime encore excessivement, et il n'y a qu'une heure que j'étois chez elle." "Ah!" dit-il, "vous me faites ressouvenir de mon ancienne félicité. Mais il faut l'oublier pour être heureux ici. Pendant plusieurs des premières années, je n'ai pensé qu'à elle. Enfin je suis consolé. J'ai pris une autre femme; la plus semblable à elle que j'ai pu trouver. Elle n'est pas, il est vrai, tout-à-fait si belle, mais elle a autant de bon sens, beaucoup d'esprit, et elle m'aime infiniment. Son étude continuelle est de me plaire, et elle est sortie actuellement chercher le meilleur nectar et ambroisie pour me régaler ce soir; restez avec moi et vous la verrez." "J'apperçois," dis-je, "que votre ancienne amie est plus fidelle que vous; car plusieurs bons partis lui ont été offerts qu'elle a refusés tous. Je vous confesse que je l'ai aimée, moi, à la folie; mais elle étoit dure à mon égard, et m'a rejeté absolument pour l'amour de vous." "Je vous plains," dit-il, "de votre malheur; car vraiment c'est une bonne et belle femme, et bien aimable. Mais l'Abbé de la R * * * * * et l'Abbé M * * * * ne sont-ils pas encore quelquefois chez elle?" "Oui assurément; car elle n'a pas perdu un seul de vos amis." "Si vous aviez gagné l'Abbé M * * * * (avec du

bon café à la crême) à parler pour vous, vous auriez peut-être réussi; car il est raisonneur subtil comme Duns Scotus ou St. Thomas; il met ses arguments en si bon ordre qu'ils deviennent presque irrésistibles. Et si l'Abbé de la R * * * * avoit été gagne (par quelque belle édition d'un vieux classique) à parler *contre* vous, cela auroit été mieux; car j'ai toujours observé, que quand il lui conseilla quelque chose, elle avoit un penchant très-fort à faire le revers." A ces mots entra la nouvelle Madame Helvétius avec le nectar; à l'instant je l'ai reconnue pour être Madame Franklin, mon ancienne amie Américaine. Je l'ai réclamée, mais elle me dit froidement; "J'ai été votre bonne femme quarante-neuf années et quatre mois; — presqu'un demi-siècle; soyez content de cela. J'ai formé ici une nouvelle connexion, qui durera à l'éternité."

Indigné de ce refus de mon Eurydice, je pris de suite la résolution de quitter ces ombres ingrates, et revenir en ce bon monde, revoir le soleil et vous. — Me voici! — *Vengeons-nous!* [1778.]

THE EPHEMERA

An Emblem of Human Life

You may remember, my dear friend, that when we lately spent that happy day in the delightful garden and sweet society of the Moulin Joly, I stopt a little in one of our walks, and staid some time behind the company. We had been shown numberless skeletons of a kind of little fly, called an ephemera, whose successive generations, we were told, were bred and expired within the day. I happened to see a living company of them on a leaf, who appeared to be engaged in conversation. You know I understand all the inferior animal tongues: my too great application of the study of them is the best excuse I can give for the little progress I have made in your charming language. I listened through curiosity to the discourse of these little creatures; but as they, in their national vivacity, spoke three or four together, I could make but little of their conversation. I found, however, by some broken expressions that I heard now and then, they were disputing warmly on the merits of two foreign musicians, one a *cousin*, the other a *moscheto;* in which dispute they spent their time,

seemingly as regardless of the shortness of life as if they had been sure of living a month. Happy people! thought I, you live certainly under a wise, just, and mild government, since you have no public grievances to complain of, nor any subject of contention but the perfections and imperfections of foreign music. I turned my head from them to an old grey-headed one, who was single on another leaf, and talking to himself. Being amused with his soliloquy, I put it down in writing, in hopes it will likewise amuse her to whom I am so much indebted for the most pleasing of all amusements, her delicious company and heavenly harmony.

"It was," said he, "the opinion of learned philosophers of our race, who lived and flourished long before my time, that this vast world, the Moulin Joly, could not itself subsist more than eighteen hours; and I think there was some foundation for that opinion, since, by the apparent motion of the great luminary that gives life to all nature, and which in my time has evidently declined considerably towards the ocean at the end of our earth, it must then finish its course, be extinguished in the waters that surround us, and leave the world in cold and darkness, necessarily producing universal death and destruction. I have lived seven of those hours, a great age, being no less than four hundred and twenty minutes of time. How very few of us continue so long! I have seen generations born, flourish, and expire. My present friends are the children and grandchildren of the friends of my youth, who are now, alas, no more! And I must soon follow them; for, by the course of nature, though still in health, I cannot expect to live above seven or eight minutes longer. What now avails all my toil and labor, in amassing honey-dew on this leaf, which I cannot live to enjoy! What the political struggles I have been engaged in, for the good of my compatriot inhabitants of this bush, or my philosophical studies for the benefit of our race in general! for, in politics, what can laws do without morals? Our present race of ephemeræ will in a course of minutes become corrupt, like those of other and older bushes, and consequently as wretched. And in philosophy how small our progress! Alas! art is long, and life is short! My friends would comfort me with the idea of a name, they say, I shall leave behind me; and they tell me I have lived

long enough to nature and to glory. But what will fame be to an ephemera who no longer exists? And what will become of all history in the eighteenth hour, when the world itself, even the whole Moulin Joly, shall come to its end, and be buried in universal ruin?"

To me, after all my eager pursuits, no solid pleasures now remain, but the reflection of a long life spent in meaning well, the sensible conversation of a few good lady ephemeræ, and now and then a kind smile and a tune from the ever amiable *Brillante*. B. FRANKLIN.

[1778.]

MORALS OF CHESS

[Playing at chess is the most ancient and most universal game known among men; for its original is beyond the memory of history, and it has, for numberless ages, been the amusement of all the civilised nations of Asia, the Persians, the Indians, and the Chinese. Europe has had it above a thousand years; the Spaniards have spread it over their part of America; and it has lately begun to make its appearance in the United States. It is so interesting in itself, as not to need the view of gain to induce engaging in it; and thence it is seldom played for money. Those therefore who have leisure for such diversions, cannot find one that is more innocent: and the following piece, written with a view to correct (among a few young friends) some little improprieties in the practice of it, shows at the same time that it may, in its effects on the mind, be not merely innocent, but advantageous, to the vanquished as well as the victor.]

The Game of Chess is not merely an idle Amusement. Several very valuable qualities of the Mind, useful in the course of human Life, are to be acquir'd or strengthened by it, so as to become habits, ready on all occasions. For Life is a kind of Chess, in which we often have Points to gain, & Competitors or Adversaries to contend with; and in which there is a vast variety of good and ill Events, that are in some degree the Effects of Prudence or the want of it. By playing at Chess, then, we may learn,

I. *Foresight,* which looks a little into futurity, and

considers the Consequences that may attend an action; for it is continually occurring to the Player, "If I move this piece, what will be the advantages or disadvantages of my new situation? What Use can my Adversary make of it to annoy me? What other moves can I make to support it, and to defend myself from his attacks?"

II. *Circumspection,* which surveys the whole Chessboard, or scene of action; the relations of the several pieces and situations, the Dangers they are respectively exposed to, the several possibilities of their aiding each other, the probabilities that the Adversary may make this or that move, and attack this or the other Piece, and what different Means can be used to avoid his stroke, or turn its consequences against him.

III. *Caution,* not to make our moves too hastily. This habit is best acquired, by observing strictly the laws of the Game; such as, *If you touch a Piece, you must move it somewhere; if you set it down, you must let it stand.* And it is therefore best that these rules should be observed, as the Game becomes thereby more the image of human Life, and particularly of War; in which, if you have incautiously put yourself into a bad and dangerous position, you cannot obtain your Enemy's Leave to withdraw your Troops, and place them more securely, but you must abide all the consequences of your rashness.

And *lastly,* we learn by Chess the habit of not being discouraged by present appearances in the state of our affairs, the habit of hoping for a favourable Change, and that of persevering in the search of resources. The Game is so full of Events, there is such a variety of turns in it, the Fortune of it is so subject to sudden Vicissitudes, and one so frequently, after long contemplation, discovers the means of extricating one's self from a supposed insurmountable Difficulty, that one is encouraged to continue the Contest to the last, in hopes of Victory from our own skill, or at least from the Negligence of our Adversary. And whoever considers, what in Chess he often sees instances of, that success is apt to produce Presumption, & its consequent Inattention, by which more is afterwards lost than was gain'd by the preceding Advantage, while misfortunes produce more care and attention, by which the loss may be recovered, will learn not to be too much discouraged by any present success of his Adversary, nor to

despair of final good fortune upon every little Check he receives in the pursuit of it.

That we may therefore be induced more frequently to chuse this beneficial amusement, in preference to others which are not attended with the same advantages, every Circumstance that may increase the pleasure of it should be regarded; and every action or word that is unfair, disrespectful, or that in any way may give uneasiness, should be avoided, as contrary to the immediate intention of both the Players, which is to pass the Time agreeably.

Therefore, first, if it is agreed to play according to the strict rules, then those rules are to be exactly observed by both parties, and should not be insisted on for one side, while deviated from by the other — for this is not equitable.

Secondly, if it is agreed not to observe the rules exactly, but one party demands indulgencies, he should then be as willing to allow them to the other.

Thirdly, no false move should ever be made to extricate yourself out of difficulty, or to gain an advantage. There can be no pleasure in playing with a person once detected in such unfair practice.

Fourthly, if your adversary is long in playing, you ought not to hurry him, or express any uneasiness at his delay. You should not sing, nor whistle, nor look at your watch, nor take up a book to read, nor make a tapping with your feet on the floor, or with your fingers on the table, nor do any thing that may disturb his attention. For all these things displease; and they do not show your skill in playing, but your craftiness or your rudeness.

Fifthly, you ought not to endeavour to amuse and deceive your adversary, by pretending to have made bad moves, and saying that you have now lost the game, in order to make him secure and careless, and inattentive to your schemes: for this is fraud and deceit, not skill in the game.

Sixthly, you must not, when you have gained a victory, use any triumphing or insulting expression, nor show too much pleasure; but endeavour to console your adversary, and make him less dissatisfied with himself, by every kind of civil expression that may be used with truth, such as, "you understand the game better than I, but you are a little inattentive;" or, "you play too fast;" or, "you had

the best of the game, but something happened to divert your thoughts, and that turned it in my favour."

Seventhly, if you are a spectator while others play, observe the most perfect silence. For, if you give advice, you offend both parties, him against whom you give it, because it may cause the loss of his game, him in whose favour you give it, because, though it be good, and he follows it, he loses the pleasure he might have had, if you had permitted him to think until it had occurred to himself. Even after a move or moves, you must not, by replacing the pieces, show how they might have been placed better; for that displeases, and may occasion disputes and doubts about their true situation. All talking to the players lessens or diverts their attention, and is therefore unpleasing. Nor should you give the least hint to either party, by any kind of noise or motion. If you do, you are unworthy to be a spectator. If you have a mind to exercise or show your judgment, do it in playing your own game, when you have an opportunity, not in criticizing, or meddling with, or counselling the play of others.

Lastly, if the game is not to be played rigorously, according to the rules above mentioned, then moderate your desire of victory over your adversary, and be pleased with one over yourself. Snatch not eagerly at every advantage offered by his unskilfulness or inattention; but point out to him kindly, that by such a move he places or leaves a piece in danger and unsupported; that by another he will put his king in a perilous situation, &c. By this generous civility (so opposite to the unfairness above forbidden) you may, indeed, happen to lose the game to your opponent; but you will win what is better, his esteem, his respect, and his affection, together with the silent approbation and good-will of impartial spectators. [1779.]

THE WHISTLE

TO MADAME BRILLON

Passy, November 10, 1779.

I received my dear friend's two letters, one for Wednesday and one for Saturday. This is again Wednesday. I do not deserve one for to-day, because I have not answered

the former. But, indolent as I am, and averse to writing, the fear of having no more of your pleasing epistles, if I do not contribute to the correspondence, obliges me to take up my pen; and as Mr. B. has kindly sent me word, that he sets out to-morrow to see you, instead of spending this Wednesday evening as I have done its namesakes, in your delightful company, I sit down to spend it in thinking of you, in writing to you, and in reading over and over again your letters.

I am charmed with your description of Paradise, and with your plan of living there; and I approve much of your conclusion, that, in the mean time, we should draw all the good we can from this world. In my opinion, we might all draw more good from it than we do, and suffer less evil, if we would take care not to give too much for *whistles.* For to me it seems, that most of the unhappy people we meet with, are become so by neglect of that caution.

You ask what I mean? You love stories, and will excuse my telling one of myself.

When I was a child of seven years old, my friends, on a holiday, filled my pocket with coppers. I went directly to a shop where they sold toys for children; and, being charmed with the sound of a *whistle,* that I met by the way in the hands of another boy, I voluntarily offered and gave all my money for one. I then came home, and went whistling all over the house, much pleased with my *whistle,* but disturbing all the family. My brothers, and sisters, and cousins, understanding the bargain I had made, told me I had given four times as much for it as it was worth; put me in mind what good things I might have bought with the rest of the money; and laughed at me so much for my folly, that I cried with vexation; and the reflection gave me more chagrin than the *whistle* gave me pleasure.

This however was afterwards of use to me, the impression continuing in my mind; so that often, when I was tempted to buy some unnecessary thing, I said to myself, *Don't give too much for the whistle;* and I saved my money.

As I grew up, came into the world, and observed the actions of men, I thought I met with many, very many, who *gave too much for the whistle.*

When I saw one too ambitious of court favour, sacrificing his time in attendance on levees, his repose, his liberty, his virtue, and perhaps his friends, to attain it, I have said to myself, *This man gives too much for his whistle.*

When I saw another fond of popularity, constantly employing himself in political bustles, neglecting his own affairs, and ruining them by that neglect, *He pays, indeed,* said I, *too much for his whistle.*

If I knew a miser, who gave up every kind of comfortable living, all the pleasure of doing good to others, all the esteem of his fellow-citizens, and the joys of benevolent friendship for the sake of accumulating wealth, *Poor man,* said I, *you pay too much for your whistle.*

When I met with a man of pleasure, sacrificing every laudable improvement of the mind, or of his fortune, to mere corporeal sensations, and ruining his health in their pursuit, *Mistaken man,* said I, *you are providing pain for yourself, instead of pleasure; you give too much for your whistle.*

If I see one fond of appearance, or fine clothes, fine houses, fine furniture, fine equipages, all above his fortune, for which he contracts debts, and ends his career in a prison, *Alas!* say I, *he has paid dear, very dear, for his whistle.*

When I see a beautiful, sweet-tempered girl married to an ill-natured brute of a husband, *What a pity,* say I, *that she should pay so much for a whistle!*

In short, I conceive that great part of the miseries of mankind are brought upon them by the false estimates they have made of the value of things, and by their *giving too much for their whistles.*

Yet I ought to have charity for these unhappy people, when I consider, that, with all this wisdom of which I am boasting, there are certain things in the world so tempting, for example, the apples of King John, which happily are not to be bought; for if they were put to sale by auction, I might very easily be led to ruin myself in the purchase, and find that I had once more given too much for the *whistle.*

Adieu, my dear friend, and believe me ever yours very sincerely and with unalterable affection,

B. FRANKLIN.

[1779.]

THE LORD'S PRAYER

Old Version

1. Our Father which art in Heaven,
2. Hallowed be thy Name.
3. Thy Kingdom come.
4. Thy will be done on Earth as it is in Heaven.
5. Give us this Day our daily Bread.
6. Forgive us our Debts as we forgive our Debtors.
   And lead us not into Temptation, but deliver us from Evil.

New Version by B. F.

1. Heavenly Father,
2. May all revere thee,
3. And become thy dutiful Children and faithful Subjects.
4. May thy Laws be obeyed on Earth as perfectly as they are in Heaven.
5. Provide for us this Day as thou hast hitherto daily done.
6. Forgive us our Trespasses and enable us likewise to forgive those that offend us.
7. Keep us out of Temptation, and deliver us from Evil.—

Reasons for the Change of Expression

Old Version. *Our Father which art in Heaven.*

New V.—*Heavenly Father,* is more concise, equally expressive, and better modern English.—

Old V.—*Hallowed be thy Name.* This seems to relate to an Observance among the Jews not to pronounce the proper or peculiar Name of God, they deeming it a Profanation so to do. We have in our Language no *proper Name* for God; the Word *God* being a common or general Name, expressing all chief Objects of Worship, true or false. The Word *hallowed* is almost obsolete. People now have but an imperfect Conception of the Meaning of the Petition. It is therefore proposed to change the expression into

New V.—*May all revere thee.*

Old V.—*Thy Kingdom come.* This Petition seems suited to the then Condition of the Jewish Nation. Originally their State was a Theocracy. God was their King. Dissatisfied with that kind of Government, they desired a visible earthly King in the manner of the Nations round them. They had such Kings accordingly; but their Offerings were *due* to God on many Occasions by the Jewish Law, which when People could not pay, or had forgotten as Debtors are apt to do, it was proper to pray that those Debts might be forgiven. Our Liturgy uses neither the *Debtors* of Matthew, nor the *indebted* of Luke, but instead of them speaks of *those that trespass against us.* Perhaps the Considering it as a Christian Duty to forgive Debtors, was by the Compilers thought an inconvenient Idea in a trading Nation.— There seems however something presumptuous in this Mode of Expression, which has the Air of proposing ourselves as an Example of Goodness fit for God to imitate. *We hope you will at least be as good as we are;* you see we forgive one another, and therefore we pray that you would forgive us. Some have considered it in another sense, *Forgive us as we forgive others;* i.e. If we do not forgive others we pray that thou wouldst not forgive us. But this being a kind of conditional *Imprecation* against ourselves, seems improper in such a Prayer; and therefore it may be better to say humbly & modestly

New V.—*Forgive us our Trespasses, and enable us likewise to forgive those that offend us.* This instead of assuming that we have already in & of ourselves the Grace of Forgiveness, acknowledges our Dependance on God, the Fountain of Mercy for any Share we may have in it, praying that he would communicate of it to us.—

Old V.—*And lead us not into Temptation.* The Jews had a Notion, that God sometimes tempted, or directed or permitted the Tempting of People. Thus it was said he tempted Pharaoh; directed Satan to tempt Job; and a false Prophet to tempt Ahab, &c. Under this Persuasion it was natural for them to pray that he would not put them to such severe Trials. We now suppose that Temptation, so far as it is supernatural, comes from the Devil only, and this Petition continued conveys a Suspicion which in our present Conception seems unworthy of God, therefore might be altered to

New V.—*Keep us out of Temptation.* Happiness was not increas'd by the Change, and they had reason to wish and pray for a Return of the Theocracy, or Government of God. Christians in these Times have other Ideas when they speak of the Kingdom of God, such as are perhaps more adequately express'd by

New V.—*And become thy dutiful Children & faithful Subjects.*

Old V.—*Thy Will be done on Earth as it is in Heaven.*

New V.—*May thy Laws be obeyed on Earth as perfectly as they are in Heaven.*

Old V.—*Give us this Day our daily Bread.* Give us what is *ours,* seems to put us in a Claim of Right, and to contain too little of the grateful Acknowledgment and Sense of Dependance that becomes Creatures who live on the daily Bounty of their Creator. Therefore it is changed to

New V.—*Provide for us this Day, as thou hast hitherto daily done.*

Old V.—*Forgive us our Debts as we forgive our Debtors.* Matthew.

Forgive us our Sins, for we also forgive every one that is indebted to us. Luke.

[1779?]

THE LEVÉE

In the first chapter of Job we have an account of a transaction said to have arisen in the court, or at the *levée,* of the best of all possible princes, or of governments by a single person, viz. that of God himself.

At this *levée,* in which the sons of God were assembled, Satan also appeared.

It is probable the writer of that ancient book took his idea of this *levée* from those of the eastern monarchs of the age he lived in.

It is to this day usual at the *levées* of princes, to have persons assembled who are enemies to each other, who seek to obtain favor by whispering calumny and detraction, and thereby ruining those that distinguish themselves by their virtue and merit. And kings frequently ask a familiar question or two, of every one in the circle, merely to show their benignity. These circumstances are particularly exemplified in this relation.

If a modern king, for instance, finds a person in the circle who has not lately been there, he naturally asks him how he has passed his time since he last had the pleasure of seeing him? the gentleman perhaps replies that he has been in the country to view his estates, and visit some friends. Thus Satan being asked whence he cometh? answers, "From going to and fro in the earth, and walking up and down in it." And being further asked, whether he had considered the uprightness and fidelity of the prince's servant Job, he immediately displays all the malignance of the designing courtier, by answering with another question: "Doth Job serve God for naught? Hast thou not given him immense wealth, and protected him in the possession of it? Deprive him of that, and he will curse thee to thy face." In modern phrase, "Take away his places and his pensions, and your Majesty will soon find him in the opposition.

This whisper against Job had its effect. He was delivered into the power of his adversary, who deprived him of his fortune, destroyed his family, and completely ruined him.

The book of Job is called by divines a sacred poem, and, with the rest of the Holy Scriptures, is understood to be written for our instruction.

What then is the instruction to be gathered from this supposed transaction?

Trust not a single person with the government of your state. For if the Deity himself, being the monarch may for a time give way to calumny, and suffer it to operate the destruction of the best of subjects; what mischief may you not expect from such power in a mere man, though the best of men, from whom the truth is often industriously hidden, and to whom falschood is often presented in its place, by artful, interested, and malicious courtiers?

And be cautious in trusting him even with limited powers, lest sooner or later he sap and destroy those limits, and render himself absolute.

For by the disposal of places, he attaches to himself all the placeholders, with their numerous connexions, and also all the expecters and hopers of places, which will form a strong party in promoting his views. By various political engagements for the interest of neighbouring states or princes, he procures their aid in establishing his own per-

sonal power. So that, through the hopes of emolument in one part of his subjects, and the fear of his resentment in the other, all opposition falls before him. [1779?]

PROPOSED NEW VERSION OF THE BIBLE

To the Printer of ***

Sir,

It is now more than one hundred and seventy years since the translation of our common English Bible. The language in that time is much changed, and the style, being obsolete, and thence less agreeable, is perhaps one reason why the reading of that excellent book is of late so much neglected. I have therefore thought it would be well to procure a new version, in which, preserving the sense, the turn of phrase and manner of expression should be modern. I do not pretend to have the necessary abilities for such a work myself; I throw out the hint for the consideration of the learned; and only venture to send you a few verses of the first chapter of Job, which may serve as a sample of the kind of version I would recommend.

A. B.

PART OF THE FIRST CHAPTER OF JOB MODERNIZED

Old Text	New Version
Verse 6. Now there was a day when the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord, and Satan came also amongst them.	Verse 6. And it being *levée* day in heaven, all God's nobility came to court, to present themselves before him; and Satan also appeared in the circle, as one of the ministry.
7. And the Lord said unto Satan, Whence comest thou? Then Satan answered the Lord, and said, From going to and fro in the earth, and from walking up and down in it.	7. And God said to Satan, You have been some time absent; where were you? And Satan answered I have been at my country-seat, and in different places visiting my friends.
8. And the Lord said unto Satan, Hast thou considered my servant Job, that there is none like him in the earth, a perfect and an upright man,	8. And God said, Well, what think you of Lord Job? You see he is my best friend, a perfectly honest man, full of respect for me, and avoid-

one that feareth God, and escheweth evil?

9. Then Satan answered the Lord, and said, Doth Job fear God for naught?

10. Hast thou not made an hedge about his house, and about all that he hath on every side? Thou hast blessed the work of his hands, and his substance is increased in the land.

11. But put forth thine hand now, and touch all that he hath, and he will curse thee to thy face.

ing every thing that might offend me.

9. And Satan answered, Does your Majesty imagine that his good conduct is the effect of mere personal attachment and affection?

10. Have you not protected him, and heaped your benefits upon him, till he is grown enormously rich?

11. Try him;—only withdraw your favor, turn him out of his places, and withhold his pensions, and you will soon find him in the opposition.

[1779?]

À MONSIEUR L'ABBÉ DE LA ROCHE, À AUTEUIL

J'ai parcouru, mon cher ami, le petit livre de poésies de M. Helvétius, dont vous m'avez fait cadeau. Le poëme sur *le Bonheur* m'a donné beaucoup de plaisir, et m'a fait ressouvenir d'une petite chanson à boire, que j'ai faite il y a quarante ans sur le même sujet, et qui avoit à-peu-près le même plan, et plusieurs des mêmes pensées, mais bien densement exprimées. La voici.

Singer

Fair Venus calls; her voice obey,
In beauty's arms spend night and day.
The joys of love all joys excel,
And loving's certainly doing well.

Chorus

Oh! no!
Not so!
For honest souls know,
Friends and a bottle still bear the bell.

Singer

Then let us get money, like bees lay up honey;
We'll build us new hives, and store each cell.

The sight of our treasure shall yield us great pleasure;
We'll count it, and chink it, and jingle it well.

Chorus

Oh! no!
Not so!
For honest souls know,
Friends and a bottle still bear the bell

Singer

If this does not fit ye, let's govern the city,
In power is pleasure no tongue can tell;
By crowds though you're teased, your pride shall be pleased,
And this can make Lucifer happy in hell!

Chorus

Oh! no!
Not so!
For honest souls know,
Friends and a bottle still bear the bell.

Singer

Then toss off your glasses, and scorn the dull asses,
Who, missing the kernel, still gnaw the shell;
What's love, rule, or riches? Wise Solomon teaches,
They're vanity, vanity, vanity still.

Chorus

That's true;
He knew;
He'd tried them all through;
Friends and a bottle still bore the bell.

C'est un chanteur, mon cher Abbé, qui exhorte ses compagnons de chercher *le bonheur* dans *l'amour,* dans *les richesses* et dans *le pouvoir.* Ils répliquent, chantant ensemble, que *le bonheur* ne se trouve pas en aucunes de ces choses, et qu'on ne le trouve que dans *les amis* et *le vin.* A cette position, le chanteur enfin consent. La phrase *"bear the bell,"* signifie en François *remporter le prix.*

J'ai souvent remarqué, en lisant les ouvrages de M. Helvétius, que quoique nous étions nés et élevés dans deux pays si éloignés l'un de l'autre, nous nous sommes rencontrés souvent dans les mêmes pensées; et c'est une réflexion bien flatteuse pour moi, que nous avons aimé les mêmes

études, et autant que nous les avions connus, les mêmes amis, *et la même femme.*

Adieu! mon cher ami, &c. B. F.

[1779?]

À MONSIEUR L'ABBÉ MORELLET

Passy, le * * *.

Vous m'avez souvent égayé, mon très-cher ami, par vos excellentes chansons à boire; en échange, je désire vous édifier par quelques réflexions Chrétiennes, morales et philosophiques, sur le même sujet.

In vino veritas, dit le sage. *La vérité est dans le vin.* Avant Noé donc, les hommes, n'ayant que de l'eau à boire, ne pouvoient pas trouver la vérité. Ainsi ils s'égarèrent, ils devinrent abominablement méchants, et ils furent justement exterminés par *l'eau* qu'ils aimoient à boire.

Ce bon-homme Noé, ayant vu que par cette mauvaise boisson tous ses contemporains avoient péri, le prit en aversion; et Dieu, pour le désaltérer, créa la vigne, et lui révéla l'art d'en faire du vin. Par l'aide de cette liqueur, il découvrit maintes et maintes vérités; et depuis son temps, le mot "dev*in*er" a été en usage, signifiant originairement *découvrir par le moyen du* VIN. Ainsi le patriarche Joseph prétendoit dev*in*er au moyen d'une coupe ou verre de VIN;[1] liqueur qui a reçu ce nom pour marquer qu'elle n'étoit pas une invention humaine, mais div*ine*; (autre preuve de l'antiquité de la langue Françoise, contre M. Gébelin). Aussi, depuis ce temps, toutes les choses excellentes, même les Déités, ont été appelées div*in*es ou div*in*ités.

On parle de la conversion de l'eau en vin, à la noce de Cana, comme d'un miracle. Mais cette conversion est faite tous les jours, par la bonté de Dieu, sous nos yeux. Voilà l'eau qui tombe des cieux sur nos vignobles, et alors elle entre dans les racines des vignes pour être changée en vin; preuve constante que Dieu nous aime, et qu'il aime à nous voir heureux. Le miracle particulier a été fait seulement pour hâter l'opération, dans une circonstance de besoin soudain, qui le demandoit.

[1] L'orateur Romain, qui est bien connu par ses mauvaises poësies, d'être *un buveur d'eau*, confesses franchement, dans son livre *De* DIVINA*tione*, qu'il ne savoit pas *deviner*. *"Quid futurum sit non* DIVINO."

Il est vrai que Dieu a aussi instruit les hommes à réduire le vin en eau. Mais quelle espèce d'eau? C'est *l'eau*-de-vie. Et cela, afin que par-là ils puissent, au besoin, faire le miracle de Cana, et convertir l'eau ordinaire en cette espèce excellente de vin, qu'on appelle *punch!*

Mon frère Chrétien, soyez bienveillant et bienfaisant comme lui, et ne gâtez pas son bon ouvrage. Il a fait le vin pour nous réjouir. Quand vous voyez votre voisin à table verser du vin dans son verre, ne vous hâtez pas à y verser de l'eau. Pourquoi voulez-vous noyer la *vérité?* Il est vraisemblable que votre voisin sait mieux que vous ce qui lui convient. Peut-être il n'aime pas l'eau; peut-être il ne veut mettre que quelques gouttes, par complaisance pour la mode; peut-être il ne veut pas qu'un autre observe combien peu il en met dans son verre. Donc, n'offrez l'eau qu'aux enfans; c'est une fausse politesse, et bien incommode. Je vous dis ceci comme homme du monde; et je finirai, comme j'ai commencé, en bon Chrétien, en vous faisant une observation religieuse bien importante, et tirée de l'Ecriture Sainte; savoir que l'apôtre Paul conseilloit bien sérieusement à Timothé de mettre du vin dans son eau pour la santé; mais que pas un des apôtres, ni aucuns des saints pères, n'ont jamais conseillé de mettre *de l'eau dans le vin!*

B. F.

P. S. Pour vous confirmer encore plus dans votre pieté et reconnoissance à la Providence Divine, réfléchissez sur la situation qu'elle a donnée au *coude*. Vous voyez aussi que les animaux qui doivent boire l'eau qui coule sur la terre, s'ils ont des jambes longues, ont aussi un cou long, afin qu'ils puissent atteindre leur boisson sans la peine de se mettre à genoux. Mais l'homme, qui étoit destiné à boire du vin, doit être en état de porter le verre à sa bouche. Si le coude avoit été placé plus près de la main, la partie d'avant auroit été trop courte pour approcher le verre de la bouche; et s'il avoit été placé plus près de l'épaule, le partie seroit si longue qu'il porteroit le verre au-delà de la tête. Ainsi nous aurions été *tantalisés*. Mais par la présente situation du coude nous sommes en état de boire à notre aise; le verre venant justement à la bouche.—Adorons donc, le verre à la main, cette sagesse bienveillante! Adorons, et buvons! [1779.]

DIALOGUE BETWEEN FRANKLIN AND THE GOUT

Midnight, October 22, 1780.

FRANKLIN. Eh! Oh! Eh! What have I done to merit these cruel sufferings?

GOUT. Many things; you have ate and drank too freely, and too much indulged those legs of yours in their indolence.

FRANKLIN. Who is it that accuses me?

GOUT. It is I, even I, the Gout.

FRANKLIN. What! my enemy in person?

GOUT. No, not your enemy.

FRANKLIN. I repeat it; my enemy; for you would not only torment my body to death, but ruin my good name; you reproach me as a glutton and a tippler; now all the world, that knows me, will allow that I am neither the one nor the other.

GOUT. The world may think as it pleases; it is always very complaisant to itself, and sometimes to its friends; but I very well know that the quantity of meat and drink proper for a man, who takes a reasonable degree of exercise, would be too much for another, who never takes any.

FRANKLIN. I take—Eh! Oh!—as much exercise—Eh! —as I can, Madam Gout. You know my sedentary state, and on that account, it would seem, Madam Gout, as if you might spare me a little, seeing it is not altogether my own fault.

GOUT. Not a jot; your rhetoric and your politeness are thrown away; your apology avails nothing. If your situation in life is a sedentary one, your amusements, your recreations, at least, should be active. You ought to walk or ride; or, if the weather prevents that play at billiards. But let us examine your course of life. While the mornings are long, and you have leisure to go abroad, what do you do? Why, instead of gaining an appetite for breakfast, by salutary exercise, you amuse yourself, with books, pamphlets, or newspapers, which commonly are not worth the reading. Yet you eat an inordinate breakfast, four dishes of tea, with cream, and one or two buttered toasts, with slices of hung beef, which I fancy are not things the most easily digested. Immediately afterward you sit down

to write at your desk, or converse with persons who apply to you on business. Thus the time passes till one, without any kind of bodily exercise. But all this I could pardon, in regard, as you say, to your sedentary condition. But what is your practice after dinner? Walking in the beautiful gardens of those friends, with whom you have dined, would be the choice of men of sense; yours is to be fixed down to chess, where you are found engaged for two or three hours! This is your perpetual recreation, which is the least eligible of any for a sedentary man, because, instead of accelerating the motion of the fluids, the rigid attention it requires helps to retard the circulation and obstruct internal secretions. Wrapt in the speculations of this wretched game, you destroy your constitution. What can be expected from such a course of living, but a body replete with stagnant humours, ready to fall a prey to all kinds of dangerous maladies, if I, the Gout, did not occasionally bring you relief by agitating those humours, and so purifying or dissipating them? If it was in some nook or alley in Paris, deprived of walks, that you played awhile at chess after dinner, this might be excusable; but the same taste prevails with you in Passy, Auteuil, Montmartre, or Sanoy, places where there are the finest gardens and walks, a pure air, beautiful women, and most agreeable and instructive conversation; all which you might enjoy by frequenting the walks. But these are rejected for this abominable game of chess. Fie, then, Mr. Franklin! But amidst my instructions, I had almost forgot to administer my wholesome corrections; so take that twinge,—and that.

FRANKLIN. Oh! Eh! Oh! Ohhh! As much instruction as you please, Madam Gout, and as many reproaches; but pray, Madam, a truce with your corrections!

GOUT. No, Sir, no,—I will not abate a particle of what is so much for your good,—therefore—

FRANKLIN. Oh! Ehhh!—It is not fair to say I take no exercise, when I do very often, going out to dine and returning in my carriage.

GOUT. That, of all imaginable exercises, is the most slight and insignificant, if you allude to the motion of a carriage suspended on springs. By observing the degree of heat obtained by different kinds of motion, we may form an estimate of the quantity of exercise given by each. Thus, for example, if you turn out to walk in winter with

cold feet, in an hour's time you will be in a glow all over; ride on horseback, the same effect will scarcely be perceived by four hours' round trotting; but if you loll in a carriage, such as you have mentioned, you may travel all day, and gladly enter the last inn to warm your feet by a fire. Flatter yourself then no longer, that half an hour's airing in your carriage deserves the name of exercise. Providence has appointed few to roll in carriages, while he has given to all a pair of legs, which are machines infinitely more commodious and serviceable. Be grateful, then, and make a proper use of yours. Would you know how they forward the circulation of your fluids, in the very action of transporting you from place to place; observe when you walk, that all your weight is alternately thrown from one leg to the other; this occasions a great pressure on the vessels of the foot, and repels their contents; when relieved, by the weight being thrown on the other foot, the vessels of the first are allowed to replenish, and, by a return of this weight, this repulsion again succeeds; thus accelerating the circulation of the blood. The heat produced in any given time, depends on the degree of this acceleration; the fluids are shaken, the humours attenuated, the secretions facilitated, and all goes well; the cheeks are ruddy, and health is established. Behold your fair friend at Auteuil, a lady who received from bounteous nature more really useful science, than half a dozen such pretenders to philosophy as you have been able to extract from all your books. When she honours you with a visit, it is on foot. She walks all hours of the day, and leaves indolence, and its concomitant maladies, to be endured by her horses. In this see at once the preservative of her health and personal charms. But when you go to Auteuil, you must have your carriage, though it is no further from Passy to Auteuil than from Auteuil to Passy.

FRANKLIN. Your reasonings grow very tiresome.

GOUT. I stand corrected. I will be silent and continue my office; take that, and that.

FRANKLIN. Oh! Ohh! Talk on, I pray you!

GOUT. No, no; I have a good number of twinges for you to-night, and you may be sure of some more to-morrow.

FRANKLIN. What, with such a fever! I shall go distracted. Oh! Eh! Can no one bear it for me?

GOUT. Ask that of your horses; they have served you faithfully.

FRANKLIN. How can you so cruelly sport with my torments?

GOUT. Sport! I am very serious. I have here a list of offences against your own health distinctly written, and can justify every stroke inflicted on you.

FRANKLIN. Read it then.

GOUT. It is too long a detail; but I will briefly mention some particulars.

FRANKLIN. Proceed. I am all attention.

GOUT. Do you remember how often you have promised yourself, the following morning, a walk in the grove of Boulogne, in the garden de la Muette, or in your own garden, and have violated your promise, alleging, at one time, it was too cold, at another too warm, too windy, too moist, or what else you pleased; when in truth it was too nothing, but your insuperable love of ease?

FRANKLIN. That I confess may have happened occasionally, probably ten times in a year.

GOUT. Your confession is very far short of the truth; the gross amount is one hundred and ninety-nine times.

FRANKLIN. Is it possible?

GOUT. So possible, that it is fact; you may rely on the accuracy of my statement. You know M. Brillon's gardens, and what fine walks they contain; you know the handsome flight of an hundred steps, which lead from the terrace above to the lawn below. You have been in the practice of visiting this amiable family twice a week, after dinner, and it is a maxim of your own, that "a man may take as much exercise in walking a mile, up and down stairs, as in ten on level ground." What an opportunity was here for you to have had exercise in both these ways! Did you embrace it, and how often?

FRANKLIN. I cannot immediately answer that question.

GOUT. I will do it for you; not once.

FRANKLIN. Not once?

GOUT. Even so. During the summer you went there at six o'clock. You found the charming lady, with her lovely children and friends, eager to walk with you, and entertain you with their agreeable conversation; and what has been your choice? Why to sit on the terrace, satisfying yourself with the fine prospect, and passing your eye over

the beauties of the garden below, without taking one step to descend and walk about in them. On the contrary, you call for tea and the chess-board; and lo! you are occupied in your seat till nine o'clock, and that besides two hours' play after dinner; and then, instead of walking home, which would have bestirred you a little, you step into your carriage. How absurd to suppose that all this carelessness can be reconcilable with health, without my interposition!

FRANKLIN. I am convinced now of the justness of poor Richard's remark, that "Our debts and our sins are always greater than we think for."

GOUT. So it is. You philosophers are sages in your maxims, and fools in your conduct.

FRANKLIN. But do you charge among my crimes, that I return in a carriage from Mr. Brillon's?

GOUT. Certainly; for, having been seated all the while, you cannot object the fatigue of the day, and cannot want therefore the relief of a carriage.

FRANKLIN. What then would you have me do with my carriage?

GOUT. Burn it if you choose; you would at least get heat out of it once in this way; or, if you dislike that proposal, here's another for you; observe the poor peasants, who work in the vineyards and grounds about the villages of Passy, Auteuil, Chaillot, &c.; you may find every day, among these deserving creatures, four or five old men and women, bent and perhaps crippled by weight of years, and too long and too great labour. After a most fatiguing day, these people have to trudge a mile or two to their smoky huts. Order your coachman to set them down. This is an act that will be good for your soul; and, at the same time, after your visit to the Brillons, if you return on foot, that will be good for your body.

FRANKLIN. Ah! how tiresome you are!

GOUT. Well, then, to my office; it should not be forgotten that I am your physician. There.

FRANKLIN. Ohhh! what a devil of a physician!

GOUT. How ungrateful you are to say so! Is it not I who, in the character of your physician, have saved you from the palsy, dropsy, and apoplexy? one or other of which would have done for you long ago, but for me.

FRANKLIN. I submit, and thank you for the past, but entreat the discontinuance of your visits for the future;

for, in my mind, one had better die than be cured so dolefully. Permit me just to hint, that I have also not been unfriendly to *you*. I never feed physician or quack of any kind, to enter the list against you; if then you do not leave me to my repose, it may be said you are ungrateful too.

GOUT. I can scarcely acknowledge that as any objection. As to quacks, I despise them; they may kill you indeed, but cannot injure me. And, as to regular physicians, they are at last convinced that the gout, in such a subject as you are, is no disease, but a remedy; and wherefore cure a remedy?—but to our business,—there.

FRANKLIN. Oh! oh!—for Heaven's sake leave me! and I promise faithfully never more to play at chess, but to take exercise daily, and live temperately.

GOUT. I know you too well. You promise fair; but, after a few months of good health, you will return to your old habits; your fine promises will be forgotten like the forms of last year's clouds. Let us then finish the account, and I will go. But I leave you with an assurance of visiting you again at a proper time and place; for my object is your good, and you are sensible now that I am your *real friend*.

THE HANDSOME AND DEFORMED LEG

There are two Sorts of People in the World, who with equal Degrees of Health, & Wealth, and the other Comforts of Life, become, the one happy, and the other miserable. This arises very much from the different Views in which they consider Things, Persons, and Events; and the Effect of those different Views upon their own Minds.

In whatever Situation Men can be plac'd, they may find Conveniences & Inconveniences: In whatever Company; they may find Persons & Conversation more or less pleasing. At whatever Table, they may meet with Meats & Drinks of better and worse Taste, Dishes better & worse dress'd: In whatever Climate they will find good and bad Weather: Under whatever Government, they may find good & bad Laws, and good & bad Administration of those Laws. In every Poem or Work of Genius they may see Faults and Beauties. In almost every Face & every Person, they may discover fine Features & Defects, good and bad Qualities.

Under these Circumstances, the two Sorts of People above mention'd fix their Attention, those who are to be happy, on the Conveniences of Things, the pleasant Parts of Conversation, the well-dress'd Dishes, the Goodness of the Wines, the fine Weather; &c., and enjoy all with Chearfulness. Those who are to be unhappy, think & speak only of the contraries. Hence they are continually discontented themselves, and by their Remarks sour the Pleasures of Society, offend personally many People, and make themselves everywhere disagreable. If this Turn of Mind was founded in Nature, such unhappy Persons would be the more to be pitied. But as the Disposition to criticise, & be disgusted, is perhaps taken up originally by Imitation, and is unawares grown into a Habit, which tho' at present strong may nevertheless be cured when those who have it are convinc'd of its bad Effects on their Felicity; I hope this little Admonition may be of Service to them, and put them on changing a Habit, which tho' in the Exercise it is chiefly an Act of Imagination yet has serious Consequences in Life, as it brings on real Griefs and Misfortunes. For as many are offended by, & nobody well loves this Sort of People, no one shows them more than the most common [civility and respect, and scarcely that; and this frequently puts them out of humour, and draws them into disputes and contentions. If they aim at obtaining some advantage in rank or fortune, nobody wishes them success, or will stir a step, or speak a word, to favour their pretensions. If they incur public censure or disgrace, no one will defend or excuse, and many join to aggravate their misconduct, and render them completely odious. If these people will not change this bad habit, and condescend to be pleased with what is pleasing, without fretting themselves and others about the contraries, it is good for others to avoid an acquaintance with them; which is always disagreeable, and sometimes very inconvenient, especially when one finds one's self entangled in their quarrels.

An old philosophical friend of mine was grown, from experience, very cautious in this particular, and carefully avoided any intimacy with such people. He had, like other philosophers, a thermometer to show him the heat of the weather, and a barometer to mark when it was likely to prove good or bad; but, there being no instrument in-

vented to discover, at first sight, this unpleasing disposition in a person, he for that purpose made use of his legs; one of which was remarkably handsome, the other, by some accident, crooked and] deformed. If a Stranger, at the first interview, regarded his ugly Leg more than his handsome one, he doubted him. If he spoke of it, & took no notice of the handsome Leg, that was sufficient to determine my Philosopher to have no further Acquaintance with him. Every body has not this two-legged Instrument, but every one with a little Attention, may observe Signs of that carping, fault-finding Disposition, & take the same Resolution of avoiding the Acquaintance of those infected with it. I therefore advise those critical, querulous, discontented, unhappy People, that if they wish to be respected and belov'd by others, & happy in themselves they should *leave off looking at the ugly Leg.*

[1780?]

SUPPLEMENT TO THE BOSTON *INDEPENDENT CHRONICLE*[1]

Boston, March 12, 1782.

Extract of a Letter from Captain Gerrish, of the New England Militia, dated Albany, March 7.

The Peltry taken in the Expedition [see the Account of the Expedition to Oswegatchie, on the River St. Laurence, in our Paper of the 1st Instant,] will, as you see, amount to a good deal of Money. The Possession of this Booty at first gave us Pleasure; but we were struck with Horror to find among the Packages 8 large ones, containing SCALPS of our unhappy Country-folks, taken in the three last Years by the Senneka Indians from the Inhabitants of the Frontiers of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Virginia, and sent by them as a Present to Col. Haldimand, governor of Canada, in order to be by

[1] The deception intended by this supposed "Supplement," (which was very accurately imitated with respect to printing, paper, the insertion of advertisements, &c.,) was, that, by transmitting it to England, it might actually be taken for what it purported to be.—William Temple Franklin.

him transmitted to England. They were accompanied by the following curious Letter to that Gentleman.

"Teoga, Jan. 3d, 1782.

"*May it please your Excellency,*

"At the Request of the Senneka chiefs, I send herewith to your Excellency, under the Care of James Boyd, eight Packs of Scalps, cured, dried, hooped, and painted, with all the Indian triumphal Marks, of which the following is Invoice and Explanation.

"No. 1. Containing 43 Scalps of Congress Soldiers, killed in different Skirmishes; these are Stretched on black Hoops, 4 Inches diameter; the Inside of the Skin painted red, with a small black Spot to note their being killed with Bullets. Also 62 of Farmers killed in their Houses; the Hoops red; the Skin painted brown, and marked with a Hoe; a black Circle all round, to denote their being surprised in the Night; and a black Hatchet in the Middle, signifying their being killed with that Weapon.

"No. 2. Containing 98 of Farmers killed in their Houses; Hoops red; Figure of a Hoe, to mark their Profession; great white Circle and Sun, to show they were surprised in the Daytime; a little red Foot, to show they stood upon their Defence, and died fighting for their Lives and Families.

"No. 3. Containing 97 of Farmers; Hoops green, to shew they were killed in their Fields; a large white Circle with a little round Mark on it for the Sun, to shew that it was in the Daytime; black Bullet-mark on some, Hatchet on others.

"No. 4. Containing 102 of Farmers, mixed of the several Marks above; only 18 marked with a little yellow Flame, to denote their being of Prisoners burnt alive, after being scalped, their Nails pulled out by the Roots, and other Torments; one of these latter supposed to be a rebel Clergyman, his Band being fixed to the Hoop of his Scalp. Most of the Farmers appear by the Hair to have been young or middle-aged Men; there being but 67 very grey Heads among them all; which makes the Service more essential.

"No. 5. Containing 88 Scalps of Women; hair long, braided in the Indian Fashion, to shew they were

Mothers; Hoops blue; Skin yellow Ground, with little red Tadpoles, to represent, by way of Triumph, the Tears of Grief occasioned to their Relations; a black scalping-Knife or Hatchet at the Bottom, to mark their being killed with those Instruments. 17 others, Hair very grey; black Hoops; plain brown Colour; no Mark, but the short Club or *Casse-tête,* to shew they were knocked down dead, or had their Brains beat out.

"No. 6. Containing 193 Boys' Scalps, of various Ages; small green Hoops; whitish Ground on the Skin, with red Tears in the Middle, and black Bullet-marks, Knife, Hatchet, or Club, as their Deaths happened.

"No. 7. 211 Girls' Scalps, big and little; small yellow Hoops; white Ground, Tears; Hatchet, Club, scalping Knife, &c.

"No. 8. This Package is a Mixture of all the Varieties above-mentioned; to the number of 122; with a Box of Birch Bark, containing 29 little Infants' Scalps of various Sizes; small white Hoops; white Ground; no Tears; and only a little black Knife in the Middle, to shew they were ript out of their Mothers' Bellies.

"With these Packs, the Chiefs send to your Excellency the following Speech, delivered by Conejogatchie in Council, interpreted by the elder Moore, the Trader, and taken down by me in Writing.

Father,

We send you herewith many Scalps, that you may see we are not idle Friends.

A blue Belt.

Father,

We wish to send these Scalps over the Water to the great King, that he may regard them and be refreshed; and that he may see our faithfulness in destroying his Enemies, and be convinced that his Presents have not been made to ungrateful people.

A blue and white Belt with red Tassels.

Father,

Attend to what I am now going to say; it is a Matter of much Weight. The great King's Enemies are many, and they grow fast in Number. They were formerly like young Panthers; they could neither bite nor scratch; we

could play with them safely; we feared nothing they could do to us. But now their Bodies are become big as the Elk, and strong as the Buffalo; they have also got great and sharp Claws. They have driven us out of our Country for taking part in your Quarrel. We expect the great King will give us another Country, that our Children may live after us, and be his Friends and Children, as we are. Say this for us to the great King. To enforce it, we give this Belt.

A great white Belt with blue Tassels.

Father,

We have only to say farther, that your Traders exact more than ever for their Goods; and our hunting is lessened by the War, so that we have fewer Skins to give for them. This ruins us. Think of some Remedy. We are poor; and you have Plenty of every Thing. We know you will send us Powder and Guns, and Knives and Hatchets; but we also want Shirts and Blankets.

A little white Belt.

"I do not doubt but that your Excellency will think it proper to give some farther Encouragement to those honest People. The high Prices they complain of are the necessary Effect of the War. Whatever Presents may be sent for them, through my Hands, shall be distributed with Prudence and Fidelity. I have the Honour of being your Excellency's most obedient

"And most humble Servant,

"JAMES CRAUFURD."

It was at first proposed to bury these Scalps; but Lieutenant Fitzgerald, who, you know, has got Leave of Absence to go to Ireland on his private Affairs, said he thought it better they should proceed to their Destination; and if they were given to him, he would undertake to carry them to England, and hang them all up in some dark Night on the Trees in St. James's Park, where they could be seen from the King and Queen's Palaces in the Morning; for that the Sight of them might perhaps strike Muley Ishmael (as he called him) with some Compunction of Conscience. They were accordingly delivered to Fitz, and he has brought them safe hither.

To-morrow they go with his Baggage in a Waggon for Boston, and will probably be there in a few Days after this Letter.

I am, &c.

SAMUEL GERRISH.

Boston, March 20.

Monday last arrived here Lieutenant Fitzgerald above mentioned, and Yesterday the Waggon with the Scalps. Thousands of People are flocking to see them this Morning, and all Mouths are full of Execrations. Fixing them to the Trees is not approved. It is now proposed to make them up in decent little Packets, seal and direct them; one to the King, containing a Sample of every Sort for his Museum; one to the Queen, with some of Women and little Children; the Rest to be distributed among both Houses of Parliament; a double Quantity to the Bishops.

[The following part appeared in a second edition from which certain advertisements which had been published in the first edition were omitted.]

Mr. Willis,

Please to insert in your useful Paper the following Copy of a Letter from Commodore Jones, directed

TO SIR JOSEPH YORK, AMBASSADOR FROM THE KING OF ENGLAND TO THE STATES-GENERAL OF THE UNITED PROVINCES

"Ipswich, New England, March 7, 1781.

"*Sir,*

"I have lately seen a memorial, said to have been presented by your Excellency to their High Mightinesses the States-general, in which you are pleased to qualify me with the title of *pirate.*

"A pirate is defined to be *hostis humani generis* [an enemy to all mankind]. It happens, Sir, that I am an enemy to no part of mankind, except your nation, the English; which nation at the same time comes much more within the definition, being actually an enemy to, and at war with, one whole quarter of the world, America, considerable part of Asia and Africa, a great part

of Europe, and in a fair way of being at war with the rest.

"A pirate makes war for the sake of *rapine*. This is not the kind of war I am engaged in against England. Ours is a war in defence of *liberty* . . . the most just of all wars; and of our *properties*, which your nation would have taken from us, without our consent, in violation of our rights, and by an armed force. Yours, therefore is a war of *rapine;* of course, a piratical war; and those who approve of it, and are engaged in it, more justly deserve the name of *pirates*, which you bestow on me. It is, indeed, a war that coincides with the general spirit of your nation. Your common people in their ale-houses sing the twenty-four songs of Robin Hood, and applaud his deer-stealing and his robberies on the highway: those, who have just learning enough to read, are delighted with your histories of the pirates and of the buccaniers; and even your scholars in the universities study Quintus Curtius, and are taught to admire Alexander for what they call 'his conquests in the Indies.' Severe laws and the hangmen keep down the effects of this spirit somewhat among yourselves (though in your little Island you have nevertheless more highway robberies than there are in all the rest of Europe put together); but a foreign war gives it full scope. It is then that, with infinite pleasure, it lets itself loose to strip of their property honest merchants, employed in the innocent and useful occupation of supplying the mutual wants of mankind. Hence, having lately no war with your ancient enemies, rather than be without a war, you chose to make one upon your friends. In this your piratical war with America, the mariners of your fleets and the owners of your privateers were animated against us by the act of your Parliament, which repealed the law of God, 'Thou shalt not steal,' by declaring it lawful for them to rob us of all our property that they could meet with on the ocean. This act, too, had a retrospect, and, going beyond bulls of pardon, declared that all the robberies you *had committed* previous to the act should be *deemed just and lawful.* Your soldiers, too, were promised the plunder of our cities; and your officers were flattered with the division of our lands. You had even the baseness to corrupt our servants, the sailors employed by us, and encourage them to rob their masters

and bring to you the ships and goods they were entrusted with. Is there any society of pirates on the sea or land, who, in declaring wrong to be right, and right wrong, have less authority than your parliament? Do any of them more justly than your parliament deserve the *title* you bestow on me?

"You will tell me that we forfeited all our estates by our refusal to pay the taxes your nation would have imposed on us without the consent of our colony parliaments. Have you then forgotten the incontestable principle, which was the foundation of Hambden's glorious lawsuit with Charles the first, that 'what an English king has no right to demand, an English subject has a right to refuse'? But you cannot so soon have forgotten the instructions of your late honorable father, who, being himself a sound Whig, taught you certainly the principles of the Revolution, and that, 'if subjects might in some cases forfeit their property, kings also might forfeit their title, and all claim to the allegiance of their subjects.' I must then suppose you well acquainted with those Whig principles; on which permit me, Sir, to ask a few questions.

"Is not protection as justly due from a king to his people, as obedience from the people to their king?

"If then a king declares his people to be out of his protection:

"If he violates and deprives them of their constitutional rights:

"If he wages war against them:

"If he plunders their merchants, ravages their coasts, burns their towns, and destroys their lives:

"If he hires foreign mercenaries to help him in their destruction:

"If he engages savages to murder their defenceless farmers, women, and children:

"If he cruelly forces such of his subjects as fall into his hands, to bear arms against their country, and become executioners of their friends and brethren:

"If he sells others of them into bondage, in Africa and the East Indies:

"If he excites domestic insurrections among their servants, and encourages servants to murder their masters:—

"Does not so atrocious a conduct towards his subjects dissolve their allegiance?

"If not, please to say how or by what means it can possibly be dissolved?

"All this horrible wickedness and barbarity has been and daily is practised by the King, *your master,* (as you call him in your memorial,) upon the Americans, whom he is still pleased to claim as his subjects.

"During these six years past, he has destroyed not less than forty thousand of those subjects, by battles on land or sea, or by starving them, or poisoning them to death, in the unwholesome air, with the unwholesome food of his prisons. And he has wasted the lives of at least an equal number of his own soldiers and sailors: many of whom have been *forced* into this odious service, and *dragged* from their families and friends, by the outrageous violence of his illegal press-gangs. You are a gentleman of letters, and have read history: do you recollect any instance of any tyrant, since the beginning of the world, who, in the course of so few years, had done so much mischief, by murdering so many of his own people? Let us view one of the worst and blackest of them, Nero. He put to death a few of his courtiers, placemen, and pensioners, and among the rest his *tutor.* Had George the Third done the same, and no more, his crime, though detestable, as an act of lawless power, might have been as useful to his nation, as that of Nero was hurtful to Rome; considering the different characters and merits of the sufferers. Nero indeed wished that the people of Rome had but one neck, that he might behead them all by one stroke; but this was a simple wish. George is carrying the wish as fast as he can into execution; and, by continuing in his present course a few years longer, will have destroyed more of the British people than Nero could have found inhabitants in Rome. Hence the expression of Milton, in speaking of Charles the First, that he was *'Nerone Neronior,'* is still more applicable to George the third. Like Nero, and all other tyrants, while they lived, he indeed has his flatterers, his addressers, his applauders. Pensions, places, and hopes of preferment can bribe even bishops to approve his conduct: but when those fulsome, purchased addresses and panegyrics are sunk and lost in oblivion or contempt, impartial history will step forth, speak honest truth, and rank him among public calamities. The only difference will be, that plagues, pestilences, and

famines are of this world, and arise from the nature of things; but voluntary malice, mischief, and murder, are from hell; and this King will, therefore, stand foremost in the list of diabolical, bloody, and execrable tyrants. His base-bought parliaments too, who sell him their souls, and extort from the people the money with which they aid his destructive purposes, as they share his guilt, will share his infamy,—parliaments, who, to please him, have repeatedly, by different votes year after year, dipped their hands in human blood, insomuch that methinks I see it dried and caked so thick upon them, that, if they could wash it off in the Thames, which flows under their windows, the whole river would run red to the ocean.

"One is provoked by enormous wickedness: but one is ashamed and humiliated at the view of human baseness. It afflicts me, therefore, to see a gentleman of Sir Joseph York's education and talents, for the sake of a red riband and a paltry stipend, mean enough to style such a monster *his master,* wear his livery, and hold himself ready at his command even to cut the throats of fellow subjects. This makes it impossible for me to end my letter with the civility of a compliment, and obliges me to subscribe myself simply,

"John Paul Jones,
"Whom you are pleased to style a *pirate.*"

APOLOGUE

Lion, king of a certain forest, had among his subjects a body of faithful dogs, in principle and affection strongly attached to his person and government, but through whose assistance he had extended his dominions, and had become the terror of his enemies.

Lion, however, influenced by evil counsellors, took an aversion to the dogs, condemned them unheard, and ordered his tigers, leopards, and panthers to attack and destroy them.

The dogs petitioned humbly, but their petitions were rejected haughtily; and they were forced to defend themselves, which they did with bravery.

A few among them, of a mongrel race, derived from a mixture with wolves and foxes, corrupted by royal prom-

ises of great rewards, deserted the honest dogs and joined their enemies.

The dogs were finally victorious: a treaty of peace was made, in which Lion acknowledged them to be free, and disclaimed all future authority over them.

The mongrels not being permitted to return among them, claimed of the royalists the reward that had been promised.

A council of the beasts was held to consider their demand.

The wolves and the foxes agreed unanimously that the demand was just, that royal promises ought to be kept, and that every loyal subject should contribute freely to enable his majesty to fulfil them.

The horse alone, with a boldness and freedom that became the nobleness of his nature, delivered a contrary opinion.

"The King," said he, "has been misled, by bad ministers, to war unjustly upon his faithful subjects. Royal promises, when made to encourage us to act for the public good, should indeed be honourably acquitted; but if to encourage us to betray and destroy each other, they are wicked and void from the beginning. The advisers of such promises, and those who murdered in consequence of them, instead of being recompensed, should be severely punished. Consider how greatly our common strength is already diminished by our loss of the dogs. If you enable the King to reward those fratricides, you will establish a precedent that may justify a future tyrant to make like promises; and every example of such an unnatural brute rewarded will give them additional weight. Horses and bulls, as well as dogs, may thus be divided against their own kind, and civil wars produced at pleasure, till we are so weakened that neither liberty nor safety is any longer to be found in the forest, and nothing remains but abject submission to the will of a despot, who may devour us as he pleases."

The council had sense enough to resolve—that the demand be rejected. [1783?]

TO MRS. SARAH BACHE

Passy, Jan. 26, 1784.

My dear Child,

Your Care in sending me the Newspapers is very agreable to me. I received by Capt. Barney those relating to the *Cincinnati*. My Opinion of the Institution cannot be of much Importance; I only wonder that, when the united Wisdom of our Nation had, in the Articles of Confederation, manifested their Dislike of establishing Ranks of Nobility, by Authority either of the Congress or of any particular State, a Number of private Persons should think proper to distinguish themselves and their Posterity, from their fellow Citizens, and form an Order of *hereditary Knights,* in direct Opposition to the solemnly declared Sense of their Country! I imagine it must be likewise contrary to the Good Sense of most of those drawn into it by the Persuasion of its Projectors, who have been too much struck with the Ribbands and Crosses they have seen among them hanging to the Buttonholes of Foreign Officers. And I suppose those, who disapprove of it, have not hitherto given it much Opposition, from a Principle somewhat like that of your good Mother, relating to punctilious Persons, who are always exacting little Observances of Respect; that, *"if People can be pleased with small Matters, it is a pity but they should have them."*

In this View, perhaps, I should not myself, if my Advice had been ask'd, have objected to their wearing their Ribband and Badge according to their Fancy, tho' I certainly should to the entailing it as an Honour on their Posterity. For Honour, worthily obtain'd (as for Example that of our Officers), is in its Nature a *personal* Thing, and incommunicable to any but those who had some Share in obtaining it. Thus among the Chinese, the most ancient, and from long Experience the wisest of Nations, honour does not *descend*, but *ascends*. If a man from his Learning, his Wisdom, or his Valour, is promoted by the Emperor to the Rank of Mandarin, his Parents are immediately entitled to all the same Ceremonies of Respect from the People, that are establish'd as due to the Man-

darin himself; on the supposition that it must have been owing to the Education, Instruction, and good Example afforded him by his Parents, that he was rendered capable of serving the Publick.

This *ascending* Honour is therefore useful to the State, as it encourages Parents to give their Children a good and virtuous Education. But the *descending Honour,* to Posterity who could have no Share in obtaining it, is not only groundless and absurd, but often hurtful to that Posterity, since it is apt to make them proud, disdaining to be employ'd in useful Arts, and thence falling into Poverty, and all the Meannesses, Servility, and Wretchedness attending it; which is the present case with much of what is called the *Noblesse* in Europe. Or if, to keep up the Dignity of the Family, Estates are entailed entire on the Eldest male heir, another Pest to Industry and Improvement of the Country is introduc'd, which will be followed by all the odious mixture of pride and Beggary, and idleness, that have half depopulated [and *decultivated*] Spain; occasioning continual Extinction of Families by the Discouragements of Marriage [and neglect in the improvement of estates].[1]

I wish, therefore, that the Cincinnati, if they must go on with their Project, would direct the Badges of their Order to be worn by their Parents, instead of handing them down to their Children. It would be a good Precedent, and might have good Effects. It would also be a kind of Obedience to the Fourth Commandment, in which God enjoins us to *honour* our Father and Mother, but has nowhere directed us to honour our Children. And certainly no mode of honouring those immediate Authors of our Being can be more effectual, than that of doing praiseworthy Actions, which reflect Honour on those who gave us our Education; or more becoming, than that of manifesting, by some public Expression or Token, that it is to their Instruction and Example we ascribe the Merit of those Actions.

But the Absurdity of *descending Honours* is not a mere Matter of philosophical Opinion; it is capable of mathematical Demonstration. A Man's Son, for instance, is but half of his Family, the other half belonging to the

[1] Passages in brackets are not found in the draft in the Library of Congress.—A. H. Smyth.

Family of his Wife. His Son, too, marrying into another Family, his Share in the Grandson is but a fourth; in the Great Grandson, by the same Process, it is but an Eighth; in the next Generation a Sixteenth; the next a Thirty-second; the next a Sixty-fourth; the next an Hundred and twenty-eighth; the next a Two hundred and Fifty-sixth; and the next a Five hundred and twelfth; thus in nine Generations, which will not require more than 300 years (no very great Antiquity for a Family), our present Chevalier of the Order of Cincinnatus's Share in the then existing Knight, will be but a 512th part; which, allowing the present certain Fidelity of American Wives to be insur'd down through all those Nine Generations, is so small a Consideration, that methinks no reasonable Man would hazard for the sake of it the disagreeable Consequences of the Jealousy, Envy, and Ill will of his Countrymen.

Let us go back with our Calculation from this young Noble, the 512th part of the present Knight, thro' his nine Generations, till we return to the year of the Institution. He must have had a Father and Mother, they are two. Each of them had a father and Mother, they are four. Those of the next preceding Generation will be eight, the next Sixteen, the next thirty-two, the next sixty-four, the next one hundred and Twenty-eight, the next Two hundred and fifty-six, and the ninth in this Retrocession Five hundred and twelve, who must be now existing, and all contribute their Proportion of this future *Chevalier de Cincinnatus*. These, with the rest, make together as follows:

	2
	4
	8
	16
	32
	64
	128
	256
	512
Total	1022

One Thousand and Twenty-two Men and Women, con-

tributors to the formation of one Knight. And, if we are to have a Thousand of these future knights, there must be now and hereafter existing One million and Twenty-two Thousand Fathers and Mothers, who are to contribute to their Production, unless a Part of the Number are employ'd in making more Knights than One. Let us strike off then the 22,000, on the Supposition of this double Employ, and then consider whether, after a reasonable Estimation of the Number of Rogues, and Fools, and Royalists and Scoundrels and Prostitutes, that are mix'd with, and help to make up necessarily their Million of Predecessors, Posterity will have much reason to boast of the noble Blood of the then existing Set of Chevaliers de Cincinnatus. [The future genealogists, too, of these Chevaliers, in proving the lineal descent of their honour through so many generations (even supposing honour capable in its nature of descending), will only prove the small share of this honour, which can be justly claimed by any one of them; since the above simple process in arithmetic makes it quite plain and clear that, in proportion as the antiquity of the family shall augment, the right to the honour of the ancestor will diminish; and a few generations more would reduce it to something so small as to be very near an absolute nullity.] I hope, therefore, that the Order will drop this part of their project, and content themselves, as the Knights of the Garter, Bath, Thistle, St. Louis, and other Orders of Europe do, with a Life Enjoyment of their little Badge and Ribband, and let the Distinction die with those who have merited it. This I imagine will give no offence. For my own part, I shall think it a Convenience, when I go into a Company where there may be Faces unknown to me, if I discover, by this Badge, the Persons who merit some particular Expression of my Respect; and it will save modest Virtue the Trouble of calling for our Regard, by awkward roundabout Intimations of having been heretofore employ'd in the Continental Service.

The Gentleman, who made the Voyage to France to provide the Ribands and Medals, has executed his Commission. To me they seem tolerably done; but all such Things are criticis'd. Some find Fault with the Latin, as wanting classic Elegance and Correctness; and, since our Nine Universities were not able to furnish better Latin, it

was pity, they say, that the Mottos had not been in English. Others object to the Title, as not properly assumable by any but Gen. Washington, [and a few others] who serv'd without Pay. Others object to the *Bald Eagle* as looking too much like a *Dindon,* or Turkey. For my own part, I wish the Bald Eagle had not been chosen as the Representative of our Country; he is a Bird of bad moral Character; he does not get his living honestly; you may have seen him perch'd on some dead Tree, near the River where, too lazy to fish for himself, he watches the Labour of the Fishing-Hawk; and, when that diligent Bird has at length taken a Fish, and is bearing it to his Nest for the support of his Mate and young ones, the Bald Eagle pursues him, and takes it from him. With all this Injustice he is never in good Case; but, like those among Men who live by Sharping and Robbing, he is generally poor, and often very lousy. Besides, he is a rank Coward; the little *King Bird,* not bigger than a sparrow, attacks him boldly and drives him out of the District. He is therefore by no means a proper emblem for the brave and honest Cincinnati of America, who have driven all the *Kingbirds* from our Country; though exactly fit for that Order of Knights, which the French call *Chevaliers d'Industrie.*

I am, on this account, not displeas'd that the Figure is not known as a Bald Eagle, but looks more like a Turk'y. For in Truth, the Turk'y is in comparison a much more respectable Bird, and withal a true original Native of America. Eagles have been found in all Countries, but the Turk'y was peculiar to ours; the first of the Species seen in Europe being brought to France by the Jesuits from Canada, and serv'd up at the Wedding Table of Charles the Ninth. He is, [though a little vain and silly, it is true, but not the worse emblem for that,] a Bird of Courage, and would not hesitate to attack a Grenadier of the British Guards, who should presume to invade his Farm Yard with a *red* Coat on.

I shall not enter into the Criticisms made upon their Latin. The gallant officers of America may [not have the merit of being] be no great scholars, but they undoubtedly merit much, [as brave soldiers,] from their Country, which should therefore not leave them merely to *Fame* for their *"Virtutis Premium,"* which is one of

their Latin Mottos. Their *"Esto perpetua,"* another, is an excellent Wish, if they meant it for their Country; bad, if intended for their Order. The States should not only restore to them the *Omnia* of their first Motto,[1] which many of them have left and lost, but pay them justly, and reward them generously. They should not be suffered to remain, with [all] their new-created Chivalry, *entirely* in the Situation of the Gentleman in the Story, which their *omnia reliquit* reminds me of. You know every thing makes me recollect some Story. He had built a very fine House, and thereby much impair'd his Fortune. He had a Pride, however, in showing it to his Acquaintance. One of them, after viewing it all, remark'd a Motto over the Door, "ŌIA VANITAS." "What," says he, "is the Meaning of this ŌIA? it is a word I don't understand." "I will tell you," said the Gentleman; "I had a mind to have the Motto cut on a Piece of smooth Marble, but there was not room for it between the Ornaments, to be put in Characters large enough to be read. I therefore made use of a Contraction antiently very common in Latin Manuscripts, by which the *m*'s and *n*'s in Words are omitted, and the Omission noted by a little Dash above, which you may see there; so that the Word is *omnia,* OMNIA VANITAS." "O," says his Friend, "I now comprehend the Meaning of your motto, it relates to your Edifice; and signifies, that, if you have abridged your *Omnia,* you have, nevertheless, left your VANITAS legible at full length." I am, as ever, your affectionate father,

B. FRANKLIN.

AN ECONOMICAL PROJECT

TO THE AUTHORS OF THE JOURNAL OF PARIS

Messieurs,

You often entertain us with accounts of new discoveries. Permit me to communicate to the public, through your paper, one that has lately been made by myself, and which I conceive may be of great utility.

I was the other evening in a grand company, where the new lamp of Messrs. Quinquet and Lange was introduced, and much admired for its splendour; but a general in-

[1] Omnia reliquit servare rempublicam.

quiry was made, whether the oil it consumed was not in proportion to the light it afforded, in which case there would be no saving in the use of it. No one present could satisfy us in that point, which all agreed ought to be known, it being a very desirable thing to lessen, if possible, the expense of lighting our apartments, when every other article of family expense was so much augmented.

I was pleased to see this general concern for economy, for I love economy exceedingly.

I went home, and to bed, three or four hours after midnight, with my head full of the subject. An accidental sudden noise waked me about six in the morning, when I was surprised to find my room filled with light; and I imagined at first, that a number of those lamps had been brought into it; but, rubbing my eyes, I perceived the light came in at the windows. I got up and looked out to see what might be the occasion of it, when I saw the sun just rising above the horizon, from whence he poured his rays plentifully into my chamber, my domestic having negligently omitted, the preceding evening, to close the shutters.

I looked at my watch, which goes very well, and found that it was but six o'clock; and still thinking it something extraordinary that the sun should rise so early, I looked into the almanac, where I found it to be the hour given for his rising on that day. I looked forward, too, and found he was to rise still earlier every day till towards the end of June; and that at no time in the year he retarded his rising so long as till eight o'clock. Your readers, who with me have never seen any signs of sunshine before noon, and seldom regard the astronomical part of the almanac, will be as much astonished as I was, when they hear of his rising so early; and especially when I assure them, *that he gives light as soon as he rises.* I am convinced of this. I am certain of my fact. One cannot be more certain of any fact. I saw it with my own eyes. And, having repeated this observation the three following mornings, I found always precisely the same result.

Yet it so happens, that when I speak of this discovery to others, I can easily perceive by their countenances, though they forbear expressing it in words, that they do not quite believe me. One, indeed, who is a learned natural philosopher, has assured me that I must certainly be

mistaken as to the circumstance of the light coming into my room; for it being well known, as he says, that there could be no light abroad at that hour, it follows that none could enter from without; and that of consequence, my windows being accidentally left open, instead of letting in the light, had only served to let out the darkness; and he used many ingenious arguments to show me how I might, by that means, have been deceived. I owned that he puzzled me a little, but he did not satisfy me; and the subsequent observations I made, as above mentioned, confirmed me in my first opinion.

This event has given rise in my mind to several serious and important reflections. I considered that, if I had not been awakened so early in the morning, I should have slept six hours longer by the light of the sun, and in exchange have lived six hours the following night by candlelight; and, the latter being a much more expensive light than the former, my love of economy induced me to muster up what little arithmetic I was master of, and to make some calculations, which I shall give you, after observing that utility is, in my opinion the test of value in matters of invention, and that a discovery which can be applied to no use, or is not good for something, is good for nothing.

I took for the basis of my calculation the supposition that there are one hundred thousand families in Paris, and that these families consume in the night half a pound of bougies, or candles, per hour. I think this is a moderate allowance, taking one family with another; for though I believe some consume less, I know that many consume a great deal more. Then estimating seven hours per day as a medium quantity between the time of the sun's rising and ours, he rising during the six following months from six to eight hours before noon, and there being seven hours of course per night in which we burn candles, the account will stand thus;—

In the six months between the 20th of March and the 20th of September, there are

Nights	183
Hours of each night in which we burn candles	7
Multiplication gives for the total number of hours	1,281

These 1,281 hours multiplied by 100,000, the number of inhabitants, give . . . 128,100,000

One hundred twenty-eight millions and one hundred thousand hours, spent at Paris by candle-light, which, at half a pound of wax and tallow per hour, gives the weight of 64,050,000

Sixty-four millions and fifty thousand of pounds, which, estimating the whole at the medium price of thirty sols the pound, makes the sum of ninety-six millions and seventy-five thousand livres tournois 96,075,000

An immense sum! that the city of Paris might save every year, by the economy of using sunshine instead of candles.

If it should be said, that people are apt to be obstinately attached to old customs, and that it will be difficult to induce them to rise before noon, consequently my discovery can be of little use; I answer, *Nil desperandum.* I believe all who have common sense, as soon as they have learnt from this paper that it is daylight when the sun rises, will contrive to rise with him; and, to compel the rest, I would propose the following regulations;

First. Let a tax be laid of a louis per window, on every window that is provided with shutters to keep out the light of the sun.

Second. Let the same salutary operation of police be made use of, to prevent our burning candles, that inclined us last winter to be more economical in burning wood; that is, let guards be placed in the shops of the wax and tallow chandlers, and no family be permitted to be supplied with more than one pound of candles per week.

Third. Let guards also be posted to stop all the coaches, &c. that would pass the streets after sun-set, except those of physicians, surgeons, and midwives.

Fourth. Every morning, as soon as the sun rises, let all the bells in every church be set ringing; and if that is not sufficient, let cannon be fired in every street, to wake the sluggards effectually, and make them open their eyes to see their true interest.

All the difficulty will be in the first two or three days; after which the reformation will be as natural and easy as

the present irregularity; for, *ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte.* Oblige a man to rise at four in the morning, and it is more than probable he will go willingly to bed at eight in the evening; and, having had eight hours sleep, he will rise more willingly at four in the morning following. But this sum of ninety-six millions and seventy-five thousand livres is not the whole of what may be saved by my economical project. You may observe, that I have calculated upon only one half of the year, and much may be saved in the other, though the days are shorter. Besides, the immense stock of wax and tallow left unconsumed during the summer, will probably make candles much cheaper for the ensuing winter, and continue them cheaper as long as the proposed reformation shall be supported.

For the great benefit of this discovery, thus freely communicated and bestowed by me on the public, I demand neither place, pension, exclusive privilege, nor any other reward whatever. I expect only to have the honour of it. And yet I know there are little, envious minds, who will, as usual, deny me this, and say, that my invention was known to the ancients, and perhaps they may bring passages out of the old books in proof of it. I will not dispute with these people, that the ancients knew not the sun would rise at certain hours; they possibly had, as we have, almanacs that predicted it; but it does not follow thence, that they knew *he gave light as soon as he rose.* This is what I claim as my discovery. If the ancients knew it, it might have been long since forgotten; for it certainly was unknown to the moderns, at least to the Parisians, which to prove, I need use but one plain simple argument. They are as well instructed, judicious, and prudent a people as exist anywhere in the world, all professing, like myself, to be lovers of economy; and, from the many heavy taxes required from them by the necessities of the state, have surely an abundant reason to be economical. I say it is impossible that so sensible a people, under such circumstances, should have lived so long by the smoky, unwholesome, and enormously expensive light of candles, if they had really known, that they might have had as much pure light of the sun for nothing. I am, &c.

A SUBSCRIBER.

[March, 1784.]

TO SAMUEL MATHER

Passy, May 12, 1784.

Rev^d Sir,

I received your kind letter, with your excellent advice to the people of the United States, which I read with great pleasure, and hope it will be duly regarded. Such writings, though they may be lightly passed over by many readers, yet, if they make a deep impression on one active mind in a hundred, the effects may be considerable. Permit me to mention one little instance, which, though it relates to myself, will not be quite uninteresting to you. When I was a boy, I met with a book, entitled *"Essays to do Good,"* which I think was written by your father. It had been so little regarded by a former possessor, that several leaves of it were torn out; but the remainder gave me such a turn of thinking, as to have an influence on my conduct through life; for I have always set a greater value on the character of a *doer of good,* than on any other kind of reputation; and if I have been, as you seem to think, a useful citizen, the public owes the advantage of it to that book.

You mention your being in your 78^th^ year; I am in my 79^th^; we are grown old together. It is now more than 60 years since I left Boston, but I remember well both your father and grandfather, having heard them both in the pulpit, and seen them in their houses. The last time I saw your father was in the beginning of 1724, when I visited him after my first trip to Pennsylvania. He received me in his library, and on my taking leave showed me a shorter way out of the house through a narrow passage, which was crossed by a beam over head. We were still talking as I withdrew, he accompanying me behind, and I turning partly towards him, when he said hastily, *"Stoop, stoop!"* I did not understand him, till I felt my head hit against the beam. He was a man that never missed any occasion of giving instruction, and upon this he said to me, *"You are young, and have the world before you:* STOOP *as you go through it, and you will miss many hard thumps."* This advice, thus beat into my head, has frequently been of use to me; and I often think

of it, when I see pride mortified, and misfortunes brought upon people by their carrying their heads too high.

I long much to see again my native place, and to lay my bones there. I left it in 1723; I visited it in 1733, 1743, 1753, and 1763. In 1773 I was in England; in 1775 I had a sight of it, but could not enter, it being in possession of the enemy. I did hope to have been there in 1783, but could not obtain my dismission from this employment here; and now I fear I shall never have that happiness. My best wishes however attend my dear country. *Esto perpetua.* It is now blest with an excellent constitution; may it last for ever!

This powerful monarchy continues its friendship for the United States. It is a friendship of the utmost importance to our security, and should be carefully cultivated. Britain has not yet well digested the loss of its dominion over us, and has still at times some flattering hopes of recovering it. Accidents may increase those hopes, and encourage dangerous attempts. A breach between us and France would infallibly bring the English again upon our backs; and yet we have some wild heads among our countrymen, who are endeavouring to weaken that connexion! Let us preserve our reputation by performing our engagements; our credit by fulfilling our contracts; and friends by gratitude and kindness; for we know not how soon we may again have occasion for all of them. With great and sincere esteem, I have the honour to be, &c.

B. FRANKLIN.

TO MASON WEEMS AND EDWARD GANT

Passy, July 18, 1784.

Gentlemen,

On receipt of your Letter, acquainting me that the Archbishop [of Canterbury] would not permit you to be ordain'd, unless you took the Oath of Allegiance, I apply'd to a Clergyman of my Acquaintance for Information on the Subject of your obtaining Ordination here. His Opinion was, that it could not be done; and that, if it were done, you would be requir'd to vow Obedience to the Archbishop of Paris. I next inquired of the Pope's Nuncio, whether you might not be ordain'd by their Bishop

in America, Powers being sent him for that purpose, if he has them not already. The answer was, "The Thing is impossible, unless the Gentlemen become Catholics."

This is an Affair of which I know very little, and therefore I may ask Questions and propose means that are improper or impracticable. But what is the necessity of your being connected with the Church of England? Would it not be as well, if you were of the Church of Ireland? The Religion is the same, tho' there is a different set of Bishops and Archbishops. Perhaps if you were to apply to the Bishop of Derry, who is a man of liberal Sentiments, he might give you Orders as of that Church. If both Britain and Ireland refuse you, (and I am not sure that the Bishops of Denmark or Sweden would ordain you, unless you become Lutherans,) what is to be done? Next to becoming Presbyterians, the Episcopalian clergy of America, in my humble Opinion, cannot do better than to follow the Example of the first Clergy of Scotland, soon after the Conversion of that Country to Christianity, who when their King had built the Cathedral of St. Andrew's, and requested the King of Northumberland to lend his Bishops to ordain one for them, that their Clergy might not as heretofore be obliged to go to Northumberland for Orders, and their Request was refused; they assembled in the Cathedral; and, the Mitre, Crosier, and Robes of a Bishop being laid upon the Altar, they, after earnest Prayers for Direction in their Choice, elected one of their own Number; when the King said to him, *"Arise, go to the Altar, and receive your Office at the Hand of God."* His brethren led him to the Altar, robed him, put the Crozier in his Hand, and the Mitre on his Head, and he became the first Bishop of Scotland.

If the British Isles were sunk in the Sea (and the Surface of this Globe has suffered greater Changes), you would probably take some such Method as this; and, if they persist in denying you Ordination, 'tis the same thing. An hundred years hence, when People are more enlightened, it will be wondered at, that Men in America, qualified by their Learning and Piety to pray for and instruct their Neighbors, should not be permitted to do it till they had made a Voyage of six thousand Miles out and home, to ask leave of a cross old Gentleman at Canterbury; who seems, by your Account, to have as little Regard

for the Souls of the People of Maryland, as King William's Attorney-General, Seymour, had for those of Virginia. The Reverend Commissary Blair, who projected the College of that Province, and was in England to solicit Benefactions and a Charter, relates, that the Queen, in the King's Absence, having ordered Seymour to draw up the Charter, which was to be given, with $2000 in Money, he oppos'd the Grant; saying that the Nation was engag'd in an expensive War, that the Money was wanted for better purposes, and he did not see the least Occasion for a College in Virginia. Blair represented to him, that its Intention was to educate and qualify young Men to be Ministers of the Gospel, much wanted there; and begged Mr. Attorney would consider, that the People of Virginia had souls to be saved, as well as the People of England. *"Souls!"* says he, *"damn your souls. Make Tobacco!"* I have the honour to be, Gentlemen, &c.

B. FRANKLIN.

REMARKS CONCERNING THE SAVAGES OF NORTH AMERICA

Savages we call them, because their Manners differ from ours, which we think the Perfection of Civility; they think the same of theirs.

Perhaps, if we could examine the Manners of different Nations with Impartiality, we should find no People so rude, as to be without any Rules of Politeness; nor any so polite, as not to have some Remains of Rudeness.

The Indian Men, when young, are Hunters and Warriors; when old, Counsellors; for all their Government is by Counsel of the Sages; there is no Force, there are no Prisons, no Officers to compel Obedience, or inflict Punishment. Hence they generally study Oratory, the best Speaker having the most Influence. The Indian Women till the Ground, dress the Food, nurse and bring up the Children, and preserve and hand down to Posterity the Memory of public Transactions. These Employments of Men and Women are accounted natural and honourable. Having few artificial Wants, they have abundance of Leisure for Improvement by Conversation. Our laborious Manner of Life, compared with theirs, they esteem slavish and base; and the Learning, on which we value ourselves,

they regard as frivolous and useless. An Instance of this occurred at the Treaty of Lancaster, in Pennsylvania, *anno* 1744, between the Government of Virginia and the Six Nations. After the principal Business was settled, the Commissioners from Virginia acquainted the Indians by a Speech, that there was at Williamsburg a College, with a Fund for Educating Indian youth; and that, if the Six Nations would send down half a dozen of their young Lads to that College, the Government would take care that they should be well provided for, and instructed in all the Learning of the White People. It is one of the Indian Rules of Politeness not to answer a public Proposition the same day that it is made; they think it would be treating it as a light matter, and that they show it Respect by taking time to consider it, as of a Matter important. They therefore deferr'd their Answer till the Day following; when their Speaker began, by expressing their deep Sense of the kindness of the Virginia Government, in making them that Offer; "for we know," says he, "that you highly esteem the kind of Learning taught in those Colleges, and that the Maintenance of our young Men, while with you, would be very expensive to you. We are convinc'd, therefore, that you mean to do us Good by your Proposal; and we thank you heartily. But you, who are wise, must know that different Nations have different Conceptions of things; and you will therefore not take it amiss, if our Ideas of this kind of Education happen not to be the same with yours. We have had some Experience of it; Several of our young People were formerly brought up at the Colleges of the Northern Provinces; they were instructed in all your Sciences; but, when they came back to us, they were bad Runners, ignorant of every means of living in the Woods, unable to bear either Cold or Hunger, knew neither how to build a Cabin, take a Deer, or kill an Enemy, spoke our Language imperfectly, were therefore neither fit for Hunters, Warriors, nor Counsellors; they were totally good for nothing. We are, however not the less oblig'd by your kind Offer, tho' we decline accepting it; and, to show our grateful Sense of it, if the Gentlemen of Virginia will send us a Dozen of their Sons, we will take great Care of their Education, instruct them in all we know, and make *Men* of them."

Having frequent Occasions to hold public Councils,

they have acquired great Order and Decency in conducting them. The old Men sit in the foremost Ranks, the Warriors in the next, and the Women and Children in the hindmost. The Business of the Women is to take exact Notice of what passes, imprint it in their Memories (for they have no Writing), and communicate it to their Children. They are the Records of the Council, and they preserve Traditions of the Stipulations in Treaties 100 Years back; which, when we compare with our Writings, we always find exact. He that would speak, rises. The rest observe a profound Silence. When he has finish'd and sits down, they leave him 5 or 6 Minutes to recollect, that, if he has omitted anything he intended to say, or has any thing to add, he may rise again and deliver it. To interrupt another, even in common Conversation, is reckon'd highly indecent. How different this is from the conduct of a polite British House of Commons, where scarce a day passes without some Confusion, that makes the Speaker hoarse in calling *to Order;* and how different from the Mode of Conversation in many polite Companies of Europe, where, if you do not deliver your Sentence with great Rapidity, you are cut off in the middle of it by the Impatient Loquacity of those you converse with, and never suffer'd to finish it!

The Politeness of these Savages in Conversation is indeed carried to Excess, since it does not permit them to contradict or deny the Truth of what is asserted in their Presence. By this means they indeed avoid Disputes; but then it becomes difficult to know their Minds, or what Impression you make upon them. The Missionaries who have attempted to convert them to Christianity, all complain of this as one of the great Difficulties of their Mission. The Indians hear with Patience the Truths of the Gospel explain'd to them, and give their usual Tokens of Assent and Approbation; you would think they were convinc'd. No such matter. It is mere Civility.

A Swedish Minister, having assembled the chiefs of the Susquehanah Indians, made a Sermon to them, acquainting them with the principal historical Facts on which our Religion is founded; such as the Fall of our first Parents by eating an Apple, the coming of Christ to repair the Mischief, his Miracles and Suffering, &c. When he had finished, an Indian Orator stood up to thank him. "What

you have told us," says he, "is all very good. It is indeed bad to eat Apples. It is better to make them all into Cyder. We are much oblig'd by your kindness in coming so far, to tell us these Things which you have heard from your Mothers. In return, I will tell you some of those we have heard from ours. In the Beginning, our Fathers had only the Flesh of Animals to subsist on; and if their Hunting was unsuccessful, they were starving. Two of our young Hunters, having kill'd a Deer, made a Fire in the Woods to broil some Part of it. When they were about to satisfy their Hunger, they beheld a beautiful young Woman descend from the Clouds, and seat herself on that Hill, which you see yonder among the Blue Mountains. They said to each other, it is a Spirit that has smelt our broiling Venison, and wishes to eat of it; let us offer some to her. They presented her with the Tongue; she was pleas'd with the Taste of it, and said, 'Your kindness shall be rewarded; come to this Place after thirteen Moons, and you shall find something that will be of great Benefit in nourishing you and your Children to the latest Generation.' They did so, and to their Surprise, found Plants they had never seen before; but which, from that ancient time, have been constantly cultivated among us, to our great Advantage. Where her right Hand had touched the Ground, they found Maize; where her left hand had touch'd it, they found Kidney-Beans; and where her Backside had sat on it, they found Tobacco." The good Missionary, disgusted with this idle Tale, said, "What I delivered to you were sacred Truths; but what you tell me is mere Fable, Fiction, and Falsehood." The Indian, offended, reply'd, "My brother, it seems your Friends have not done you Justice in your Education; they have not well instructed you in the Rules of Common Civility. You saw that we, who understand and practise those Rules, believ'd all your stories; why do you refuse to believe ours?"

When any of them come into our Towns, our People are apt to crowd round them, gaze upon them, and incommode them, where they desire to be private; this they esteem great Rudeness and the Effect of the Want of Instruction in the Rules of Civility and good Manners. "We have," say they, "as much Curiosity as you, and when you come into our Towns, we wish for Opportunities of looking at

you; but for this purpose we hide ourselves behind Bushes, where you are to pass, and never intrude ourselves into your Company."

Their Manner of entring one another's village has likewise its Rules. It is reckon'd uncivil in travelling Strangers to enter a Village abruptly, without giving Notice of their Approach. Therefore, as soon as they arrive within hearing, they stop and hollow, remaining there till invited to enter. Two old Men usually come out to them, and lead them in. There is in every Village a vacant Dwelling, called *the Strangers' House.* Here they are plac'd, while the old Men go round from Hut to Hut, acquainting the Inhabitants, that Strangers are arriv'd, who are probably hungry and weary; and every one sends them what he can spare of Victuals, and Skins to repose on. When the Strangers are refresh'd, Pipes and Tobacco are brought; and then, but not before, Conversation begins, with Enquiries who they are, whither bound, what News, &c.; and it usually ends with offers of Service, if the Strangers have occasion of Guides, or any Necessaries for continuing their Journey; and nothing is exacted for the Entertainment.

The same Hospitality, esteem'd among them as a principal Virtue, is practis'd by private Persons; of which Conrad Weiser, our Interpreter, gave me the following Instance. He had been naturaliz'd among the Six Nations, and spoke well the Mohock Language. In going thro' the Indian Country, to carry a Message from our Governor to the Council at Onondaga, he call'd at the Habitation of Canassatego, an old Acquaintance, who embrac'd him, spread Furs for him to sit on, plac'd before him some boil'd Beans and Venison, and mix'd some Rum and Water for his Drink. When he was well refresh'd, and had lit his Pipe, Canassatego began to converse with him; ask'd how he had far'd the many Years since they had seen each other; whence he then came; what occasion'd the Journey, &c. Conrad answered all his Questions; and when the Discourse began to flag, the Indian, to continue it, said, "Conrad, you have lived long among the white People, and know something of their Customs; I have been sometimes at Albany, and have observed, that once in Seven Days they shut up their Shops, and assemble all in the great House; tell me what it is for?

What do they do there?" "They meet there," says Conrad, "to hear and learn *good Things.*" "I do not doubt," says the Indian, "that they tell you so; they have told me the same; but I doubt the Truth of what they say, and I will tell you my Reasons. I went lately to Albany to sell my Skins and buy Blankets, Knives, Powder, Rum, &c. You know I us'd generally to deal with Hans Hanson; but I was a little inclin'd this time to try some other Merchant. However, I call'd first upon Hans, and asked him what he would give for Beaver. He said he could not give any more than four Shillings a Pound; 'but,' says he, 'I cannot talk on Business now; this is the Day when we meet together to learn *Good Things,* and I am going to the Meeting.' So I thought to myself, 'Since we cannot do any Business to-day, I may as well go to the meeting, too,' and I went with him. There stood up a Man in Black, and began to talk to the People very angrily. I did not understand what he said; but, perceiving that he look'd much at me and at Hanson, I imagin'd he was angry at seeing me there; so I went out, sat down near the House, struck Fire, and lit my Pipe, waiting till the Meeting should break up. I thought too, that the Man had mention'd something of Beaver, and I suspected it might be the Subject of their Meeting. So, when they came out, I accosted my Merchant. 'Well, Hans,' says I, 'I hope you have agreed to give more than four Shillings a Pound.' 'No,' says he, 'I cannot give so much; I cannot give more than three shillings and sixpence.' I then spoke to several other Dealers, but they all sung the same song,—Three and sixpence,—Three and sixpence. This made it clear to me, that my Suspicion was right; and, that whatever they pretended of meeting to learn *good Things,* the real purpose was to consult how to cheat Indians in the Price of Beaver. Consider but a little, Conrad, and you must be of my Opinion. If they met so often to learn *good Things,* they would certainly have learnt some before this time. But they are still ignorant. You know our Practice. If a white Man, in travelling thro' our Country, enters one of our Cabins, we all treat him as I treat you; we dry him if he is wet, we warm him if he is cold, we give him Meat and Drink, that he may allay his Thirst and Hunger; and we spread soft Furs for him to rest and sleep on; we demand nothing in return. But, if I go into a

white Man's House at Albany, and ask for Victuals and Drink, they say, 'Where is your Money?' and if I have none, they say, 'Get out, you Indian Dog.' You see they have not yet learned those little *Good Things,* that we need no Meetings to be instructed in, because our Mothers taught them to us when we were Children; and therefore it is impossible their Meetings should be, as they say, for any such purpose, or have any such Effect; they are only to contrive *the Cheating of Indians in the Price of Beaver."*

NOTE.—It is remarkable that in all Ages and Countries Hospitality has been allow'd as the Virtue of those whom the civiliz'd were pleas'd to call Barbarians. The Greeks celebrated the Scythians for it. The Saracens possess'd it eminently, and it is to this day the reigning Virtue of the wild Arabs. St. Paul, too, in the Relation of his Voyage and Shipwreck on the Island of Melita says the Barbarous People shewed us no little kindness; for they kindled a fire, and received us every one, because of the present Rain, and because of the Cold. [1784?]

A PETITION OF THE LEFT HAND,

TO THOSE WHO HAVE THE SUPERINTENDENCY OF EDUCATION

I address myself to all the friends of youth, and conjure them to direct their compassionate regards to my unhappy fate, in order to remove the prejudices of which I am the victim. There are twin sisters of us; and the two eyes of man do not more resemble, nor are capable of being upon better terms with each other, than my sister and myself, were it not for the partiality of our parents, who make the most injurious distinctions between us. From my infancy, I have been led to consider my sister as a being of a more elevated rank. I was suffered to grow up without the least instruction, while nothing was spared in her education. She had masters to teach her writing, drawing, music, and other accomplishments; but if by chance I touched a pencil, a pen, or a needle, I was bitterly rebuked; and more than once I have been beaten for being awkward, and wanting a graceful manner. It is true, my sister associated me with her upon some occasions; but she always made a point of taking the lead, calling upon me only from necessity, or to figure by her side.

But conceive not, Sirs, that my complaints are insti-

gated merely by vanity. No; my uneasiness is occasioned by an object much more serious. It is the practice in our family, that the whole business of providing for its subsistence falls upon my sister and myself. If any indisposition should attack my sister,—and I mention it in confidence upon this occasion, that she is subject to the gout, the rheumatism, and cramp, without making mention of other accidents,—what would be the fate of our poor family? Must not the regret of our parents be excessive, at having placed so great a difference between sisters who are so perfectly equal? Alas! we must perish from distress; for it would not be in my power even to scrawl a suppliant petition for relief, having been obliged to employ the hand of another in transcribing the request which I have now the honour to prefer to you.

Condescend, Sirs, to make my parents sensible of the injustice of an exclusive tenderness, and of the necessity of distributing their care and affection among all their children equally. I am, with a profound respect, Sirs, your obedient servant,

THE LEFT HAND.
[?]

THE ART OF PROCURING PLEASANT DREAMS

INSCRIBED TO MISS [SHIPLEY], BEING WRITTEN AT HER REQUEST

As a great part of our life is spent in sleep during which we have sometimes pleasant and sometimes painful dreams, it becomes of some consequence to obtain the one kind and avoid the other; for whether real or imaginary, pain is pain and pleasure is pleasure. If we can sleep without dreaming, it is well that painful dreams are avoided. If while we sleep we can have any pleasing dream, it is, as the French say, *autant de gagné*, so much added to the pleasure of life.

To this end it is, in the first place, necessary to be careful in preserving health, by due exercise and great temperance; for, in sickness, the imagination is disturbed, and disagreeable, sometimes terrible, ideas are apt to present themselves. Exercise should precede meals, not immediately follow them; the first promotes, the latter, unless moderate, obstructs digestion. If, after exercise, we feed

sparingly, the digestion will be easy and good, the body lightsome, the temper cheerful, and all the animal functions performed agreeably. Sleep, when it follows, will be natural and undisturbed; while indolence, with full feeding, occasions nightmares and horrors inexpressible; we fall from precipices, are assaulted by wild beasts, murderers, and demons, and experience every variety of distress. Observe, however, that the quantities of food and exercise are relative things; those who move much may, and indeed ought to eat more; those who use little exercise should eat little. In general, mankind, since the improvement of cookery, eat about twice as much as nature requires. Suppers are not bad, if we have not dined; but restless nights naturally follow hearty suppers after full dinners. Indeed, as there is a difference in constitutions, some rest well after these meals; it costs them only a frightful dream and an apoplexy, after which they sleep till doomsday. Nothing is more common in the newspapers, than instances of people who, after eating a hearty supper, are found dead abed in the morning.

Another means of preserving health, to be attended to, is the having a constant supply of fresh air in your bedchamber. It has been a great mistake, the sleeping in rooms exactly closed, and in beds surrounded by curtains. No outward air that may come in to you is so unwholesome as the unchanged air, often breathed, of a close chamber. As boiling water does not grow hotter by longer boiling, if the particles that receive greater heat can escape; so living bodies do not putrefy, if the particles, so fast as they become putrid, can be thrown off. Nature expels them by the pores of the skin and the lungs, and in a free, open air they are carried off; but in a close room we receive them again and again, though they become more and more corrupt. A number of persons crowded into a small room thus spoil the air in a few minutes, and even render it mortal, as in the Black Hole at Calcutta. A single person is said to spoil only a gallon of air per minute, and therefore requires a longer time to spoil a chamber-full; but it is done, however, in proportion, and many putrid disorders hence have their origin. It is recorded of Methusalem, who, being the longest liver, may be supposed to have best preserved his health, that he slept always in the open air; for, when he had lived five

hundred years, an angel said to him: "Arise, Methusalem, and build thee an house, for thou shalt live yet five hundred years longer." But Methusalem answered, and said, "If I am to live but five hundred years longer, it is not worth while to build me an house; I will sleep in the air, as I have been used to do." Physicians, after having for ages contended that the sick should not be indulged with fresh air, have at length discovered that it may do them good. It is therefore to be hoped, that they may in time discover likewise, that it is not hurtful to those who are in health, and that we may be then cured of the *aërophobia,* that at present distresses weak minds, and makes them choose to be stifled and poisoned, rather than leave open the window of a bed-chamber, or put down the glass of a coach.

Confined air, when saturated with perspirable matter, will not receive more; and that matter must remain in our bodies, and occasion diseases; but it gives some previous notice of its being about to be hurtful, by producing certain uneasiness, slight indeed at first, which as with regard to the lungs is a trifling sensation, and to the pores of the skin a kind of restlessness, which is difficult to describe, and few that feel it know the cause of it. But we may recollect, that sometimes on waking in the night, we have, if warmly covered, found it difficult to get asleep again. We turn often without finding repose in any position. This fidgettiness (to use a vulgar expression for want of a better) is occasioned wholly by an uneasiness in the skin, owing to the retention of the perspirable matter —the bed-clothes having received their quantity, and, being saturated, refusing to take any more. To become sensible of this by an experiment, let a person keep his position in the bed, but throw off the bedclothes, and suffer fresh air to approach the part uncovered of his body; he will then feel that part suddenly refreshed; for the air will immediately relieve the skin, by receiving, licking up, and carrying off, the load of perspirable matter that incommoded it. For every portion of cool air that approaches the warm skin, in receiving its part of that vapour, receives therewith a degree of heat that rarefies and renders it lighter, when it will be pushed away with its burthen, by cooler and therefore heavier fresh air, which for a moment supplies its place, and then, being

likewise changed and warmed, gives way to a succeeding quantity. This is the order of nature, to prevent animals being infected by their own perspiration. He will now be sensible of the difference between the part exposed to the air and that which, remaining sunk in the bed, denies the air access; for this part now manifests its uneasiness more distinctly by the comparison, and the seat of the uneasiness is more plainly perceived than when the whole surface of the body was affected by it.

Here, then, is one great and general cause of unpleasing dreams. For when the body is uneasy, the mind will be disturbed by it, and disagreeable ideas of various kinds will in sleep be the natural consequences. The remedies, preventive and curative, follow:

1. By eating moderately (as before advised for health's sake) less perspirable matter is produced in a given time; hence the bed-clothes receive it longer before they are saturated, and we may therefore sleep longer before we are made uneasy by their refusing to receive any more.

2. By using thinner and more porous bed-clothes, which will suffer the perspirable matter more easily to pass through them, we are less incommoded, such being longer tolerable.

3. When you are awakened by this uneasiness, and find you cannot easily sleep again, get out of bed, beat up and turn your pillow, shake the bed-clothes well, with at least twenty shakes, then throw the bed open and leave it to cool; in the meanwhile, continuing undrest, walk about your chamber till your skin has had time to discharge its load, which it will do sooner as the air may be dried and colder. When you begin to feel the cold air unpleasant, then return to your bed, and you will soon fall asleep, and your sleep will be sweet and pleasant. All the scenes presented to your fancy will be too of the pleasing kind. I am often as agreeably entertained with them, as by the scenery of an opera. If you happen to be too indolent to get out of bed, you may, instead of it, lift up your bed-clothes with one arm and leg, so as to draw in a good deal of fresh air, and by letting them fall force it out again. This, repeated twenty times, will so clear them of the perspirable matter they have imbibed, as to permit your sleeping well for some time afterwards. But this latter method is not equal to the former.

Those who do not love trouble, and can afford to have two beds, will find great luxury in rising, when they wake in a hot bed, and going into the cool one. Such shifting of beds would also be of great service to persons ill of a fever, as it refreshes and frequently procures sleep. A very large bed, that will admit a removal so distant from the first situation as to be cool and sweet, may in a degree answer the same end.

One or two observations more will conclude this little piece. Care must be taken, when you lie down, to dispose your pillow so as to suit your manner of placing your head, and to be perfectly easy; then place your limbs so as not to bear inconveniently hard upon one another, as, for instance, the joints of your ankles; for, though a bad position may at first give but little pain and be hardly noticed, yet a continuance will render it less tolerable, and the uneasiness may come on while you are asleep, and disturb your imagination. These are the rules of the art. But, though they will generally prove effectual in producing the end intended, there is a case in which the most punctual observance of them will be totally fruitless. I need not mention the case to you, my dear friend, but my account of the art would be imperfect without it. The case is, when the person who desires to have pleasant dreams has not taken care to preserve, what is necessary above all things,

A Good Conscience.

[1786.]

MOTION FOR PRAYERS IN THE CONVENTION

Mr. President,

The small Progress we have made, after 4 or 5 Weeks' close Attendance and continual Reasonings with each other, our different Sentiments on almost every Question, several of the last producing as many *Noes* as *Ayes,* is, methinks, a melancholy Proof of the Imperfection of the Human Understanding. We indeed seem to *feel* our own want of political Wisdom, since we have been running all about in Search of it. We have gone back to ancient History for Models of Government, and examin'd the different Forms of those Republics, which, having been originally form'd with the Seeds of their own Dissolution, now no longer exist; and we have view'd modern States all

round Europe, but find none of their Constitutions suitable to our Circumstances.

In this Situation of this Assembly, groping, as it were, in the dark to find Political Truth, and scarce able to distinguish it when presented to us, how has it happened, Sir, that we have not hitherto once thought of humbly applying to the Father of Lights to illuminate our Understandings? In the Beginning of the Contest with Britain, when we were sensible of Danger, we had daily Prayers in this Room for the Divine Protection. Our Prayers, Sir, were heard;—and they were graciously answered. All of us, who were engag'd in the Struggle, must have observed frequent Instances of a superintending Providence in our Favour. To that kind Providence we owe this happy Opportunity of Consulting in Peace on the Means of establishing our future national Felicity. And have we now forgotten that powerful Friend? or do we imagine we no longer need its assistance? I have lived, Sir, a long time; and the longer I live, the more convincing proofs I see of this Truth, *that* God *governs in the Affairs of Men.* And if a Sparrow cannot fall to the Ground without His Notice, is it probable that an Empire can rise without his Aid? We have been assured, Sir, in the Sacred Writings, that "except the Lord build the House, they labour in vain that build it." I firmly believe this; and I also believe, that, without his concurring Aid, we shall succeed in this political Building no better than the Builders of Babel; we shall be divided by our little, partial, local Interests, our Projects will be confounded, and we ourselves shall become a Reproach and a Bye-word down to future Ages. And, what is worse, Mankind may hereafter, from this unfortunate Instance, despair of establishing Government by human Wisdom, and leave it to Chance, War, and Conquest.

I therefore beg leave to move,

That henceforth Prayers, imploring the Assistance of Heaven and its Blessings on our Deliberations, be held in this Assembly every morning before we proceed to Business; and that one or more of the Clergy of this city be requested to officiate in that Service.[1]

[28 June, 1787.]

[1] *Note by Franklin.*—The convention, except three or four persons, thought prayers unnecessary!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE FEDERAL GAZETTE

A COMPARISON OF THE CONDUCT OF THE ANCIENT JEWS AND OF THE ANTI-FEDERALISTS IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

A zealous Advocate for the propos'd Federal Constitution, in a certain public Assembly, said, that "the Repugnance of a great part of Mankind to good Government was such, that he believed, that, if an angel from Heaven was to bring down a Constitution form'd there for our Use, it would nevertheless meet with violent Opposition." He was reprov'd for the suppos'd Extravagance of the Sentiment; and he did not justify it. Probably it might not have immediately occur'd to him, that the Experiment had been try'd, and that the Event was recorded in the most faithful of all Histories, the Holy Bible; otherwise he might, as it seems to me, have supported his Opinion by that unexceptionable Authority.

The Supreme Being had been pleased to nourish up a single Family, by continued Acts of his attentive Providence, till it became a great People; and, having rescued them from Bondage by many Miracles, performed by his Servant Moses, he personally deliver'd to that chosen Servant, in the presence of the whole Nation, a Constitution and Code of Laws for their Observance; accompanied and sanction'd with Promises of great Rewards and Threats of severe Punishments, as the Consequence of their Obedience or Disobedience.

This Constitution, tho' the Deity himself was to be at its Head (and it is therefore call'd by Political Writers a *Theocracy*), could not be carried into Execution but by the Means of his Ministers; Aaron and his Sons were therefore commission'd to be, with Moses, the first establish'd Ministry of the new Government.

One would have thought, that this Appointment of Men, who had distinguish'd themselves in procuring the Liberty of their Nation, and had hazarded their Lives in openly opposing the Will of a powerful Monarch, who would have retain'd that Nation in Slavery, might have been an Appointment acceptable to a grateful People; and that a Constitution fram'd for them by the Deity

himself might, on that Account, have been secure of a universal welcome Reception. Yet there were in every one of the *thirteen Tribes* some discontented, restless Spirits, who were continually exciting them to reject the propos'd new Government, and this from various Motives.

Many still retained an Affection for Egypt, the Land of their Nativity; and these, whenever they felt any Inconvenience or Hardship, tho' the natural and unavoidable Effect of their Change of Situation, exclaim'd against their Leaders as the Authors of their Trouble; and were not only for returning into Egypt, but for stoning their deliverers.[1] Those inclin'd to idolatry were displeas'd that their *Golden Calf* was destroy'd. Many of the Chiefs thought the new Constitution might be injurious to their particular Interests, that the *profitable Places* would be *engrossed by the Families and Friends of Moses and Aaron,* and others equally well-born excluded.[2] In Josephus and the Talmud, we learn some Particulars, not so fully narrated in the Scripture. We are there told, "That Corah was ambitious of the Priesthood, and offended that it was conferred on Aaron; and this, as he said, by the Authority of Moses only, *without the Consent of the People.* He accus'd Moses of having, by various Artifices, fraudulently obtain'd the Government, and depriv'd the People of their Liberties; and of *conspiring* with Aaron to perpetuate the Tyranny in their Family. Thus, tho' Corah's real Motive was the Supplanting of Aaron, he persuaded the People that he meant only the *Public Good;* and they, moved by his Insinuations, began to cry out, 'Let us maintain the Common Liberty of our *respective Tribes;* we have freed ourselves from the Slavery impos'd on us by the Egyptians, and shall we now suffer ourselves to be made Slaves by Moses? If we must have a Master, it were better to return to Pharaoh, who at least fed us with Bread and Onions, than to serve this new Tyrant, who by his Operations has brought us into Danger of Famine.' Then they called in question the *Reality of his Conference* with God; and objected the *Privacy of the*

[1] Numbers, ch. xiv.

[2] Numbers, ch. xiv, verse 3. "And they gathered themselves together against Moses and Aaron, and said unto them, 'Ye take too much upon you, seeing all the congregation are holy, *every one of them;* wherefore, then, lift ye up yourselves above the congregation?'"

Meetings, and the *preventing any of the People from being present* at the Colloquies, or even approaching the Place, as Grounds of great Suspicion. They accused Moses also of *Peculation;* as embezzling part of the Golden Spoons and the Silver Chargers, that the Princes had offer'd at the Dedication of the Altar,[1] and the Offerings of Gold by the common People,[2] as well as most of the Poll-Tax;[3] and Aaron they accus'd of pocketing much of the Gold of which he pretended to have made a molten Calf. Besides *Peculation,* they charg'd Moses with *Ambition;* to gratify which Passion he had, they said, deceiv'd the People, by promising to bring them *to* a land flowing with Milk and Honey; instead of doing which, he had brought them *from* such a Land; and that he thought light of all this mischief, provided he could make himself an *absolute Prince.*[4] That, to support the new Dignity with Splendor in his Family, the partial Poll-Tax already levied and given to Aaron[5] was to be follow'd by a general one,[6] which would probably be augmented from time to time, if he were suffered to go on promulgating new Laws, on pretence of new occasional Revelations of the divine Will, till their whole Fortunes were devour'd by that Aristocracy."

Moses deny'd the Charge of Peculation; and his Accusers were destitute of Proofs to support it; tho' *Facts,* if real, are in their Nature capable of Proof. "I have not," said he (with holy Confidence in the Presence of his God), "I have not taken from this People the value of an Ass, nor done them any other Injury." But his Enemies had made the Charge, and with some Success among the Populace; for no kind of Accusation is so readily made, or easily believ'd, by Knaves as the Accusation of Knavery.

In fine, no less than two hundred and fifty of the principal Men, "famous in the Congregation, Men of Renown,"[7] heading and exciting the Mob, worked them up to such a pitch of Frenzy, that they called out, "Stone

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[1] Numbers, ch. vii.
[2] Exodus, ch. xxxv, verse 22.
[3] Numbers, ch. iii, and Exodus, ch. xxx.
[4] Numbers, ch. xvi, verse 13. "Is it a small thing that thou hast brought us up out of a land that floweth with milk and honey, to kill us in the wilderness, except thou make thyself altogether a prince over us?"
[5] Numbers, ch. iii. [6] Exodus, ch. xxx. [7] Numbers, ch. xvi.

'em, stone 'em, and thereby *secure our Liberties;* and let us chuse other Captains, that may lead us back into Egypt, in case we do not succeed in reducing the Canaanites!"

On the whole, it appears, that the Israelites were a People jealous of their newly-acquired Liberty, which Jealousy was in itself no Fault; but, when they suffer'd it to be work'd upon by artful Men, pretending Public Good, with nothing really in view but private Interest, they were led to oppose the Establishment of the *New Constitution,* whereby they brought upon themselves much Inconvenience and Misfortune. It appears, further, from the same inestimable History, that, when after many Ages that Constitution was become old and much abus'd, and an Amendment of it was propos'd, the populace, as they had accus'd Moses of the Ambition of making himself a *Prince,* and cried out, "Stone him, stone him;" so, excited by their High Priests and SCRIBES, they exclaim'd against the Messiah, that he aim'd at becoming King of the Jews, and cry'd out, *"Crucify him, Crucify him."* From all which we may gather, that popular Opposition to a public Measure is no Proof of its Impropriety, even tho' the Opposition be excited and headed by Men of Distinction.

To conclude, I beg I may not be understood to infer, that our General Convention was divinely inspired, when it form'd the new federal Constitution, merely because that Constitution has been unreasonably and vehemently opposed; yet I must own I have so much Faith in the general Government of the world by *Providence,* that I can hardly conceive a Transaction of such momentous Importance to the Welfare of Millions now existing, and to exist in the Posterity of a great Nation, should be suffered to pass without being in some degree influenc'd, guided, and governed by that omnipotent, omnipresent, and beneficent Ruler, in whom all inferior Spirits live, and move, and have their Being. B. F.

[1788.]

AN ACCOUNT OF THE SUPREMEST COURT OF JUDICATURE IN PENNSYLVANIA, VIZ. THE COURT OF THE PRESS

Power of this Court

It may receive and promulgate accusations of all kinds, against all persons and characters among the citizens of the State, and even against all inferior courts; and may judge, sentence, and condemn to infamy, not only private individuals, but public bodies, &c., with or without inquiry or hearing, *at the court's discretion.*

In whose Favour and for whose Emolument this Court is established

In favour of about one citizen in five hundred, who, by education or practice in scribbling, has acquired a tolerable style as to grammar and construction, so as to bear printing; or who is possessed of a press and a few types. This five hundredth part of the citizens have the privilege of accusing and abusing the other four hundred and ninety-nine parts at their pleasure; or they may hire out their pens and press to others for that purpose.

Practice of the Court

It is not governed by any of the rules of common courts of law. The accused is allowed no grand jury to judge of the truth of the accusation before it is publicly made, nor is the Name of the Accuser made known to him, nor has he an Opportunity of confronting the Witnesses against him; for they are kept in the dark, as in the Spanish Court of Inquisition. Nor is there any petty Jury of his Peers, sworn to try the Truth of the Charges. The Proceedings are also sometimes so rapid, that an honest, good Citizen may find himself suddenly and unexpectedly accus'd, and in the same Morning judg'd and condemn'd, and sentence pronounc'd against him, that he is a *Rogue* and a *Villain.* Yet, if an officer of this court receives the slightest check for misconduct in this his office, he claims immediately the rights of a free citizen

by the constitution, and demands to know his accuser, to confront the witnesses, and to have a fair trial by a jury of his peers.

The Foundation of its Authority

It is said to be founded on an Article of the Constitution of the State, which establishes *the Liberty of the Press;* a Liberty which every Pennsylvanian would fight and die for; tho' few of us, I believe, have distinct Ideas of its Nature and Extent. It seems indeed somewhat like the *Liberty of the Press* that Felons have, by the Common Law of England, before Conviction, that is, to be *press'd* to death or hanged. If by the *Liberty of the Press* were understood merely the Liberty of discussing the Propriety of Public Measures and political opinions, let us have as much of it as you please: But if it means the Liberty of affronting, calumniating, and defaming one another, I, for my part, own myself willing to part with my Share of it when our Legislators shall please so to alter the Law, and shall cheerfully consent to exchange my *Liberty* of Abusing others for the *Privilege* of not being abus'd myself.

By whom this Court is commissioned or constituted

It is not by any Commission from the Supreme Executive Council, who might previously judge of the Abilities, Integrity, Knowledge, &c. of the Persons to be appointed to this great Trust, of deciding upon the Characters and good Fame of the Citizens; for this Court is above that Council, and may *accuse, judge,* and *condemn* it, at pleasure. Nor is it hereditary, as in the Court of *dernier Resort,* in the Peerage of England. But any Man who can procure Pen, Ink, and Paper, with a Press, and a huge pair of Blacking Balls, may commissionate himself; and his court is immediately established in the plenary Possession and exercise of its rights. For, if you make the least complaint of the *judge's* conduct, he daubs his blacking balls in your face wherever he meets you; and, besides tearing your private character to flitters, marks you out for the odium of the public, as an *enemy to the liberty of the press.*

Of the natural Support of these Courts

Their support is founded in the depravity of such minds, as have not been mended by religion, nor improved by good education;

"There is a Lust in Man no Charm can tame,
Of loudly publishing his Neighbour's Shame."

Hence;

"On Eagle's Wings immortal Scandals fly,
While virtuous Actions are but born and die."
DRYDEN.

Whoever feels pain in hearing a good character of his neighbour, will feel a pleasure in the reverse. And of those who, despairing to rise into distinction by their virtues, are happy if others can be depressed to a level with themselves, there are a number sufficient in every great town to maintain one of these courts by their subscriptions. A shrewd observer once said, that, in walking the streets in a slippery morning, one might see where the good-natured people lived by the ashes thrown on the ice before their doors; probably he would have formed a different conjecture of the temper of those whom he might find engaged in such a subscription.

Of the Checks proper to be established against the Abuse of Power in these Courts

Hitherto there are none. But since so much has been written and published on the federal Constitution, and the necessity of checks in all other parts of good government has been so clearly and learnedly explained, I find myself so far enlightened as to suspect some check may be proper in this part also; but I have been at a loss to imagine any that may not be construed an infringement of the sacred *liberty of the press.* At length, however, I think I have found one that, instead of diminishing general liberty, shall augment it; which is, by restoring to the people a species of liberty, of which they have been deprived by our laws, I mean the *liberty of the cudgel.* In the rude state of society prior to the existence of laws, if one man gave another ill language, the affronted person would return it by a box on the ear, and, if repeated, by a good

drubbing; and this without offending against any law. But now the right of making such returns is denied, and they are punished as breaches of the peace; while the right of abusing seems to remain in full force, the laws made against it being rendered ineffectual by the *liberty of the press.*

My proposal then is, to leave the liberty of the press untouched, to be exercised in its full extent, force, and vigor; but to permit the *liberty of the cudgel* to go with it *pari passu.* Thus, my fellow-citizens, if an impudent writer attacks your reputation, dearer to you perhaps than your life, and puts his name to the charge, you may go to him as openly and break his head. If he conceals himself behind the printer, and you can nevertheless discover who he is, you may in like manner way-lay him in the night, attack him behind, and give him a good drubbing. Thus far goes my project as to *private* resentment and retribution. But if the public should ever happen to be affronted, *as it ought to be,* with the conduct of such writers, I would not advise proceeding immediately to these extremities; but that we should in moderation content ourselves with tarring and feathering, and tossing them in a blanket.

If, however, it should be thought that this proposal of mine may disturb the public peace, I would then humbly recommend to our legislators to take up the consideration of both liberties, that of the *press,* and that of the *cudgel,* and by an explicit law mark their extent and limits; and, at the same time that they secure the person of a citizen from *assaults,* they would likewise provide for the security of his *reputation.*

[*Federal Gazette,* 12 September, 1789.]

TO EZRA STILES

Philad[a], March 9, 1790.

Reverend and dear Sir,

I received your kind Letter of Jan'y 28, and am glad you have at length received the portrait of Gov'r Yale from his Family, and deposited it in the College Library. He was a great and good Man, and had the Merit of doing infinite Service to your Country by his Munificence

to that Institution. The Honour you propose doing me by placing mine in the same Room with his, is much too great for my Deserts; but you always had a Partiality for me, and to that it must be ascribed. I am however too much obliged to Yale College, the first learned Society that took Notice of me and adorned me with its Honours, to refuse a Request that comes from it thro' so esteemed a Friend. But I do not think any one of the Portraits you mention, as in my Possession, worthy of the Place and Company you propose to place it in. You have an excellent Artist lately arrived. If he will undertake to make one for you, I shall cheerfully pay the Expence; but he must not delay setting about it, or I may slip thro' his fingers, for I am now in my eighty-fifth year, and very infirm.

I send with this a very learned Work, as it seems to me, on the antient Samaritan Coins, lately printed in Spain, and at least curious for the Beauty of the Impression. Please to accept it for your College Library. I have subscribed for the Encyclopædia now printing here, with the Intention of presenting it to the College. I shall probably depart before the Work is finished, but shall leave Directions for its Continuance to the End. With this you will receive some of the first numbers.

You desire to know something of my Religion. It is the first time I have been questioned upon it. But I cannot take your Curiosity amiss, and shall endeavour in a few Words to gratify it. Here is my Creed. I believe in one God, Creator of the Universe. That he governs it by his Providence. That he ought to be worshipped. That the most acceptable Service we render to him is doing good to his other Children. That the soul of Man is immortal, and will be treated with Justice in another Life respecting its Conduct in this. These I take to be the fundamental Principles of all sound Religion, and I regard them as you do in whatever Sect I meet with them.

As to Jesus of Nazareth, my Opinion of whom you particularly desire, I think the System of Morals and his Religion, as he left them to us, the best the World ever saw or is likely to see; but I apprehend it has received various corrupting Changes, and I have, with most of the present Dissenters in England, some Doubts as to his Divinity; tho' it is a question I do not dogmatize upon,

having never studied it, and think it needless to busy myself with it now, when I expect soon an Opportunity of knowing the Truth with less Trouble. I see no harm, however, in its being believed, if that Belief has the good Consequence, as probably it has, of making his Doctrines more respected and better observed; especially as I do not perceive, that the Supreme takes it amiss, by distinguishing the Unbelievers in his Government of the World with any peculiar Marks of his Displeasure.

I shall only add, respecting myself, that, having experienced the Goodness of that Being in conducting me prosperously thro' a long life, I have no doubt of its Continuance in the next, though without the smallest Conceit of meriting such Goodness. My Sentiments on this Head you will see in the Copy of an old Letter enclosed, which I wrote in answer to one from a zealous Religionist, whom I had relieved in a paralytic case by electricity, and who, being afraid I should grow proud upon it, sent me his serious though rather impertinent Caution. I send you also the Copy of another Letter, which will shew something of my Disposition relating to Religion. With great and sincere Esteem and Affection, I am, Your obliged old Friend and most obedient humble Servant

B. Franklin.

P. S. Had not your College some Present of Books from the King of France? Please to let me know, if you had an Expectation given you of more, and the Nature of that Expectation? I have a Reason for the Enquiry.

I confide, that you will not expose me to Criticism and censure by publishing any part of this Communication to you. I have ever let others enjoy their religious Sentiments, without reflecting on them for those that appeared to me unsupportable and even absurd. All Sects here, and we have a great Variety, have experienced my good will in assisting them with Subscriptions for building their new Places of Worship; and, as I have never opposed any of their Doctrines, I hope to go out of the World in Peace with them all.

ON THE SLAVE-TRADE

TO THE EDITOR OF THE FEDERAL GAZETTE

March 23d, 1790.

Sir,

Reading last night in your excellent Paper the speech of Mr. Jackson in Congress against their meddling with the Affair of Slavery, or attempting to mend the Condition of the Slaves, it put me in mind of a similar One made about 100 Years since by Sidi Mehemet Ibrahim, a member of the Divan of Algiers, which may be seen in Martin's Account of his Consulship, anno 1687. It was against granting the Petition of the Sect called *Erika,* or Purists, who pray'd for the Abolition of Piracy and Slavery as being unjust. Mr. Jackson does not quote it; perhaps he has not seen it. If, therefore, some of its Reasonings are to be found in his eloquent Speech, it may only show that men's Interests and Intellects operate and are operated on with surprising similarity in all Countries and Climates, when under similar Circumstances. The African's Speech, as translated, is as follows.

"Allah Bismillah, &c. God is great, and Mahomet is his Prophet

"Have these *Erika* considered the Consequences of granting their Petition? If we cease our Cruises against the Christians, how shall we be furnished with the Commodities their Countries produce, and which are so necessary for us? If we forbear to make Slaves of their People, who in this hot Climate are to cultivate our Lands? Who are to perform the common Labours of our City, and in our Families? Must we not then be our own Slaves? And is there not more Compassion and more Favour due to us as Mussulmen, than to these Christian Dogs? We have now above 50,000 Slaves in and near Algiers. This Number, if not kept up by fresh Supplies, will soon diminish, and be gradually annihilated. If we then cease taking and plundering the Infidel Ships, and making Slaves of the Seamen and Passengers, our Lands will become of no Value for want of Cultivation;

the Rents of Houses in the City will sink one half; and the Revenues of Government arising from its Share of Prizes be totally destroy'd! And for what? To gratify the whims of a whimsical Sect, who would have us, not only forbear making more Slaves, but even to manumit those we have.

"But who is to indemnify their Masters for the Loss? Will the State do it? Is our Treasury sufficient? Will the *Erika* do it? Can they do it? Or would they, to do what they think Justice to the Slaves, do a greater Injustice to the Owners? And if we set our Slaves free, what is to be done with them? Few of them will return to their Countries; they know too well the greater Hardships they must there be subject to; they will not embrace our holy Religion; they will not adopt our Manners; our People will not pollute themselves by intermarrying with them. Must we maintain them as Beggars in our Streets, or suffer our Properties to be the Prey of their Pillage? For Men long accustom'd to Slavery will not work for a Livelihood when not compell'd. And what is there so pitiable in their present Condition? Were they not Slaves in their own Countries?

"Are not Spain, Portugal, France, and the Italian states govern'd by Despots, who hold all their Subjects in Slavery, without Exception? Even England treats its Sailors as Slaves; for they are, whenever the Government pleases, seiz'd, and confin'd in Ships of War, condemn'd not only to work, but to fight, for small Wages, or a mere Subsistence, not better than our Slaves are allow'd by us. Is their Condition then made worse by their falling into our Hands? No; they have only exchanged one Slavery for another, and I may say a better; for here they are brought into a Land where the Sun of Islamism gives forth its Light, and shines in full Splendor, and they have an Opportunity of making themselves acquainted with the true Doctrine, and thereby saving their immortal Souls. Those who remain at home have not that Happiness. Sending the Slaves home then would be sending them out of Light into Darkness.

"I repeat the Question, What is to be done with them? I have heard it suggested, that they may be planted in the Wilderness, where there is plenty of Land for them to subsist on, and where they may flourish as a free State;

but they are, I doubt, too little dispos'd to labour without Compulsion, as well as too ignorant to establish a good government, and the wild Arabs would soon molest and destroy or again enslave them. While serving us, we take care to provide them with every thing, and they are treated with Humanity. The Labourers in their own Country are, as I am well informed, worse fed, lodged, and cloathed. The Condition of most of them is therefore already mended, and requires no further Improvement. Here their Lives are in Safety. They are not liable to be impress'd for Soldiers, and forc'd to cut one another's Christian Throats, as in the Wars of their own Countries. If some of the religious mad Bigots, who now teaze us with their silly Petitions, have in a Fit of blind Zeal freed their Slaves, it was not Generosity, it was not Humanity, that mov'd them to the Action; it was from the conscious Burthen of a Load of Sins, and Hope, from the supposed Merits of so good a Work, to be excus'd Damnation.

"How grossly are they mistaken in imagining Slavery to be disallow'd by the Alcoran! Are not the two Precepts, to quote no more, *'Masters, treat your Slaves with kindness; Slaves, serve your Masters with Cheerfulness and Fidelity,'* clear Proofs to the contrary? Nor can the Plundering of Infidels be in that sacred Book forbidden, since it is well known from it, that God has given the World, and all that it contains, to his faithful Mussulmen, who are to enjoy it of Right as fast as they conquer it. Let us then hear no more of this detestable Proposition, the Manumission of Christian Slaves, the Adoption of which would, by depreciating our Lands and Houses, and thereby depriving so many good Citizens of their Properties, create universal Discontent, and provoke Insurrections, to the endangering of Government and producing general Confusion. I have therefore no doubt, but this wise Council will prefer the Comfort and Happiness of a whole Nation of true Believers to the Whim of a few *Erika,* and dismiss their Petition."

The Result was, as Martin tells us, that the Divan came to this Resolution; "The Doctrine, that Plundering and Enslaving the Christians is unjust, is at best *problematical;* but that it is the Interest of this State to continue

the Practice, is clear; therefore let the Petition be rejected."

And it was rejected accordingly.

And since like Motives are apt to produce in the Minds of Men like Opinions and Resolutions, may we not, Mr. Brown, venture to predict, from this Account, that the Petitions to the Parliament of England for abolishing the Slave-Trade, to say nothing of other Legislatures, and the Debates upon them, will have a similar Conclusion? I am, Sir, your constant Reader and humble Servant,

HISTORICUS.

JONATHAN EDWARDS

JONATHAN EDWARDS

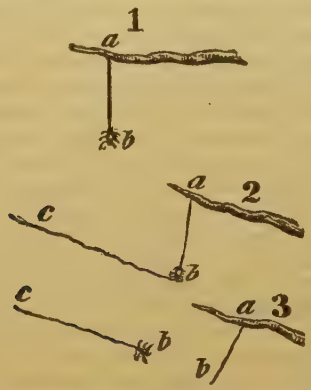
THE FLYING SPIDER

May it please your Honour,

There are some things that I have happily seen of the wondrous way of the working of the spider. Although every thing belonging to this insect is admirable, there are some phenomena relating to them more particularly wonderful. Every body that is used to the country, knows their marching in the air from one tree to another, sometimes at the distance of five or six rods. Nor can one go out in a dewy morning, at the latter end of August and the beginning of September, but he shall see multitudes of webs, made visible by the dew that hangs on them, reaching from one tree, branch and shrub, to another: which webs are commonly thought to be made in the night, because they appear only in the morning; whereas none of them are made in the night, for these spiders never come out in the night when it is dark, as the dew is then falling. But these webs may be seen well enough in the day time by an observing eye, by their reflection in the sunbeams. Especially late in the afternoon, may these webs, that are between the eye and that part of the horizon that is under the sun, be seen very plainly, being advantageously posited to reflect the rays. And the spiders themselves may be very often seen travelling in the air, from one stage to another amongst the trees, in a very unaccountable manner. But I have often seen that, which is much more astonishing. In very calm and serene days in the forementioned time of year, standing at some distance behind the end of an house or some other opake body, so as just to hide the disk of the sun and keep off his dazzling rays, and looking along close by the side of it, I have seen a vast multitude of little shining webs, and glistening strings, brightly reflecting the sunbeams, and some of them of great length, and of such a height, that one would think they were tacked to the vault of the

heavens, and would be burnt like tow in the sun, and make a very beautiful, pleasing, as well as surprising appearance. It is wonderful at what a distance, these webs may plainly be seen. Some that are at a great distance appear (it cannot be less than) several thousand times as big as they ought. I believe they appear under as great an angle, as a body of a foot diameter ought to do at such a distance; so greatly doth brightness increase the apparent bigness of bodies at a distance, as is observed of the fixed stars.

But that which is most astonishing, is, that very often appears at the end of these webs, spiders sailing in the air with them; which I have often beheld with wonderment and pleasure, and showed to others. And since I have seen these things, I have been very conversant with spiders; resolving if possible, to find out the mysteries of these their astonishing works. And I have been so happy as very frequently to see their manner of working; that when a spider would go from one tree to another, or would fly in the air, he first lets himself down a little way



from the twig he stands on by a web, as in Fig. 1; and then, laying hold of it by his fore feet, and bearing himself by that, puts out a web, as in Fig. 2, which is drawn out of his tail with infinite ease, in the gently moving air, to what length the spider pleases; and if the farther end happens to catch by a shrub or the branch of a tree, the spider immediately feels it, and fixes the hither end

of it to the web by which he let himself down, and goes over by that web which he put out of his tail as in Fig. 3. And this, my eyes have innumerable times made me sure of.

Now, Sir, it is certain that these webs, when they first proceed from the spider, are so rare a substance, that they are lighter than the air, because they will ascend in it, as they will immediately in a calm air, and never descend except driven by a wind; wherefore 'tis certain. And 'tis as certain, that what swims and ascends in the air is lighter than the air, as that what ascends and swims in water is lighter than water. So that if we should suppose any such time, wherein the air is perfectly calm, this web is so easily drawn out of the spider's tail, that if the end of it be once out, barely the levity of it is sufficient to draw it out to any length; wherefore if it don't happen that the end of this web, *b c*, catches by a tree or some other body, 'till there is so long a web drawn out, that its levity shall be so great as more than to counterbalance the gravity of the spider, or so that the web and the spider, taken together, shall be lighter than such a quantity of air as takes up equal space, then according to the universally acknowledged laws of nature, the web and the spider together will ascend, and not descend, in the air: as when a man is at the bottom of the water, if he has hold of a piece of timber so great, that the wood's tendency upwards is greater than the man's tendency downwards, he together with the wood will ascend to the surface of the water. And therefore, when the spider perceives that the web *b c* is long enough to bear him up by its ascending force, he lets go his hold of the web *a b*, Fig. 3, and ascends in the air with the web *b c*. If there be not web more than enough, just to counterbalance the gravity of the spider, the spider together with the web will hang in equilibrio, neither ascending nor descending, otherwise than as the air moves. But if there is so much web, that its greater levity shall more than equal the greater density of the spider, they will ascend till the air is so thin, that the spider and web together are just of an equal weight with so much air. And in this way, Sir, I have multitudes of times seen spiders mount away into the air, from a stick in my hands, with a vast train of this silver web before them; for, if the spider be disturbed upon the stick by

shaking of it, he will presently in this manner leave it. And their way of working may very distinctly be seen, if they are held up in the sun, or against a dark door, or any thing that is black.

Now, Sir, the only remaining difficulty is, how they first put out the end of the web *b c,* Fig. 3, out of their tails. If once the web is out, it is easy to conceive how the levity of it, together with the motion of the air, may draw it out to a great length. But how should they first let out of their tails, the end of so fine and even a string; seeing that the web, while it is in the spider, is a certain cloudy liquor, with which that great bottle tail of theirs is filled; which immediately, upon its being exposed to the air, turns to a dry substance, and exceedingly rarifies and extends itself. Now if it be a liquor, it is hard to conceive how they should let out a fine even thread, without expelling a little drop at the end of it; but none such can be discerned. But there is no need of this; for it is only separating that part of the web *b c,* Fig. 2, from *a b,* and the end of the web is already out. Indeed, Sir, I never could distinctly see them do this: so small a piece of web being imperceptible among the spider's legs. But I cannot doubt but that it is so, because there is a necessity that they should some way or other separate the web *a b,* Fig. 3, from their tails, before they can let out the web *b c.* And then I know they do have ways of dividing their webs by biting them off, or in some other way. Otherwise they could not separate themselves from the web *a b,* Fig. 3.

And this, Sir, is the way of spiders going from one tree to another, at a great distance; and this is the way of their flying in the air. And, although I say I am certain of it, I don't desire that the truth of it should be received upon my word; though I could bring others to testify to it, to whom I have shown it, and who have looked on, with admiration, to see their manner of working. But every one's eyes, that will take the pains to observe, will make them as sure of it. Only those, that would make experiment, must take notice that it is not every sort of spider that is a flying spider, for those spiders that keep in houses are a quite different sort, as also those that keep in the ground, and those that keep in swamps, in hollow trees, and rotten logs; but those spiders, that keep on

branches of trees and shrubs, are the flying spiders. They delight most in walnut trees, and are that sort of spiders that make those curious network polygonal webs, that are so frequently to be seen in the latter end of the year. There are more of this sort of spiders by far than of any other.

But yet, Sir, I am assured that the chief end of this faculty, that is given them, is not their recreation, but their destruction; because their destruction is unavoidably the effect of it; and we shall find nothing, that is the continual effect of nature, but what is of the means by which it is brought to pass. But it is impossible, but that the greatest part of the spiders upon the land should, every year, be swept into the ocean. For these spiders never fly, except the weather is fair and the atmosphere dry; but the atmosphere is never clear, neither in this nor any other continent, only when the wind blows from the midland parts, and consequently towards the sea. As here in New-England, the fair weather is only when the wind is westerly, the land being on that side, and the ocean on the easterly. And I never have seen any of these spiders flying, but when they have been hastening directly towards the sea. And the time of their flying being so long, even from about the middle of August every sunshiny day, until about the end of October; (though their chief time, as I observed before, is the latter end of August, and beginning of September;) and they never flying from the sea, but always towards it; must needs get there at last; for it's unreasonable to suppose that they have sense enough to stop themselves when they come near the sea; for then they would have hundreds of times as many spiders upon the sea-shore, as any where else.

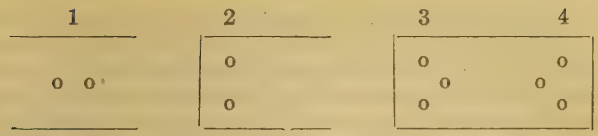
The same also holds true of other sorts of flying insects; for at these times, that I have viewed the spiders with their webs in the air, there has also appeared vast multitudes of flies, and all flying the same way with the spiders and webs directly to the ocean; and even such as butterflies, millers and moths, which keep in the grass at this time of year, I have seen vastly higher than the tops of the highest trees, all going the same way. These I have seen towards evening, without such a screen to defend my eyes from the sunbeams; which I used to think were seeking a warmer climate.

The reason of their flying at that time of year, I take to be because then the ground and trees, the places of their residence in summer, begin to be chilly and uncomfortable. Therefore when the sun shines pretty warm they leave them, and mount up in the air, and expand their wings to the sun, and flying for nothing but their own ease and comfort, they suffer themselves to go that way, that they find they can go with the greatest ease, and so where the wind pleases; and it being warmth they fly for, they find it cold and laborious flying against the wind. They therefore seem to use their wings, but just so much as to bear them up, and suffer them to go with the wind. So that without doubt almost all aerial insects, and also spiders which live upon trees and are made up of them, are at the end of the year swept away into the sea, and buried in the ocean, and leave nothing behind them but their eggs, for a new stock the next year.

[1715?]

NOTES ON THE MIND

[1.] EXCELLENCY. There has nothing been more without a definition, than *Excellency;* although it be what we are more concerned with, than any thing else whatsoever: yea, we are concerned with nothing else. But what is this Excellency? Wherein is one thing excellent, and another evil; one beautiful, and another deformed? Some have said that all Excellency is *Harmony, Symmetry,* or *Proportion;* but they have not yet explained it. We would know, Why Proportion is more excellent than Disproportion; that is, why Proportion is pleasant to the mind, and Disproportion unpleasant? Proportion is a thing that may be explained yet further. It is an *Equality,* or *Likeness of ratios;* so that it is the Equality, that makes the Proportion. Excellency therefore seems to consist in *Equality.* Thus, if there be two perfect *equal* circles, or globes, together, there is something more of beauty than if they were of *unequal,* disproportionate magnitudes. And if two *parallel* lines be drawn, the beauty is greater, than if they were *obliquely* inclined without proportion, because there is equality of distance. And if betwixt two parallel lines, two equal circles be placed, each at the same distance from each parallel line, as in Fig. 1,

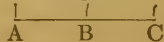


the beauty is greater, than if they stood at irregular distances from the parallel lines. If they stand, each in a perpendicular line, going from the parallel lines, (Fig. 2,) it is requisite that they should each stand at an equal distance from the perpendicular line next to them; otherwise there is no beauty. If there be three of these circles between two parallel lines, and near to a perpendicular line run between them, (Fig. 3,) the most beautiful form perhaps, that they could be placed in, is in an equilateral triangle with the cross line, because there are most equalities. The distance of the two next to the cross line i- equal from that, and also equal from the parallel lines. The distance of the third from each parallel is equal, and its distance from each of the other two circles is equal. and is also equal to their distance from one another, and likewise equal to their distance from each end of the cross line. There are two equilateral triangles: one made by the three circles, and the other made by the cross line and two of the sides of the first protracted till they meet that line. And if there be another like it, on the opposite side, to correspond with it and it be taken altogether, the beauty is still greater, where the distances from the lines, in the one, are equal to the distances in the other; also the two next to the cross lines are at equal distances from the other two; or, if you go crosswise, from corner to corner. The two cross lines are also parallel, so that all parts are at an equal distance, and innumerable other equalities might be found.

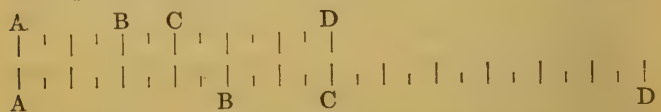
This simple Equality, without Proportion, is the lowest kind of Regularity, and may be called Simple Beauty. All other beauties and excellencies may be resolved into it. Proportion is Complex Beauty. Thus, if we suppose that there are two points, A B, placed at two inches distance, and the next, C, one inch farther; (Fig. 1,)

Fig. 1.

Fig. 2.



it is requisite, in order to regularity and beauty, if there be another, D, that it should be at half an inch distance; otherwise there is no regularity, and the last, D, would stand out of its proper place; because now the relation that the space C D, bears to B C, is equal to the relation that B C, bears to A B; so that B C D, is exactly similar to A B C. It is evident, this is a more complicated excellency than that which consisted in Equality, because the terms of the relation are here complex, and before were simple. When there are three points set in a right line, it is requisite, in order to regularity, that they should be set at an equal distance, as A B C, (Fig. 2,) where A B, is similar to B C, or the relation of C to B, is the same as of B to A. But in the other are three terms necessary in each of the parts, between which, is the relation, B C D, is as A B C: so that here more simple beauties are omitted, and yet there is a general complex beauty: that is, B C is not as A B, nor is C D as B C, but yet, B C D is as A B C. It is requisite that the consent or regularity of C D to B C, be omitted, for the sake of the harmony of the whole. For although, if C D was perfectly equal to B C, there would be regularity and beauty with respect to them two; yet, if A B be taken into the idea, there is nothing but confusion. And it might be requisite, if these stood with others, even to omit this proposition, for the sake of one more complex still. Thus, if they stood with other points, where B stood at four inches distance from A, C at two from B, and D at six from C: the place where D must stand in, if A, B, C, D, were alone, viz. one inch from C, must be so as to be made proportionate with the other points beneath;



So that although A, B, C, D, are not proportioned, but are confusion among themselves; yet taken with the whole they are proportioned and beautiful.

All beauty consists in similarness or identity of relation. In identity of relation consists all likeness, and all identity between two consists in identity of relation. Thus, when the distance between two is exactly equal,

their distance is their relation one to another, the distance is the same, the bodies are two; wherefore this is their correspondency and beauty. So bodies exactly of the same figure, the bodies are two, the relation between the parts of the extremities is the same, and this is their agreement with them. But if there are two bodies of different shapes, having no similarness of relation between the parts of the extremities; this, considered by itself, is a deformity, because being disagrees with being, which must undoubtedly be disagreable to perceiving being: because what disagrees with Being must necessarily be disagreeable to Being in general, to every thing that partakes of Entity, and of course to perceiving being; and what agrees with Being, must be agreeable to Being in general, and therefore to perceiving being. But agreeableness of perceiving being is pleasure, and disagreeableness is pain. Disagreement or contrariety to Being, is evidently an approach to Nothing, or a degree of Nothing; which is nothing else but disagreement or contrariety of Being, and the greatest and only evil: And Entity is the greatest and only good. And by how much more perfect Entity is, that is without mixture of Nothing, by so much the more Excellency. Two beings can agree one with another in nothing else but Relation; because otherwise the notion of their twoness (duality,) is destroyed, and they become one.

And so, in every case, what is called Correspondency, Symmetry, Regularity, and the like, may be resolved into Equalities; though the Equalities in a beauty, in any degree complicated, are so numerous, that it would be a most tedious piece of work to enumerate them. There are millions of these Equalities. Of these consist the beautiful shape of flowers, the beauty of the body of man, and of the bodies of other animals. That sort of beauty which is called Natural, as of vines, plants, trees, etc. consists of a very complicated harmony; and all the natural motions, and tendencies, and figures of bodies in the Universe are done according to proportion, and therein is their beauty. Particular disproportions sometimes greatly add to the general beauty, and must necessarily be, in order to a more universal proportion:—So much equality, so much beauty; though it may be noted that the quantity of equality is not to be measured only by the number, but the intenseness, according to the quantity of being. As

bodies are shadows of being, so their proportions are shadows of proportion.

The pleasures of the senses, where harmony is not the object of judgment, are the result of equality. Thus in Music, not only in the proportion which the several notes of a tune bear, one among another, but in merely two notes, there is harmony; whereas it is impossible there should be proportion between only two terms. But the proportion is in the particular vibrations of the air, which strike on the ear. And so, in the pleasantness of light, colours, tastes, smells and touch, all arise from proportion of motion. The organs are so contrived that, upon the touch of such and such particles, there shall be a regular and harmonious motion of the animal spirits.

Spiritual harmonies are of vastly larger extent: i. e. the proportions are vastly oftener redoubled, and respect mere beings, and require a vastly larger view to comprehend them; as some simple notes do more affect one, who has not a comprehensive understanding of Music.

The reason, why Equality thus pleases the mind, and Inequality is unpleasing, is because Disproportion, or Inconsistency, is contrary to Being. For Being, if we examine narrowly, is nothing else but Proportion. When one being is inconsistent with another being, then Being is contradicted. But contradiction to Being, is intolerable to perceiving being, and the consent to Being, most pleasing.

Excellency consists in the *Similarness* of one being to another—not merely Equality and Proportion, but any kind of Similarness—thus Similarness of direction. Supposing many globes moving in right lines, it is more beautiful, that they should move all the same way, and according to the same direction, than if they moved disorderly; one, one way, and another, another. This is an universal definition of Excellency:—*The Consent of Being to Being,* or *Being's Consent to Entity.* The more the Consent is, and the more extensive, the greater is the Excellency.

How exceedingly apt are we, when we are sitting still, and accidentally casting our eye upon some marks or spots in the floor or wall, to be ranging of them into regular parcels and figures: and, if we see a mark out of its place, to be placing of it right, by our imagination; and this, even while we are meditating on something else. So

we may catch ourselves at observing the rules of harmony and regularity, in the careless motions of our heads or feet, and when playing with our hands, or walking about the room.

Pleasedness, in perceiving Being, always arises, either from a perception of Consent to Being in general, or of Consent to that Being that perceives. As we have shown, that Agreeableness to Entity must be agreeable to perceiving Entity; it is as evident that it is necessary that Agreeableness to that Being must be pleasing to it, if it perceives it. So that Pleasedness does not always arise from a perception of Excellency; [in general;] but the greater a Being is, and the more it has of Entity, the more will Consent to Being in general please it. But God is proper Entity itself, and these two therefore, in Him, become the same; for, so far as a thing consents to Being in general, so far it consents to Him; and the more perfect Created Spirits are, the nearer do they come to their Creator, in this regard.

That, which is often called *Self Love,* is exceedingly improperly called *Love,* for they do not only say that one loves himself, when he sees something amiable in himself, the view of which begets delight. But merely an inclination to pleasure, and averseness to pain, they call Self Love; so that the devils, and other damned spirits, love themselves, not because they see any thing in themselves, which they imagine to be lovely, but merely, because they do not incline to pain but to pleasure, or merely because they are capable of pain or pleasure; for pain and pleasure include an inclination to agreeableness, and an aversion to disagreeableness. Now how improper is it to say, that one loves himself, because what is agreeable to him is agreeable to him, and what is disagreeable to him is disagreeable to him: which mere Entity supposes. So that this, that they call Self-Love, is no affection, but only the Entity of the thing, or his being what he is.

One alone, without any reference to any more, cannot be excellent; for in such case, there can be no manner of relation no way, and therefore no such thing as Consent. Indeed what we call *One,* may be excellent because of a consent of parts, or some consent of those in that being, that are distinguished into a plurality some way or other.

But in a being that is absolutely without any plurality, there cannot be Excellency, for there can be no such thing as consent or agreement.

One of the highest excellencies is Love. As nothing else has a proper being but Spirits, and as Bodies are but the shadow of being, therefore the consent of bodies one to another, and the harmony that is among them, is but the shadow of Excellency. The highest Excellency therefore must be the consent of Spirits one to another. But the consent of Spirits consists half in their mutual love one to another. And the sweet harmony between the various parts of the Universe, is only an image of mutual love. But yet a lower kind of love may be odious, because it hinders, or is contrary to, a higher and more general. Even a lower proportion is often a deformity, because it is contrary to a more general proportion.

Coroll. I. If so much of the beauty and excellency of Spirits consists in Love, then the deformity of evil spirits consists as much in hatred and malice.

Coroll. 2. The more any doctrine, or institution, brings to light of the Spiritual World, the more will it urge to Love and Charity.

HAPPINESS strictly consists in the perception of these three things: of the consent of being to its own being; of its own consent to being; and of being's consent to being.

[1718-20?]

[45.] EXCELLENCE. 1. WHEN we spake of Excellence in Bodies, we were obliged to borrow the word, *Consent,* from Spiritual things; but Excellence in and among Spirits is in its prime and proper sense, Being's consent to Being. There is no other proper consent but that of *Minds,* even of their Will; which, when it is of Minds towards Minds, it is *Love,* and when of Minds towards other things, it is *Choice.* Wherefore all the Primary and Original beauty or excellence, that is among Minds, is Love; and into this may all be resolved that is found among them.

2. When we spake of External excellency, we said, that *Being's consent to Being,* must needs be agreeable to *Perceiving Being.* But now we are speaking of Spiritual things, we may change the phrase, and say, that *Mind's love to Mind* must needs be lovely to *Beholding Mind;*

and Being's love to Being, in general, must needs be agreeable to Being that perceives it, because itself is a participation of Being, in general.

3. As to the proportion of this Love;—to greater Spirits, more, and to less, less;—it is beautiful, as it is a manifestation of love to Spirit or Being in general. And the want of this proportion is a deformity, because it is a manifestation of a defect of such a love. It shows that it is not Being, in general, but something else, that is loved, when love is not in proportion to the Extensiveness and Excellence of Being.

4. Seeing God has so plainly revealed himself to us; and other minds are made in his image, and are emanations from him; we may judge what is the Excellence of other minds, by what is his, which we have shown is Love. His Infinite Beauty, is His Infinite mutual Love of Himself. Now God is the Prime and Original Being, the First and Last, and the Pattern of all, and has the sum of all perfection. We may therefore, doubtless, conclude, that all that is the perfection of Spirits may be resolved into that which is God's perfection, which is Love.

5. There are several degrees of deformity or disagreeableness of dissent from Being. One is, when there is only merely a dissent from Being. This is disagreeable to Being, (for Perceiving Being only is properly Being.) Still more disagreeable is a dissent to very excellent Being, or, as we have explained, to a Being that consents in a high degree to Being, because such a Being by such a consent becomes bigger; and a dissenting from such a Being includes, also, a dissenting from what he consents with, which is other Beings, or Being in general. Another deformity, that is more odious than mere dissent from Being, is, for a Being to dissent from, or not to consent with, a Being who consents with his Being. It is a manifestation of a greater dissent from Being than ordinary; for the Being perceiving, knows that it is natural to Being, to consent with what consents with it, as we have shown. It therefore manifests an extraordinary dissent, that consent to itself will not draw its consent. The deformity, for the same reason, is greater still, if there be dissent from consenting Being. There are such contrarieties and jars in Being, as must necessarily produce jarring and horror in perceiving Being.

6. Dissent from such Beings, if that be their fixed nature, is a manifestation of Consent to Being in general; for consent to Being is dissent from that, which dissents from Being.

7. Wherefore all Virtue, which is the Excellency of minds, is resolved into *Love to Being;* and nothing is virtuous or beautiful in Spirits, any otherwise than as it is an exercise, or fruit, or manifestation, of this love; and nothing is sinful or deformed in Spirits, but as it is the defect of, or contrary to, these.

8. When we speak of Being in general, we may be understood of the Divine Being, for he is an Infinite Being: therefore all others must necessarily be considered as nothing. As to *Bodies,* we have shown in another place, that they have no proper Being of their own. And as to *Spirits,* they are the communications of the Great Original Spirit; and doubtless, in metaphysical strictness and propriety, He is, as there is none else. He is likewise Infinitely Excellent, and all Excellence and Beauty is derived from him, in the same manner as all Being. And all other Excellence, is, in strictness only, a shadow of his. We proceed, therefore, to show how all Spiritual Excellence is resolved into Love.

9. As to God's Excellence, it is evident it consists in the *Love of himself;* for he was as excellent, before he created the Universe, as he is now. But if the Excellence of Spirits consists in their disposition and action, God could be excellent no other way at that time; for all the exertions of himself were towards himself. But he exerts himself towards himself, no other way, than in infinitely loving and delighting in himself; in the mutual love of the Father and the Son. This makes the Third, the Personal Holy Spirit, or the Holiness of God, which is his Infinite Beauty; and this is God's Infinite Consent to Being in general. And his love to the creature is his Excellence, or the communication of Himself, his complacency in them, according as they partake of more or less of Excellence and beauty, that is of holiness, (which consists in love;) that is according as he communicates more or less of his Holy Spirit.

10. As to that Excellence, that Created Spirits partake of; that it is all to be resolved into Love, none will doubt, that knows what is the Sum of the Ten Commandments;

or believes what the Apostle says, That Love is the fulfilling of the Law; or what Christ says, That on these two, loving God and our neighbor, hang all the Law and the Prophets. This doctrine is often repeated in the New Testament. We are told that the End of the Commandment is Love; that to Love, is to fulfil the Royal Law; and that all the Law is fulfilled in this one word, Love.

11. I know of no difficulties worth insisting on, except pertaining to the spiritual excellence of Justice; but enough has been said already to resolve them. Though Injustice is the greatest of all deformities, yet Justice is no otherwise excellent, than as it is the exercise, fruit and manifestation of the mind's love or consent to Being; nor Injustice deformed any otherwise, than as it is the highest degree of the contrary. Injustice is not to exert ourselves towards any Being as it deserves, or to do it contrary to what is deserves, in doing good or evil, or in acts of Consent or Dissent. There are two ways of deserving our Consent, and the acts of it: (By *deserving* any thing, we are to understand *that the nature of being requires it:*) By extensiveness and excellence; and by consent to that particular being. The reason of the deformity of not proportioning our consent, and the exercise of it, may be seen in paragraphs 3 and 5. As to the beauty of Vindictive Justice, see paragraph 6.

12. 'Tis peculiar to God, that he has beauty *within himself,* consisting in Being's consenting with his own Being, or the love of himself, in his own Holy Spirit. Whereas the excellence of others is in loving others, in loving God, and in the communications of his Spirit.

13. We shall be in danger, when we meditate on this love of God to himself, as being the thing wherein his infinite excellence and loveliness consists, of some alloy to the sweetness of our view, by its appearing with something of the aspect and cast of what we call self love. But we are to consider that this love includes in it, or rather is the same as, a love to every thing, as they are all communications of himself. So that we are to conceive of Divine Excellence as the Infinite General Love, that which reaches all, proportionally, with perfect purity and sweetness; yea, it includes the true Love of all creatures, for that is his Spirit, or which is the same thing, his Love. And if we take notice, when we are in the best frames med-

itating on Divine Excellence, our idea of that tranquility and peace, which seems to be overspread and cast abroad upon the whole Earth, and Universe, naturally dissolves itself, into the idea of a General Love and Delight, every where diffused.

14. Conscience is *that Sense the Mind has of this Consent:* Which Sense consists in the Consent of the Perceiving Being, to such a General Consent; (that is of such perceiving Beings, as are capable of so general a perception, as to have any notion of Being in general;) and the Dissent of his mind to a Dissent from Being in general. We have said already, that it is naturally agreeable to Perceiving Being that Being should consent to Being, and the contrary disagreeable. If by any means, therefore, a particular and restrained love overcomes this General Consent;—the foundation of that Consent yet remaining in the nature, exerts itself again, so that there is the contradiction of one consent to another. And as it is naturally agreeable to every Being, to have being consent to him; the mind, after it has thus exerted an act of dissent to Being in general, has a sense that Being in general dissents from it, which is most disagreeable to it. And as he is conscious of a dissent from Universal Being, and of that Being's dissent from him, wherever he is, he sees what excites horror. And by inclining or doing that, which is against his natural inclination as a Perceiving Being, he must necessarily cause uneasiness, inasmuch as that natural inclination is contradicted. And this is the *Disquiet of Conscience.* And, though the Disposition be changed, the remembrance of his having so done in time past, and the idea being still tied to that of himself, he is uneasy. The notion of such a dissent any where, as we have shown is odious; but the notion of its being in himself, renders it uneasy and disquieting. But when there is no sense of any such dissent from Being in general, there is no contradiction to the natural inclination of Perceiving Being. And when he reflects, he has a sense that Being in general doth not dissent from him; and then there is *Peace of Conscience;* though he has a remembrance of past dissentions with nature. Yet if by any means it be possible, when he has the idea of it, to conceive of it as not belonging to him, he has the same Peace. And if he has a sense not only of his not dissent-

ing, but of his consenting to Being in general, or Nature, and acting accordingly; he has a sense that Nature, in general, consents to him: he has not only *Peace,* but *Joy, of mind,* wherever he is. These things are obviously invigorated by the knowledge of God and his Constitution about us, and by the light of the Gospel. [1718-22?]

[62.] As BODIES, the objects of our external senses, are but the shadows of beings; that harmony, wherein consists sensible excellency and beauty, is but the shadow of excellency. That is, it is pleasant to the mind, because it is a shadow of love. When one thing sweetly harmonizes with another, as the Notes in musick, the notes are so conformed, and have such proportion one to another, that they seem to have respect one to another, as if they loved one another. So the beauty of figures and motions is, when one part has such consonant proportion with the rest, as represents a general agreeing and consenting together; which is very much the image of Love, in all the parts of a Society, united by a sweet consent and charity of heart. Therein consists the beauty of figures, as of flowers drawn with a pen; and the beauty of the body, and of the features of the face.

There is no other way, that sensible things can consent one to another but by Equality, or by Likeness, or by Proportion. Therefore the lowest or most simple kind of beauty is equality or likeness; because by equality or likeness, one part consents with but one part; but by Proportion one part may sweetly consent to ten thousand different parts; all the parts may consent with all the rest; and not only so, but the parts, taken singly, may consent with the whole taken together. Thus, in the figures or flourishes drawn by an acute penman, every stroke may have such a proportion, both by the place and distance, direction, degree of curvity, etc. that there may be a consent, in the parts of each stroke, one with another, and a harmonious agreement with all the strokes, and with the various parts, composed of many strokes, and an agreeableness to the whole figure taken together.

There is a beauty in Equality, as appears very evident by the very great respect men show to it, in every thing they make or do. How unbeautiful would be the body, if the parts on one side were unequal to those on the other;

how unbeautiful would writing be, if the letters were not of an equal height, or the lines of an equal length, or at an equal distance, or if the pages were not of an equal width or height; and how unbeautiful would a building be, if no equality were observed in the correspondent parts.

Existence or Entity is that, into which all Excellency is to be resolved. Being or Existence is what is necessarily agreeable to Being; and when Being perceives it, it will be an agreeable perception; and any contradiction to Being or Existence is what Being when it perceives, abhors. If Being, in itself considered, were not pleasing, Being's consent to Being would not be pleasing, nor would Being's disagreeing with Being, be displeasing. Therefore, not only may *Greatness* be considered as a capacity of Excellency; but a Being, by reason of his greatness considered alone, is the more excellent, because he partakes more of Being. Though if he be great, if he dissents from more general and extensive Being, or from Universal Being; he is the more odious for his greatness, because the dissent or contradiction to Being in general is so much the greater. It is more grating to see much Being dissent from Being than to see little; and his greatness, or the quantity of Being he partakes of, does nothing towards bettering his dissent from Being in general, because there is no proportion between Finite Being, however great, and Universal Being.

Coroll. 1. Hence it is impossible that God should be any otherwise, than excellent; for he is the Infinite, Universal and All-comprehending, Existence.

2. Hence God infinitely loves himself, because his Being is Infinite. He is in himself, if I may so say, an Infinite Quantity of Existence.

3. Hence we learn one reason, why persons, who view Death merely as Annihilation, have a great abhorrence of it, though they live a very afflicted life.

NOTES ON NATURAL SCIENCE

OF THE PREJUDICES OF THE IMAGINATION

Of all prejudices, no one so fights with Natural Philosophy, and prevails more against it, than those of the Imagination. It is these, which make the vulgar so roar out,

upon the mention of some very rational philosophical truths. And indeed I have known of some very learned men, that have pretended to a more than ordinary freedom from such prejudices, so overcome by them, that, merely because of them, they have believed things most absurd. And truly I hardly know of any other prejudices, that are more powerful against truth of any kind, than those; and I believe they will not give the hand to any in any case, except to those arising from our ruling self-interest, or the impetuosity of human passions. And there is very good reason for it; for opinions, arising from imagination, take us as soon as we are born, are beat into us by every act of sensation, and so grow up with us from our very births, and by that means grow into us so fast, that it is almost impossible to root them out; being, as it were, so incorporated with our very minds, that whatsoever is objected contrary thereunto, is, as if it were dissonant to the very constitution of them. Hence men come to make what they can actually perceive by their senses, or by immediate and outside reflection into their own souls, the standard of possibility and impossibility; so that there must be no body, forsooth, bigger than they can conceive of, or less than they can see with their eyes: no motion, either much swifter, or slower, than they can imagine. As to the greatness, and distances of bodies, the learned world have pretty well conquered their imagination, with respect to them; neither will any body flatly deny, that it is possible for bodies to be of any degree of bigness that can be mentioned; yet imaginations of this kind, among the learned themselves, even of this learned age, have a very powerful secret influence, to cause them, either to reject things really true, as erroneous, or to embrace those that are truly so. Thus some men will yet say, they cannot conceive, how the Fixed Stars can be so distant as that the Earth's annual revolution should cause no parallax among them, and so are almost ready to fall back into antiquated Ptolemy his system, merely to ease their imagination.—Thus also, on the other hand, a very learned man and sagacious astronomer, upon consideration of the vast magnitude of the visible part of the universe, has, in the extacy of his imagination, been hurried on to pronounce the universal infinite; which I may say, out of veneration, was beneath such a man as he. As if it were

any more an argument, because what he could see of the universe were so big, as he was assured it was. And suppose he had discovered the invisible universe, so vast as it is, to be as a globule of water to another Universe; the case is the same; as if it would have been any more of an argument, that that larger Universe was infinite, than if the visible part thereof were no bigger than a particle of the water of this. I think one is no nearer to infinite than the other. [1718-20?]

OF BEING

That there should absolutely be Nothing at all, is utterly impossible. The mind, let it stretch its conceptions ever so far, can never so much as bring itself to conceive of a state of perfect Nothing. It puts the mind into mere convulsion and confusion, to think of such a state: and it contradicts the very nature of the soul, to think that such a state should be. It is the greatest of contradictions, and the aggregate of all contradictions, to say that THING should not be. It is true, we cannot so distinctly show the contradiction in words; because we cannot talk about it, without speaking stark nonsense, and contradicting ourselves at every way: and because Nothing is that, whereby we distinctly show other particular contradictions. But here we are run up to our first principle, and have no other to explain the nothingness, or not being of Nothing by. Indeed we can mean nothing else by Nothing, but a state of absolute contradiction; and if any man thinks, that he can conceive well enough how there should be Nothing, I will engage, that what he means by Nothing, is as much Something, as any thing that he ever thought of in his life; and I believe, that if he knew what Nothing was, it would be intuitively evident to him that it could not be.—Thus we see it is necessary that some being should eternally be. And it is a more palpable contradiction still to say, that there must be Being somewhere, and not otherwhere, for the words *Absolute Nothing,* and *Where,* contradict each other. And, besides, it gives as great a shock to the mind, to think of pure Nothing being in any one place, as it does to think of it in all places: and it is self-evident, that there can be Nothing in one place, as well as in another; and if there can be in one, there can be all.

So that we see that this Necessary, Eternal Being must be Infinite and Omnipresent.

This Infinite and Omnipresent being cannot be solid. Let us see how contradictory it is, to say that an Infinite being is solid; for solidity surely is nothing, but resistance to other solidities.—Space is this necessary, eternal, infinite, and omnipresent being. We find that we can, with ease, conceive how all other beings should not be. We can remove them out of our minds, and place some other in the room of them: but Space is the very thing, that we can never remove, and conceive of its not being. If a man would imagine Space any where to be divided, so as there should be nothing between the divided parts, there remains Space between, notwithstanding, and so the man contradicts himself. And it is self-evident I believe to every man, that Space is necessary, eternal, infinite and omnipresent. But I had as good speak plain: I have already said as much as, that Space is God. And it is indeed clear to me, that all the Space there is, not proper to body, all the Space there is without the bounds of Creation, all the Space there was before the Creation, is God himself; and no body would in the least pick at it, if it were not because of the gross conceptions, that we have of Space.

A state of absolute nothing is a state of absolute contradiction. Absolute nothing is the aggregate of all the contradictions in the world: a state, wherein there is neither body, nor spirit, nor space, neither empty space nor full space, neither little nor great, narrow nor broad, neither infinite space nor finite space, not even a mathematical point, neither up nor down, neither north nor south, (I do not mean, as it is with respect to the body of the earth, or some other great body,) but no contrary points, positions or directions, no such thing as either here or there, this way or that way, or any way. When we go about to form an idea of perfect Nothing, we must shut out all these things: we must shut out of our minds both space that has something in it, and space that has nothing in it. We must not allow ourselves to think of the least part of Space, be it ever so small. Nor must we suffer our thoughts to take sanctuary in a mathematical point. When [we] go to expel being out of our thoughts, we must be careful not to leave empty space in the room of it; and

when we go to expel emptiness from our thoughts, we must not think to squeeze it out by any thing close, hard and solid; but we must think of the same, that the sleeping rocks do dream of; and not till then, shall we get a complete idea of Nothing.

When we go to enquire, Whether or no, there can be absolutely Nothing? we utter nonsense, in so enquiring. The stating of the question is nonsense; because we make a disjunction where there is none. Either Being, or absolute Nothing, is no disjunction; no more than whether a triangle is a triangle, or not a triangle. There is no other way, but only for there to be existence: there is no such thing, as absolute Nothing. There is such a thing, as Nothing, with respect to this ink and paper: there is such a thing, as Nothing, with respect to you and me: there is such a thing, as Nothing, with respect to this globe of earth, and with respect to this Universe. There is another way, beside these things, having existence; but there is no such thing, as Nothing, with respect to Entity, of being, absolutely considered. We do not know what we say, if we say, that we think it possible in itself, that there should not be Entity.

And how doth it grate upon the mind, to think that Something should be from all eternity, and yet Nothing all the while be conscious of it. To illustrate this: Let us suppose that the World had a being from all eternity, and had many great changes, and wonderful revolutions, and all the while Nothing knew it, there was no knowledge in the Universe of any such thing. How is it possible to bring the mind to imagine this? Yea, it is really impossible it should be, that any thing should exist, and Nothing know it. Then you will say, If it be so, it is, because Nothing has any existence but in consciousness: No, certainly, no where else, but either in created or uncreated consciousness.

Suppose there were another Universe, merely of bodies, created at a great distance from this; created in excellent order, harmonious motions, and a beautiful variety; and there was no created intelligence in it, nothing but senseless bodies, and nothing but God knew any thing of it. I demand where else that Universe would have a being, but only in the Divine consciousness? Certainly, in no other respect. There would be figures, and magnitudes, and

motions, and proportions; but where, where else, except in the Almighty's knowledge? How is it possible there should?—But then you will say, For the same reason, in a room closely shut up, which nobody sees, there is nothing, except in God's knowledge.—I answer, Created beings are conscious of the effects of what is in the room; for, perhaps, there is not one leaf of a tree, nor a spire of grass, but what produces effects, all over the Universe and will produce them, to the end of eternity. But any otherwise, there is nothing in a room so shut up, but only in God's consciousness. How can any thing be there, any other way? This will appear to be truly so, to any one who thinks of it, with the whole united strength of his mind. Let us suppose, for illustration, this impossibility, that all the spirits in the Universe were, for a time, deprived of their consciousness, and that God's consciousness, at the same time, were to be intermitted. I say the Universe, for that time, would cease to be, of itself; and this not merely, as we speak, because the Almighty could not attend to uphold it; but because God could know nothing of it. It is our foolish imagination that will not suffer us to see it. We fancy there may be figures and magnitudes, relations and properties, without any one knowing of it. But it is our imagination hurts us. We do not know what figures and properties are.

Our imagination makes us fancy, that we see shapes, and colours, and magnitudes, though nobody is there to behold it. But to help our imagination, let us thus state the case: Let us suppose the creation deprived of every ray of light, so that there should not be the least glimmering of light in the Universe. Now all will own, that, in such case, the Universe would really be immediately deprived of all its colours. No one part of the Universe is any more red, or blue, or green, or yellow, or black, or white, or light, or dark, or transparent, or opake. There would be no visible distinction, between the Universe and the rest of the incomprehensible void: yea, there would be no difference, in these respects, between the Universe and the infinite void; so that any part of that void would really be as light and as dark, as white and as black, as red and as green, as blue and as brown, as transparent and as opake, as any part of the Universe: so that, in such case, there would be no difference, in these respects, between

the Universe and Nothing. So also, there would be no difference, between one part of the Universe and another: all, in these respects, is alike confounded with, and undistinguished from, infinite emptiness.

At the same time, also, let us suppose the Universe to be altogether deprived of motion, and all parts of it to be at perfect rest. Then, the Universe would not differ from the void, in this respect: there would be no more motion in the one, than in the other. Then, also, solidity would cease. All that we mean, or can be meant, by solidity, is resistance; resistance to touch, the resistance of some parts of space. This is all the knowledge we get of solidity, by our senses, and, I am sure, all that we can get, any other way. But solidity shall be shown to be nothing else, more fully, hereafter. But there can be no resistance, if there is no motion. One body cannot resist another, when there is perfect rest among them. But, you will say, Though there is no actual resistance, yet there is potential resistance: that is, such and such parts of space would resist upon occasion. But this is all that I would have, that there is no solidity now; not but that God could cause there to be, on occasion. And if there is no solidity, there is no extension, for extension is the extendedness of solidity. Then, all figure, and magnitude, and proportion, immediately cease. Put, then, both these suppositions together: that is, deprive the Universe of light, and motion, and the case would stand thus, with the Universe: There would be neither white nor black, neither blue nor brown, neither bright nor shaded, pellucid nor opake, no noise nor sound, neither heat nor cold, neither fluid nor solid, neither wet nor dry, neither hard nor soft, nor solidity, nor extension, nor figure, nor magnitude, nor proportion, nor body, nor spirit. What, then, is to become of the Universe? Certainly it exists no where, but in the Divine mind. This will be abundantly clearer to one, after having read what I have further to say of solidity, etc.: so that we see that a Universe, without motion, can exist no where else, but in the mind—either infinite or finite.

Corollary. It follows from hence, that those beings, which have knowledge and consciousness, are the only proper and real, and substantial beings; inasmuch as the being of other things is only by these. From hence, we

may see the gross mistake of those, who think material things the most substantial beings, and spirits more like a shadow; whereas, spirits only are properly substance.

[1718-20?]

THINGS TO BE CONSIDERED, OR WRITTEN FULLY ABOUT

47. Since, as has been shown, body is nothing but an infinite resistance, in some parts of space, caused by the immediate exercise of Divine power; it follows, that as great and as wonderful power is every moment exerted in the *upholding* of the world, as at first was exerted in its *creation:* the first creation being only the first exertion of this power, to cause such resistance, and the preservation, only the continuation or the repetition of this power, every moment to cause this resistance: so that the Universe is created out of nothing every moment. And, if it were not for our imaginations, which hinder us, we might see that wonderful work performed continually, which was seen by the morning stars, when they sang together.

48. There is that, which is peculiarly wonderful in Trees, beyond any thing that is to be found in the inanimate world, even the manner of their growing from the seed. Their amazing diversification into such curious branches, leaves, flowers, fruits, and seeds; and so successively from one seed after another, in the same manner, from age to age, forever.

The discovery of the little tree in the seed, has opened a door for finding out these wonders; but, without that, we might have known that the parts of the tree are in miniature, before they are in perfection; for the bud, which is but another sort of seed, is nothing but the leaves, twigs, flowers and fruits, folded up together, which we see by degrees unfold themselves.

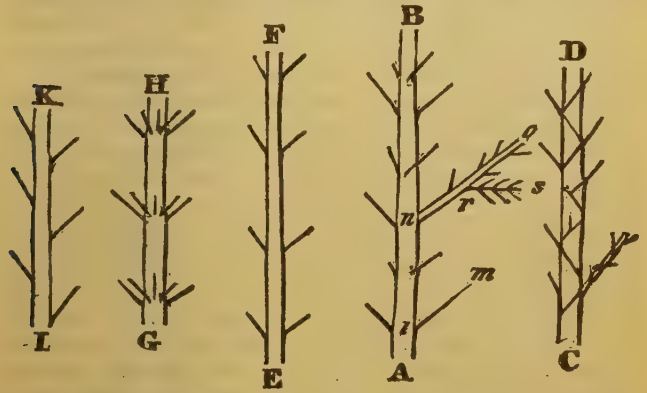
But the trees being in embryo in the seed, does not seem to solve the difficulty, for the tree most certainly does not keep to its rule, does not exactly follow its copy in the seed; for we may make the tree grow almost as we please. If we lop the tree, there will peep out new branches from the body of the tree, where there was no sign of a branch. But if the branches of the tree did really grow exactly in the same form as their pattern in

the seed, this might indeed solve for the growing of one tree, but not for that infinite succession, and endless offspring, of trees, that may proceed from it; except we suppose that, in one seed, are actually contained an infinite number of trees and seeds, one within another; for this makes actually an infinite number of trees twice over, in the same seed: first, an infinite number of successions of one tree, less than another, and by that time we come to the least, (we must be allowed to speak contradictions here,) the offspring will be so numerous, that there will be actually an infinite number of trees of the same size and standing. Wherefore this matter of the Growth of Trees still remains very difficult.

The reason of it would not be altogether so difficult and perplexing, if they always grew in the same regular order. We do not despair of finding out the reason of that, which always happens alike, and in the same order. Thus, when we have reduced the motion of the Planets to a rule, we have got above half way towards giving the reason of their motions. But the Branches of Trees seem not capable of being reduced to any rule at all; but there is an infinite variety—one branch grows out here, and another there, without any order.

But we shall be helped in this matter, if we consider, that all trees and plants, universally, when they first sprout out of the ground, while there is, as yet, but one twig, are exactly regular; that is, having the buds which grow out of them, which are branches in miniature, standing in a regular and uniform manner—a leaf always growing under the bud. In some, two come out together, one right opposite to the other, always standing transverse to the last two, as in the twig, A B, in the maple tree; In others, but one at a time, standing at regular distances, on different sides, in such order as to stand round the twig, in the form of a screw, so that the branches shall stand out on every side, as in the twig, C D, in the apple, the pear, the cherry, etc.; in others, having two together, growing out of opposite sides, but not standing transverse, like the maples, as in the twig E F; In others, having four or five standing round the twig together, as in G G; In others, having but one at a time, standing always opposite to each other, as in I K; and innumerable other ways, but yet always regular. And as the first sprouts of the

tree are always regular, so are all the young sprouts of the tree afterwards, when the tree comes to be divided into many branches; yea, always as long as the tree lives, all the twigs, that are of that year's growth, are regular. So that it follows, that the body, the main branches, and the little twigs, and every part, of every tree in the world, in their first beginnings, were regular. So that, if all the



trees had continued as they were, in the year that they grew; the whole tree, with all the branches, small and great, would be regular. And now we are sure that, if the sap did not flow, more easily, into one bud or branch than another, or, if one were not otherwise advantaged above another, if all the buds and branches had, in all respects, equal advantages for growing; the tree would be most exactly regular. It follows clearly, and certainly; for, if the common trunk, A B, when it first grew, was regular, and the branches, *l, m, n, o,* at first were regular, and the branches of the branches, as *r s,* were also regular, and so on; it is certain, if all these branches continued as they were at first, and every bud or branch expanded itself alike, that the whole tree, A B, will always continue to grow regularly. Thus far we are clear, that the miniatures of all plants are regular, and that there is no provision made, in the seeds and bud, for any but a regular growth, and that, if it were not for some accidental causes that promoted or hindered the growth of one of the

branches or buds, *n o,* more than another, that all the tree, in the end, would be regular.

We need not perplex ourselves to find out, what should give one a greater advantage of growth than another. The least thing in the world may be sufficient, when they are so small and tender: ten thousand things might be thought of.

Many plants do actually always continue to grow regular; as most herbs and weeds, that are but of one year's growth, and some trees; and, of those that err from their seminal pattern, some keep nearer to it than others.

We therefore conclude, that the first trees, that ever were, were regular trees, or at least regular parts of trees, so contrived, with vessels, pipes and valves, that, as it receives more sap, it continually desires to shoot forth towards B. And infinite wisdom so contrived the curious workmanship of the inlets, receptacles, passages and outlets, from A to B, that that which is, by degrees, added at B, by the gentle motion of the sap, from A to B, through the pipes, shall be cast into the same form, and shall come out in the same fashion, as if it were cast into a mould. It is also so contrived, that, as it continues to proceed towards B, the course of some of the passages shall be directed so, as to cause it to shoot forth on the side at *n,* and at every such regular distance, just as the engineer contrives his clock to strike at uniform distances, and the sap proceeds forwards in the branch, *n o,* in the same manner as it did in the trunk A B; and in like manner breaks out at the sides, at regular distances from *r* to *s,* and then branches forth, in like manner, at the sides of *r s,* and so on, in infinitum, to the world's end. And the trees, that grow now, are nothing but the branches of those first trees; which, although the communication with the original branch has ceased, yet still continue to grow and to be diversified into more branches, in the same regular and uniform method, in infinitum; and the seeds, from whence our trees proceed, are no new plants, but branches of the old, a continuation of the same plant, in its infinite regular progress—branches not yet expanded. The trees, or seeds, or whatever they were, that God first created, were only the beginning of this progress, enough to set it a going. So it is contrived, that, at such due and uniform distances, these little continuations of the branches of the

tree, while they are very tender, shall be wrapped in the curious covering and shelter of leaves, flowers and fruits, and some only of leaves and flowers, and shall drop off; so that when the seed drops off, it is only the regular continuation of these branches. And as it drops into the ground, though the continuation is uninterrupted, yet, receiving sap from the ground, it will not cease to grow: which is no more strange, than that the branch of an apple-tree, if cut off and cast into the ground, will continue to grow.

The leaves are still nothing but branches of the tree, that grow not so big, and so contrived as to cleave together after such a manner. So likewise is the flower, and the fruit too is a compages of branches, yet otherwise modelled. There is nothing belonging to a tree but branches; and all, that the first trees, which God created, had to do, was to proceed to the end of the world, in such regular branches, having various stated periods, at the same stated distances: at which periods, there happen remarkable changes, and unusual phenomena, among the branches, as there may be various periods in an engine of human contrivance: some returning every second, every minute, every quarter of an hour, hour, day, month and year.—As for the leaves, flowers and fruits, they are not to be looked upon as a continuation of these regular branches, but as part of the substance of the trunk to which they grow.

There is but here and there one of these buds, that grow thus regularly and expand themselves. Perhaps some die, most of them continue in their littleness and imperfect state; the sap not running plentifully enough into them, having more free passage elsewhere, or being by some means diverted; and so, the part growing bigger, they are at last covered in it, and lie latent, until by some means the passage of the sap elsewhere is stopped, as by lopping of the tree, or otherwise; and then the sap, flowing more plentifully into them, causes them to spring forth, and make their way out of the bark. It may lie, like a seed in the tree, for many years, and, upon such an occasion, spring forth. Hence it is, that those little twigs, how small soever, though but of one year's growth, that grow out of great trees, yet always have their beginning and rise close by the very heart of the tree; because all the

rest that is above it has grown and been added, since the tree was so small as to bear buds at that place. We had as good think that trees grow out of the ground, without seeds, as that branches grow out of the trunk without buds; for the buds are but another sort of seeds, that cleave to the tree, and the seeds are but another sort of buds, that drop into the ground.

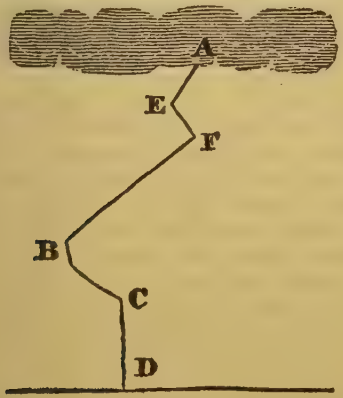
67. THUNDER. It is remarkable of Thunder, how long one part of the sound will be heard after another, when it is evident that the sound is made all in an instant, by the Lightning, which continues no longer. This arises from the length of the stream of Lightning, whereby one part is a great deal farther from us than another, so that the sound is a great while coming successively. Hence it is, that in claps of thunder, that are near us, the first noise that we hear seems to be very near the Earth, and then it seems to go further and further from us, and the last will be a murmuring up in the clouds; for although the noise that was made in the clouds, and the noise near the earth, was made together as at an instant, yet that in the clouds is much farther, and therefore is longer coming, and is a much lower sound when it sounds.

The rapid vibration of the air jars and jumbles, breaks and condenses, the bubbles of the cloud; whence it is, that, soon after hard claps of thunder, rain falls in greater plenty.

I regard Thunder as a meteor by far the most wonderful and least explicable of any whatsoever. But that we may make some approaches to the knowledge of the true nature of it, we shall lay down these following propositions.

1. The Streams of Lightning are not caused by any solid burning, or red-hot mass of matter, exploded with such swiftness as to cause it to appear as if there were one continued stream of light; nor are the effects of Lightning caused by the violent stroke of any such solid mass. For if Lightning were such a body projected, it would be projected according to the laws of projected bodies; whereas the path of the Lightning is exceedingly far from it, being very crooked and angled. If Lightning were a solid body, projected from the cloud at A, towards E, with such a prodigious celerity, it proceeds according to the direction A, very nearly, and turns short at E in the free air, and so at F, B and C; for, when it is projected with such a

prodigious force, it must also be a prodigious force, that must change the course of it so short, and not the force of the free and yielding air.—But if any should suppose, that the change of the course of the Lightning might be caused, by some very violent eruptions of fire, at these angles, where the course is changed, that gives the thunderbolt a new projection:—to this I reply, that the fiery stream of Lightning is smooth and even; but if there



were any such new eruptions, they would be seen by a sudden and extraordinary expansion of the light, in those places. But what proves, that this cannot be the reason of the crookedness of the path of the Lightning, is that, as the flash of the Lightning is repeated once or twice, however crooked and angled the path is, yet it is every time the same: a stream of Lightning darts from the clouds two or three times over, and every time exactly in the same path. And sometimes there is a continued stream, for some time, with a tremulous motion. Now if these repeated flashes were one bolt exploded after another, and the reason of the Lightning's changing its course were new eruptions of fire, how should every bolt proceed, so exactly, in the same path.—And further, the effects of Lightning, upon earthly bodies, can in no wise be accounted for, by the violent projection of a solid mass, and do plainly show that they are not produced by such a cause. There is no such effect, as is caused by the explo-

sion of a cannon ball. It is not worth while to stand to particularize, for it is exceedingly evident that none of the effects of Lightning arise from any such cause. Nor

2. Are those streaks of Lightning caused by a vein of combustible matter's taking fire, and the fire's running from one end of the vein to the other almost instantaneously. This would not produce any of those effects, which are caused by lightning, except we should suppose that these veins enter into the hearts of trees, rocks, and metals, and bodies of animals. If it were, it would be a wonder that the lower ends of these veins never took fire from fires that are upon earth. But

3. Lightning seems to be this: An almost infinitely fine, combustible matter, that floats in the air, that takes fire by a sudden and mighty fermentation, that is some way promoted by the cool and moisture, and perhaps attraction, of the clouds. By this sudden agitation, this fine, floating matter, is driven forth with a mighty force one way or other, which ever way it is directed, by the circumstances and temperature of the circumjacent air; for cold and heat, density and rarity, moisture and dryness, has almost an infinitely strong influence upon the fine particles of matter. This fluid matter, thus projected, still fermenting to the same degree, divides the air as it goes, and every moment receives a new impulse by the continued fermentation; and as its motion received its direction, at first, from the different temperature of the air, on different sides, so its direction is changed, according to the temperature of the air it meets with, which renders the path of the lightning so crooked. The parts are so fine, and are so vehemently urged on, that they instantaneously make their way into the pores of earthly bodies, still burning with a prodigious heat, and so instantly rarifying the rarifiable parts. Sometimes these bodies are somewhat bruised; which is chiefly by the beating of the air that is, with great violence, driven every way by the inflamed matter.

RESOLUTIONS

Being sensible that I am unable to do any thing without God's help, I do humbly entreat him by his grace, to enable me to keep these Resolutions, so far as they are agreeable to his will, for Christ's sake.

REMEMBER TO READ OVER THESE RESOLUTIONS ONCE A WEEK

1. *Resolved,* That *I will do whatsoever* I think to be most to the glory of God and my own good, profit and pleasure, in the whole of my duration; without any consideration of the time, whether now, or never so many myriads of ages hence. Resolved to do whatever I think to be my *duty,* and most for the good and advantage of mankind in general. Resolved, so to do, whatever *difficulties* I meet with, how many soever, and how great soever.

2. *Resolved,* To be continually endeavouring to find out some *new contrivance,* and invention, to promote the forementioned things.

3. *Resolved,* If ever I shall fall and grow dull, so as to neglect to keep any part of these Resolutions, to repent of all I can remember, when I come to myself again.

4. *Resolved,* Never *to do* any manner of thing, whether in soul or body, less or more, but what tends to the glory of God, nor *be,* nor *suffer* it, if I can possibly avoid it.

5. *Resolved,* Never to lose one moment of time, but to improve it in the most profitable way I possibly can.

6. *Resolved,* To live with all my might, while I do live.

7. *Resolved,* Never to do any thing, which I should be afraid to do, if it were the last hour of my life.

8. *Resolved,* To act, in all respects, both speaking and doing, as if nobody had been so vile as I, and as if I had committed the same sins, or had the same infirmities or failings as others; and that I will let the knowledge of their failings promote nothing but shame in myself, and prove only an occasion of my confessing my own sins and misery to God. *Vid. July* 30.

9. *Resolved,* To think much, on all occasions, of my own dying, and of the common circumstances which attend death.

10. *Resolved,* When I feel pain, to think of the pains of Martyrdom, and of Hell.

11. *Resolved,* When I think of any Theorem in divinity to be solved, immediately to do what I can towards solving it, if circumstances do not hinder.

12. *Resolved,* If I take delight in it as a gratification of pride, or vanity, or on any such account, immediately to throw it by.

13. *Resolved,* To be endeavouring to find out fit objects of charity and liberality.

14. *Resolved,* Never to do any thing out of Revenge.

15. *Resolved,* Never to suffer the least motions of anger towards irrational beings.

16. *Resolved,* Never to speak evil of any one, so that it shall tend to his dishonour, more or less, upon no account except for some real good.

17. *Resolved,* That I will live so, as I shall wish I had done when I come to die.

18. *Resolved,* To live so, at all times, as I think is best in my most devout frames, and when I have the clearest notions of the things of the Gospel, and another world.

19. *Resolved,* Never to do anything, which I should be afraid to do, if I expected it would not be above an hour, before I should hear the last trump.

20. *Resolved,* To maintain the strictest temperance, in eating and drinking.

21. *Resolved,* Never to do any thing, which, if I should see in another, I should count a just occasion to despise him for, or to think any way the more meanly of him.

22. *Resolved,* To endeavour to obtain for myself as much happiness, in the other world, as I possibly can, with all the power, might, vigour, and vehemence, yea violence, I am capable of, or can bring myself to exert, in any way that can be thought of.

23. *Resolved,* Frequently to take some deliberate action, which seems most unlikely to be done, for the glory of God, and trace it back to the original intention, designs and ends of it; and if I find it not to be for God's glory, to repute it as a breach of the fourth Resolution.

24. *Resolved,* Whenever I do any conspicuously evil action, to trace it back, till I come to the original cause; and then, both carefully endeavour to do so no more, and to fight and pray with all my might against the original of it.

25. *Resolved,* To examine carefully, and constantly, what that one thing in me is, which causes me in the least to doubt of the love of God; and to direct all my forces against it.

26. *Resolved,* To cast away such things, as I find do abate my assurance.

27. *Resolved,* Never wilfully to omit any thing, except

the omission be for the glory of God; and frequently to examine my omissions.

28. *Resolved,* To study the Scriptures so steadily, constantly and frequently, as that I may find, and plainly perceive myself to grow in the knowledge of the same.

29. *Resolved,* Never to count that a prayer, nor to let that pass as a prayer, nor that as a petition of a prayer, which is so made, that I cannot hope that God will answer it; nor that as a confession, which I cannot hope God will accept.

30. *Resolved,* To strive, every week, to be brought higher in Religion, and to a higher exercise of grace, than I was the week before.

31. *Resolved,* Never to say any thing at all against any body, but when it is perfectly agreeable to the highest degree of christian honour, and of love to mankind, agreeable to the lowest humility, and sense of my own faults and failings, and agreeable to the Golden Rule; often, when I have said any thing against any one, to bring it to, and try it strictly by the test of this Resolution.

32. *Resolved,* To be strictly and firmly faithful to my trust, that that, in Prov. xx, 6, *A faithful man, who can find?* may not be partly fulfilled in me.

33. *Resolved,* To do, always, what I can towards making, maintaining and preserving peace, when it can be done without an overbalancing detriment in other respects. *Dec.* 26, 1722.

34. *Resolved,* In narrations, never to speak any thing but the pure and simple verity.

35. *Resolved,* Whenever I so much question whether I have done my duty, as that my quiet and calm is thereby disturbed, to set it down, and also how the question was resolved. *Dec.* 18, 1722.

36. *Resolved,* Never to speak evil of any, except I have some particular good call to it. *Dec.* 19, 1722.

37. *Resolved,* To enquire every night, as I am going to bed, Wherein I have been negligent,—What sin I have committed,—and wherein I have denied myself;—also, at the end of every week, month and year. *Dec.* 22 *and* 26, 1722.

38. *Resolved,* Never to utter any thing that is sportive, or matter of laughter, on a Lord's day. *Sabbath evening, Dec.* 23, 1722.

39. *Resolved,* Never to do any thing, of which I so much question the lawfulness, as that I intend, at the same time, to consider and examine afterwards, whether it be lawful or not; unless I as much question the lawfulness of the omission.

40. *Resolved,* To enquire every night, before I go to bed, whether I have acted in the best way I possibly could, with respect to eating and drinking. *Jan.* 7, 1723.

41. *Resolved,* To ask myself, at the end of every day, week, month and year, wherein I could possibly, in any respect, have done better. *Jan.* 11, 1723.

42. *Resolved,* Frequently to renew the dedication of myself to God, which was made at my baptism, which I solemnly renewed, when I was received into the communion of the church, and which I have solemnly re-made this 12th day of January, 1723.

43. *Resolved,* Never, henceforward, till I die, to act as if I were any way my own, but entirely and altogether God's; agreeably to what is to be found in Saturday, Jan. 12th. *Jan.* 12th, 1723.

44. *Resolved,* That no other end but religion, shall have any influence at all on any of my actions; and that no action shall be, in the least circumstance, any otherwise than the religious end will carry it. *Jan.* 12, 1723.

45. *Resolved,* Never to allow any pleasure or grief, joy or sorrow, nor any affection at all, nor any degree of affection, nor any circumstance relating to it, but what helps Religion. *Jan.* 12 *and* 13, 1723.

46. *Resolved,* Never to allow the least measure of any fretting or uneasiness at my father or mother. *Resolved,* To suffer no effects of it, so much as in the least alteration of speech, or motion of my eye; and to be especially careful of it with respect to any of our family.

47. *Resolved,* To endeavour, to my utmost, to deny whatever is not most agreeable to a good and universally sweet and benevolent, quiet, peaceable, contented and easy, compassionate and generous, humble and meek, submissive and obliging, diligent and industrious, charitable and even, patient, moderate, forgiving and sincere, temper; and to do, at all times, what such a temper would lead me to; and to examine strictly, at the end of every week, whether I have so done. *Sabbath Morning, May* 5, 1723.

48. *Resolved,* Constantly, with the utmost niceness and

diligence, and the strictest scrutiny, to be looking into the state of my soul, that I may know whether I have truly an interest in Christ or not; that when I come to die, I may not have any negligence respecting this, to repent of. *May* 26, 1723.

49. *Resolved,* That this never shall be, if I can help it.

50. *Resolved,* That I will act so, as I think I shall judge would have been best, and most prudent, when I come into the future world. *July* 5, 1723.

51. *Resolved,* That I will act so, in every respect, as I think I shall wish I had done, if I should at last be damned. *July* 8, 1723.

52. I frequently hear persons in old age, say how they would live, if they were to live their lives over again: *Resolved,* That I will live just so as I can think I shall wish I had done, supposing I live to old age. *July* 8, 1723.

53. *Resolved,* To improve every opportunity, when I am in the best and happiest frame of mind, to cast and venture my soul on the Lord Jesus Christ, to trust and confide in him, and consecrate myself wholly to him; that from this I may have assurance of my safety, knowing that I confide in my Redeemer. *July* 8, 1723.

54. *Resolved,* Whenever I hear any thing spoken in commendation of any person, if I think it would be praiseworthy in me, that I will endeavour to imitate it. *July* 8, 1723.

55. *Resolved,* To endeavour, to my utmost, so to act, as I can think I should do, if I had already seen the happiness of Heaven, and Hell torments. *July* 8, 1723.

56. *Resolved,* Never to give over, nor in the least to slacken, my fight with my corruptions, however unsuccessful I may be.

57. *Resolved,* When I fear misfortunes and adversity, to examine whether I have done my duty, and resolve to do it, and let the event be just as Providence orders it. I will, as far as I can, be concerned about nothing but my duty, and my sin. *June* 9, *and July* 13, 1723.

58. *Resolved,* Not only to refrain from an air of dislike, frètfulness, and anger in conversation, but to exhibit an air of love, cheerfulness and benignity. *May* 27, *and July* 13, 1723.

59. *Resolved,* When I am most conscious of provocations to ill-nature and anger, that I will strive most to feel and

act good-naturedly; yea, at such times, to manifest good-nature, though I think that in other respects it would be disadvantageous, and so as would be imprudent at other times. *May* 12, *July* 11, *and July* 13.

60. *Resolved,* Whenever my feelings begin to appear in the least out of order, when I am conscious of the least uneasiness within, or the least irregularity without, I will then subject myself to the strictest examination. *July* 4, *and* 13, 1723.

61. *Resolved,* That I will not give way to that listlessness which I find unbends and relaxes my mind from being fully and fixedly set on religion, whatever excuse I may have for it—that what my listlessness inclines me to do, is best to be done, &c. *May* 21, *and July* 13, 1723.

62. *Resolved,* Never to do any thing but my duty, and then according to Eph. vi. 6—8, to do it willingly and cheerfully, as unto the Lord, and not to man: knowing that whatever good thing any man doth, the same shall he receive of the Lord. *June* 25, *and July* 13, 1723.

63. On the supposition, that there never was to be but one individual in the world, at any one time, who was properly a complete christian, in all respects of a right stamp, having christianity always shining in its true lustre, and appearing excellent and lovely, from whatever part and under whatever character viewed: *Resolved,* To act just as I would do, if I strove with all my might to be that one, who should live in my time. *Jan.* 14, *and July* 13, 1723.

64. *Resolved,* When I find those *"groanings which cannot be uttered,"* of which the Apostle speaks, and those *"breakings of soul* for the longing it hath," of which the Psalmist speaks, Psalm cxix, 20, That I will promote them to the utmost of my power, and that I will not be weary of earnestly endeavouring to vent my desires, nor of the repetitions of such earnestness. *July* 23, *and August* 10, 1723.

65. *Resolved,* Very much to exercise myself in this, all my life long, viz. With the greatest openness, of which I am capable, to declare my ways to God, and lay open my soul to him, all my sins, temptations, difficulties, sorrows, fears, hopes, desires, and every thing, and every circumstance, according to Dr. Manton's Sermon on the 119th Psalm. *July* 26, *and Aug.* 10, 1723.

66. *Resolved,* That I will endeavour always to keep a benign aspect and air of acting and speaking in all places, and in all companies, except it should so happen that duty requires otherwise.

67. *Resolved,* After afflictions, to enquire, What I am the better for them; What good I have got by them; and, What I might have got by them.

68. *Resolved,* To confess frankly to myself all that which I find in myself, either infirmity or sin; and, if it be what concerns religion, also to confess the whole case to God, and implore needed help. *July* 23, *and August* 10, 1723.

69. *Resolved,* Always to do that, which I shall wish I had done when I see others do it. *Aug.* 11, 1723.

70. Let there be something of benevolence, in all that I speak. *Aug.* 17, 1723.

DIARY

Dec. 18 [1722]. This day made the 35th Resolution. The reason why I, in the least, question my interest in God's love and favour, is,—1. Because I cannot speak so fully to my experience of that preparatory work, of which divines speak:—2. I do not remember that I experienced regeneration, exactly in those steps, in which divines say it is generally wrought:—3. I do not feel the christian graces sensibly enough, particularly faith. I fear they are only such hypocritical outside affections, which wicked men may feel, as well as others. They do not seem to be sufficiently inward, full, sincere, entire and hearty. They do not seem so substantial, and so wrought into my very nature, as I could wish.—4. Because I am sometimes guilty of sins of omission and commission. Lately I have doubted, whether I do not transgress in evil speaking. This day, resolved, No.

Dec. 19. This day made the 36th Resolution. Lately, I have been very much perplexed, by seeing the doctrine of different degrees in glory questioned; but now have almost got over the difficulty.

Dec. 20. This day somewhat questioned, whether I had not been guilty of negligence yesterday, and this morning; but resolved, No.

Dec. 21, *Friday.* This day, and yesterday, I was exceedingly dull, dry and dead.

Dec. 22, *Saturday.* This day, revived by God's Holy Spirit; affected with the sense of the excellency of holiness; felt more exercise of love to Christ, than usual. Have, also, felt sensible repentance for sin, because it was committed against so merciful and good a God. This night made the 37th Resolution.

Sabbath-night, Dec. 23. Made the 38th Resolution.

Monday, Dec. 24. Higher thoughts than usual of the excellency of Christ and his kingdom.—Concluded to observe, at the end of every month, the number of breaches of Resolutions, to see whether they increase or diminish, to begin from this day, and to compute from that the weekly account, my monthly increase, and, out of the whole, my yearly increase, beginning from new year days.

Wednesday, Dec. 26. Early in the morning yesterday, was hindered by the head-ache all day; though I hope I did not lose much. Made an addition to the 37th Resolution, concerning weeks, months and years. *At night;* made the 33d Resolution.

Saturday, Dec. 29. About sunset this day, dull and lifeless.

1722–23. *Tuesday, Jan.* 1. Have been dull for several days. Examined whether I have not been guilty of negligence to-day; and resolved, No.

Wednesday, Jan. 2. Dull. I find, by experience, that, let me make Resolutions, and do what I will, with never so many inventions, it is all nothing, and to no purpose at all, without the motions of the Spirit of God; for if the Spirit of God should be as much withdrawn from me always, as for the week past, notwithstanding all I do, I should not grow, but should languish, and miserably fade away. I perceive, if God should withdraw his Spirit a little more, I should not hesitate to break my Resolutions, and should soon arrive at my old state. There is no dependence on myself. Our resolutions may be at the highest one day, and yet, the next day, we may be in a miserable dead condition, not at all like the same person who resolved. So that it is to no purpose to resolve, except we depend on the grace of God. For, if it were not for his mere grace, one might be a very good man one day, and a very wicked one the next. I find also by experience, that there is no guessing out the ends of Providence, in particular dispensations towards me—any otherwise

than as afflictions come as corrections for sin, and God intends when we meet with them, to desire us to look back on our ways, and see wherein we have done amiss, and lament that particular sin, and all our sins, before him:—knowing this, also, that all things shall work together for our good; not knowing in what way, indeed, but trusting in God.

Saturday evening, Jan. 5. A little redeemed from a long dreadful dulness, about reading the Scriptures. This week, have been unhappily low in the weekly account:—and what are the reasons of it?—abundance of listlessness and sloth; and, if this should continue much longer, I perceive that other sins will begin to discover themselves. It used to appear to me, that I had not much sin remaining; but now, I perceive that there are great remainders of sin. Where may it not bring me to, if God should leave me? Sin is not enough mortified. Without the influences of the Spirit of God, the old serpent would begin to rouse up himself from his frozen state, and would come to life again. *Resolved,* That I have been negligent in two things:—in not striving enough in duty; and in not forcing myself upon religious thoughts.

Sabbath, Jan. 6. *At night;* Much concerned about the improvement of precious time. Intend to live in continual mortification, without ceasing, and even to weary myself thereby, as long as I am in this world, and never to expect or desire any worldly ease or pleasure.

Monday, Jan. 7. At night, made the 40th Resolution.

Tuesday, Jan. 8. In the morning, had higher thoughts than usual of the excellency of Christ, and felt an unusual repentance of sin therefrom.

Wednesday, Jan. 9. *At night:* Decayed. I am sometimes apt to think, that I have a great deal more of holiness than I really have. I find now and then that abominable corruption, which is directly contrary to what I read of eminent christians. I do not seem to be half so careful to improve time, to do every thing quick, and in as short a time as I possibly can, nor to be perpetually engaged to think about religion, as I was yesterday and the day before, nor indeed as I have been at certain times, perhaps a twelve month ago. If my resolutions of that nature, from that time, had always been kept alive and awake, how much better might I have been, than I now

am. How deceitful is my heart! I take up a strong resolution, but how soon doth it weaken.

Thursday, Jan. 10, about noon. Recovering. It is a great dishonour to Christ, in whom I hope I have an interest, to be uneasy at my worldly state and condition; or, when I see the prosperity of others, and that all things go easy with them, the world is smooth to them, and they are very happy in many respects, and very prosperous, or are advanced to much honour; to grudge them their prosperity, or envy them on account of it, or to be in the least uneasy at it, to wish and long for the same prosperity, and to desire that it should ever be so with me. Wherefore, concluded always to rejoice in every one's prosperity, and not to pretend to expect or desire it for myself, and to expect no happiness of that nature, as long as I live; but to depend on afflictions, and to betake myself entirely to another happiness.—I think I find myself much more sprightly and healthy, both in body and mind, for my self-denial in eating, drinking and sleeping. I think it would be advantageous, every morning to consider my business and temptations, and the sins to which I shall be exposed on that day, and to make a resolution how to improve the day, and avoid those sins, and so at the beginning of every week, month and year. I never knew before what was meant, by not setting our hearts on those things. It is, not to care about them, nor to depend upon them, nor to afflict ourselves with the fear of losing them, nor to please ourselves with the expectation of obtaining them, or with the hopes of their continuance.—*At night;* made the 41st Resolution.

Saturday, Jan. 12. In the morning. I have this day, solemnly renewed my baptismal covenant and self-dedication, which I renewed, when I was taken into the communion of the church. I have been before God, and have given myself, all that I am, and have, to God; so that I am not, in any respect, my own. I can challenge no right in this understanding, this will, these affections, which are in me. Neither have I any right to this body or any of its members—no right to this tongue, these hands, these feet; no right to these senses, these eyes, these ears, this smell, or this taste. I have given myself clear away, and have not retained any thing, as my own. I gave myself to God, in my baptism, and I have been this morning to

him, and told him, that I gave myself *wholly* to him. I have given every power to him; so that for the future, I'll challenge no right in myself, in no respect whatever. I have expressly promised him, and I do now promise Almighty God, that by his grace, I will not. I have this morning told him, that I did take Him for my whole portion and felicity, looking on nothing else, as any part of my happiness, nor acting as if it were; and his Law, for the constant rule of my obedience; and would fight, with all my might, against the world, the flesh and the devil, to the end of my life; and that I did believe in Jesus Christ, and did receive him as a Prince and Saviour; and that I would adhere to the faith and obedience of the Gospel, however hazardous and difficult, the confession and practice of it may be; and that I did receive the blessed Spirit, as my Teacher, Sanctifier, and only Comforter, and cherish all his motions to enlighten, purify, confirm, comfort and assist me. This, I have done; and I pray God, for the sake of Christ, to look upon it as a self-dedication, and to receive me now, as entirely his own, and to deal with me, in all respects, as such, whether he afflicts me, or prospers me, or whatever he pleases to do with me, who am his. Now, henceforth, I am not to act, in any respect, as my own.—I shall act as my own, if I ever make use of any of my powers, to any thing, that is not to the glory of God, and do not make the glorifying of him, my whole and entire business:—if I murmur in the least at affliction; if I grieve at the prosperity of others; if I am in any way uncharitable; if I am angry, because of injuries; if I revenge them; if I do any thing, purely to please myself, or if I avoid any thing, for the sake of my own ease; if I omit any thing, because it is great self-denial; if I trust to myself; if I take any of the praise of any good that I do, or that God doth by me; or if I am in any way proud. This day, made the 42d and 43d Resolutions:—Whether or no, any other end ought to have any influence at all, on any of my actions; or, whether any action ought to be any otherwise, in any respect, than it would be, if nothing else but religion had the least influence on my mind. Wherefore, I make the 44th Resolution.

Query: Whether any delight, or satisfaction, ought to be allowed, because any other end is obtained, beside a

religious one. In the afternoon, I answer, Yes; because, if we should never suffer ourselves to rejoice, but because we have obtained a religious end, we should never rejoice at the sight of friends, we should not allow ourselves any pleasure in our food, whereby the animal spirits would be withdrawn, and good digestion hindered. But the query is to be answered thus:—We never ought to allow any joy or sorrow, but what helps religion. Wherefore, I make the 45th Resolution.

The reason why I so soon grow lifeless, and unfit for the business I am about, I have found out, is only because I have been used to suffer myself to leave off, for the sake of ease, and so, I have acquired a habit of expecting ease; and therefore, when I think I have exercised myself a great while, I cannot keep myself to it any longer, because I expect to be released, as my due and right. And then, I am deceived, as if I were really tired and weary. Whereas, if I did not expect ease, and was resolved to occupy myself by business, as much as I could; I should continue with the same vigour at my business, without vacation time to rest. Thus, I have found it in reading the scriptures; and thus, I have found it in prayer; and thus, I believe it to be in getting sermons by heart, and in other things.

At night. This week, the weekly account rose higher than ordinary. It is suggested to me, that too constant a mortification, and too vigorous application to religion, may be prejudicial to health; but nevertheless, I will plainly feel it and experience it, before I cease, on this account. It is no matter how much tired and weary I am, if my health is not impaired.

Sabbath day, Jan. 13. I plainly feel, that if I should continue to go on, as from the beginning of the last week hitherto, I should continually grow and increase in grace. After the afternoon meeting, made an addition to the 45th Resolution. *At noon;* I remember I thought that I loved to be a member of Christ, and not any thing distinct, but only a part, so as to have no separate interest, or pleasure of my own. *At night,* resolved to endeavour fully to understand I Cor. vii. 29—32, and to act according to it.

Monday, Jan. 14. About 10 o'clock in the morning,

made this book, and put these papers in it.[1] The dedication, which I made of myself to God, on Saturday last, has been exceedingly useful to me. I thought I had a more spiritual insight into the scriptures, when reading the 8th of Romans, than ever before. *At night.* Great instances of mortification, are deep wounds, given to the body of sin; hard blows, which make him stagger and reel. We thereby get strong ground and footing against him, he is the weaker ever after, and we have easier work with him the next time. He grows cowardly; and we can easily cause him to give way, until at length, we find it easy work with him, and can kill him at pleasure. While we live without great instances of mortification and self-denial, the old man keeps about where he was; for he is sturdy and obstinate, and will not stir for small blows. This, without doubt, is one great reason why many christians do not sensibly increase in grace. After the greatest mortifications, I always find the greatest comfort. Wrote the 63d Resolution. Such little things as Christians commonly do, will not evince much increase of grace. We must do great things for God.—It will be best, when I find that I have lost any former ancient good motions or actions, to take notice of it, if I can remember them.

Tuesday, Jan. 15.—*About two or three o'clock.* I have been all this time decaying. It seemed yesterday, the day before, and Saturday, that I should always retain the same resolutions to the same height. But alas! how soon do I decay! O how weak, how infirm, how unable to do any thing of myself! What a poor inconsistent being! What a miserable wretch, without the assistance of the Spirit of God! While I stand, I am ready to think that I stand by my own strength, and upon my own legs; and I am ready to triumph over my spiritual enemies, as if it were I myself, that caused them to flee:—when alas! I am but a poor infant, upheld by Jesus Christ; who holds me up, and gives me liberty to smile, to see my enemies flee, when he drives them before me. And so I laugh, as though I myself did it, when it is only Jesus Christ leads me along, and fights himself against my enemies. And now the Lord has a little left me, how weak do I find myself. O

[1] He refers to slips of paper on which the first part of the Diary is written; as far as Jan. 15, *at night.*

let it teach me to depend less on myself, to be more humble, and to give more of the praise of my ability to Jesus Christ! The heart of man is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked: who can know it!—The occasion of my decaying, is a little melancholy. My spirits are depressed, because I fear that I lost some friendship the last night; and, my spirits being depressed, my resolutions have lost their strength. I differ to-day from yesterday, in these things. I do not resolve any thing to-day, half so strongly. I am not so perpetually thinking of renewing my resolutions, as I was then. I am not half so vigorous as I was then; nor am I half so careful to do every thing with vigour. Then, I kept continually acting; but now, I do things slowly, and satisfy myself by thinking of religion in the mean time. I am not so careful to go from one business to another.—I felt humiliation, about sunset. What shall I do, in order that I may, with a good grace, fall into christian discourse and conversation. *At night.*—The next time I am in such a lifeless frame, I will force myself to go rapidly from one thing to another, and to do those things with vigour, in which vigour would ever be useful. The things, which take off my mind, when bent on religion, are commonly some remarkable change or alteration—journies, change of place, change of business, change of studies, and change of other circumstances; or something that makes me melancholy; or some sin.

Thursday, Jan. 17. About three o'clock, overwhelmed with melancholy.

Friday, Jan. 18. *At night.* Beginning to endeavour to recover out of the death, I have been in for these several days.

Sabbath day, Jan. 20.—*At night.* The last week I was sunk so low, that I fear it will be a long time, before I am recovered. I fell exceedingly low in the weekly account. I find my heart so deceitful, that I am almost discouraged from making any more resolutions.—Wherein have I been negligent in the week past; and how could I have done better, to help the dreadful low estate in which I am sunk?

Monday, Jan. 21. Before sunrise, answered the preceding questions thus: I ought to have spent the time in bewailing my sins, and in singing Psalms—especially

psalms or hymns of penitence; these duties being most suited to the frame I was in. I do not spend time enough in endeavouring to affect myself with the glories of christianity.—Fell short in the monthly account. It seems to me, that I am fallen from my former sense of the pleasantness of religion.

Tuesday, Feb. 5.—*At night.* I have thought, that this being so exceedingly careful, and so particularly anxious, to force myself to think of religion, at all times, has exceedingly distracted my mind, and made me altogether unfit for that, and every thing else. I have thought, that this caused the dreadful low condition I was in on the 15th of January. I think that I stretched myself farther than I could bear, and so broke.—But now, it seems to me, though I know not why, that I do not do enough to prepare for another world. I do not seem to press forward, to fight and wrestle, as the Apostles used to speak. I do not seem so greatly and constantly to mortify and deny myself, as the mortification of which they speak represents. Therefore, wherein ought I to do more in this way?—I answer: I am again grown too careless about eating, drinking and sleeping—not careful enough about evil speaking.

Saturday, Feb. 16. I do certainly know that I love holiness, such as the Gospel prescribes. *At night.* For the time past of my life, I have been negligent, in that I have not sufficiently kept up that part of divine worship, singing the praise of God in secret, and with company.—I have been negligent the month past, in these three things. I have not been watchful enough over my appetites, in eating and drinking; in rising too late in the morning; and in not applying myself with sufficient application to the duty of secret prayer.

Sabbath day, Feb. 17.—*Near sunset.* Renewedly promised, that I will accept of God for my whole portion, and that I will be contented, whatever else I am denied. I will not murmur nor be grieved, whatever prosperity upon any account I see others enjoy, and I am denied. To this I have lately acted contrary.

Thursday, Feb. 21. I perceive that I never yet have adequately known, what was meant by being weaned from the world, by not laying up treasure on earth, but in heaven, by not having our portion in this life, by making

the concerns of another life our whole business, by taking God for our whole portion. I find my heart, in great part, yet adheres to the earth. O that it might be quite separated from thence. I find when I have [not?] power and reputation as others, I am uneasy, and it does not satisfy me to tell me, that I have chosen God for my whole portion, and that I have promised to rest entirely contented with him.

Saturday, Feb. 23. I find myself miserably negligent, and that I might do twice the business that I do, if I were set upon it. See how soon my thoughts of this matter, will be differing from what they are now. I have been indulging a horrid laziness a good while, and did not know it. I can do seven times as much in the same time now, as I can at other times, not because my faculties are in better tune; but because of the fire of diligence that I feel burning within me. If I could but always continue so, I should not meet with one quarter of the trouble. I should run the christian race much better, and should go out of the world a much better man.

Saturday, March 2. O how much more base and vile am I, when I feel pride working in me, than when I am in a more humble disposition of mind! How much, how exceedingly much, more lovely is an humble, than a proud, disposition! I now plainly perceive it, and am really sensible of it. How immensely more pleasant is an humble delight, than a high thought of myself! How much better do I feel, when I am truly humbling myself, than when I am pleasing myself with my own perfections. O how much pleasanter is humility, than pride. O that God would fill me with exceeding great humility, and that he would ever more keep me from all pride. The pleasures of humility are really the most refined, inward and exquisite, delights in the world. How hateful is a proud man. How hateful is a worm, that lifts up itself with pride! What a foolish, silly, miserable, blind, deceived, poor worm am I, when pride works! *At night.*—I have lately been negligent as to reading the Scriptures. Notwithstanding my resolutions on Saturday was se'night, I have not been sedulous and diligent enough.

Wednesday, March 6.—*Near sunset.* Regarded the doctrines of Election, Free Grace, our Inability to do any thing without the grace of God, and that Holiness is

entirely, throughout, the work of the Spirit of God, with greater pleasure than ever before.

Thursday, March 7. I think I now suffer from not forcing myself enough on religious thoughts.

Saturday night, March 24. I intend, if I am ever settled, to concert measures, and study methods, of doing good in the world, and to draw up rules of acting in this matter, in writing, of all the methods I can possibly devise, by which I can in any respect do good.

Saturday night, March 31. This week I have been too careless about eating.

Monday morning, April 1. I think it best not to allow myself to laugh at the faults, follies and infirmities of others.

Saturday night, April 7. This week I found myself so far gone, that it seemed to me I should never recover more. Let God of his mercy return unto me, and no more leave me thus to sink and decay! I know, O Lord, that without thy help I shall fall, innumerable times, notwithstanding all my resolutions, how often soever repeated.

Saturday night, April 13. I could pray more heartily this night for the forgiveness of my enemies, than ever before.—I am somewhat apt, after having asked one petition over many times, to be weary of it; but I am now resolved not to give way to such a disposition.

Wednesday forenoon, May 1. Last night I came home, after my melancholy parting from New York.

I have always, in every different state of life I have hitherto been in, thought that the troubles and difficulties of that state were greater, than those of any other state that I proposed to be in; and when I have altered, with assurance of mending myself, I have still thought the same, yea that the difficulties of that state are greater than those of that I left last. Lord, grant that from hence I may learn to withdraw my thoughts, affections, desires and expectations entirely from the world, and may fix them upon the heavenly state, where there is fulness of joy; where reigns heavenly, sweet, calm and delightful love without alloy; where there are continually the dearest expressions of this love; where there is the enjoyment of this love without ever parting; and where those persons, who appear so lovely in this world, will be inexpressibly

more lovely, and full of love to us. How sweetly will those, who thus mutually love, join together in singing the praises of God and the Lamb. How full will it fill us with joy, to think that this enjoyment, these sweet exercises, will never cease or come to an end, but will last to all eternity. Remember after journeys, removals, overturnings and alterations in the state of my life, to reflect and consider, whether therein I have managed the best way possible respecting my soul; and before such alterations, if foreseen, to resolve how to act.

Thursday, May 2.—*Afternoon.* I observe this, that when I was at New York, when I meditated on things of a religious nature, I used to conceive of myself as walking in the fields at home; but now I am at home, I conceive of myself as walking in the fields, which I used to frequent at New York. I think it a very good way, to examine dreams every morning when I awake; what are the nature, circumstances, principles and ends of my imaginary actions and passions in them; in order to discern what are my prevailing inclinations, &c.

Saturday night, May 4. Although I have, in some measure, subdued a disposition to chide and fret, yet I find a certain inclination, which is not agreeable to christian sweetness of temper and conversation: either too much dogmaticalness or too much egotism, a disposition to manifest my own dislike and scorn, and my own freedom from those which are innocent, sinless, yea common infirmities of men, and many other such like things. O that God would help me to discover all the flaws and defects of my temper and conversation, and help me in the difficult work of amending them; and that he would grant me so full a measure of vital christianity, that the foundation of all these disagreeable irregularities may be destroyed, and the contrary sweetnesses and beauties may of themselves naturally follow.

Sabbath morning, May 5. Made the 47th Resolution.

Monday morning, May 6. I think it best commonly to come before God three times in a day, except I find a great inaptitude to that duty.

Saturday night, May 11. I have been to blame, the month past, in not laying violence enough to my inclination, to force myself to a better improvement of time. Have been tardy with respect to the 47th Resolution.

Have also been negligent about keeping my thoughts, when joining with others in prayer.

Sabbath-day morning, May 12. I have lost that relish of the Scriptures and other good books, which I had five or six months ago. *Resolved,* When I find in myself the least disposition to exercise good nature, that I will then strive most to feel good naturedly. *At noon.*—Observe to remember the meditations which I had at Westchester, as I was coming from New York; and those which I had in the orchard; and those under the oak-tree. This day, and the last night, I read over and reviewed those reflexions and remarks, which I find to be a very beneficial thing to me.—*After the afternoon meeting.*—I think I find in my heart to be glad from the hopes I have, that my eternity is to be spent in spiritual and holy joys, arising from the manifestation of God's love, and the exercise of holiness, and a burning love to him.

Saturday night, May 18. This week past, spent in journeying to Norwich, and the towns thereabouts. This day returned, and received a letter, from my dear friend, Mr. John Smith.—The last Wednesday, took up a resolution, to refrain from all manner of evil speaking, for one week, to try it, and see the effect of it: hoping, if that evil speaking, which I used to allow myself in, and to account lawful, agreeably to the resolutions I have formed concerning it, were not lawful, or best, I should hereby discover it, and get the advantage of temptations to it, and so deceive myself, into a strict adherence to my duty, respecting that matter;—that that corruption, which I cannot conquer by main strength, I may get the victory of by stratagem. I find the effect of it already to be, to make me apt to take it for granted, that what I have resolved on this week, is a duty to be observed for ever.

I now plainly perceive, what great obligations I am under, to love and honour my parents. I have great reason to believe, that their counsel and education, have been my making; though, in the time of it, it seemed to do me so little good. I have good reason to hope, that their prayers for me have been, in many things, very powerful and prevalent, that God has, in many things, taken me under his care and guidance, provision and direction, in answer to their prayers for me. I was never made so sensible of it, as now.

I think it the best way, in general, not to seek for honour, in any other way, than by seeking to be good, and to do good. I may pursue knowledge, religion, the glory of God, and the good of mankind, with the utmost vigour; but, am to leave the honour of it, entirely at God's disposal, as a thing with which I have no immediate concern; no, not although, by possessing that honour, I have the greater opportunity to do good.

Mem. To be particularly careful, lest I should be tardy in any point, wherein I have been negligent, or have erred, in days, weeks, months, or years past.

Sabbath-day morning, May 19. With respect to my journey last week, I was not careful enough, to watch opportunities of solemnly approaching to God, three times a day. The last week, when I was about to take up the Wednesday resolution, it was proposed to me, in my thoughts, to omit it until I got home again, because there would be a more convenient opportunity. Thus am I ready to look at any thing as an excuse, to grow slack in my Christian course.—*At night.* Concluded to add to my enquiries, as to the spending of time—at the beginning of the day, or the period, What can I do for the good of men?—and, at the end, What have I done for their good?

Tuesday morning, May 21. My conscience is, undoubtedly, more calm, since my last Wednesday resolution, than it was before.

Wednesday morning, May 22. *Memorandum.* To take special care of the following things: evil speaking, fretting, eating, drinking and sleeping, speaking simple verity, joining in prayer, slightiness in secret prayer, listlessness and negligence, and thoughts that cherish sin.

Saturday morning, May 25. As I was this morning reading the 17th Resolution, it was suggested to me, that if I were now to die, I should wish that I had prayed more, that God would make me know my state, whether it be good or bad, and that I had taken more pains and care, to see and narrowly search into that matter. Wherefore, *Mem.* for the future, most nicely and diligently to look into the opinions of our old divines, concerning conversion. This morning made the 48th Resolution.

Monday afternoon, May 27. *Memorandum.* Not only to keep from an air of dislike, anger and fretfulness, in

discourse or conversation; but, let me also have as much of an appearance of love, cheerfulness, and benignity, as may be, with a good grace.—These following things, especially, to beware of, in order to the better observation of the 47th Resolution: distrust, discontent, uneasiness, and a complaining temper, self-opinion, self-confidence, melancholy, moroseness, slight antipathy, privacy, indolence, and want of resolution—to beware of anything in discourse or conversation that savours of these.

Saturday night, June 8, *at Boston.* When I find myself listless and dull, and not easily affected by reading religious books, then to read my resolutions, remarks, reflexions, &c.—One thing, that would be of great advantage to me, in reading to my profit, would be, the endeavouring, with all my might, *to keep the image and picture of the thing in my mind,* and be careful that I do not lose it, in the chain of the discourse.

Sabbath-day, June 9, *after the afternoon meeting. Mem.* When I fear misfortunes, to examine whether I have done my duty; and at the same time, to resolve to do it, and let it go, and be concerned about nothing, but my duty and my sin.

Saturday morning, June 15, *at Windsor.* Have been to blame, this journey, with respect to strict temperance, in eating, drinking and sleeping, and in suffering too small matters to give interruption to my wonted chain of religious exercises.—Concluded to protract the Wednesday Resolution, to the end of my life.

Tuesday morning, June 18. *Mem.* To do that part, which I conveniently can, of my stated exercise, while about other business, such as self-examination, resolutions, &c., that I may do the remainder in less time.

Friday afternoon, June 21. I have abundant cause, O my merciful Father, to love thee ardently, and greatly, to bless and praise thee, that thou hast heard me, in my earnest request, and so hast answered my prayer, for mercy, to keep me from decay and sinking. O, graciously, of thy mere goodness, still continue to pity my misery, by reason of my sinfulness. O, my dear Redeemer, I commit myself, together with my prayer and thanksgiving, into thine hand!

Saturday morning, June 22. Altered the 36th Resolution, to make it the same with the Wednesday Resolution.

If I should take special care, every day, to rise above, or not to fall below, or to fall as little as I possibly could, below what I was the day before, it would be of great advantage to me.—I take notice, that most of these determinations, when I first resolve them, seem as if they would be much more beneficial, than I find them.

Tuesday morning, June 25. Last Sabbath, at Boston, reading the 6th, 7th, and 8th verses of the 6th to the Ephesians, concluded that it would be much to my advantage, to take the greatest care, never to do any thing but my duty, and then to do it willingly, cheerfully, and gladly, whatever danger or unpleasant circumstances it may be attended with; with good-will doing it, as to the Lord, not as pleasing man, or myself, knowing that whatsoever good thing any man doth, the same shall he receive of the Lord.

Saturday morning, June 25. It is best to be careful in prayer, not to put up those petitions, of which I do not feel a sincere desire: thereby, my prayer is rendered less sincere, less acceptable to God, and less useful to myself.

Monday noon, July 1. I find I am not careful enough, to keep out all thoughts, but religious ones, on the Sabbath. When I find the least uneasiness, in doing my duty, to fly to the 43d Resolution.

Wednesday night, July 3. I am too negligent, with respect to improving petty opportunities of doing good; thinking, that the good will be very small, and unextended, and not worth the pains. *Resolved,* to regulate this, as that which is wrong, and what ought not to be.—Again confirmed, by experience, of the happy effects of a strict temperance, with respect both to body and mind.

Thursday morning, July 4. The last night, in bed, when thinking of death, I thought, if I was then to die, that, which would make me die, in the least degree fearfully would be, the want of a trusting and relying on Jesus Christ, so distinctly and plainly, as has been described by divines; my not having experienced so particular a venturing, and entirely trusting my soul on Christ, after the fears of hell, and terrors of the Lord, encouraged by the mercy, faithfulness and promises, of God, and the gracious invitations of Christ. Then, I thought I could go out of the world, as much assured of my salvation, as I was of Christ's faithfulness, knowing that, if Christ did

not fail me, he would save me, who had trusted in him, on his word. *At night.*—Whenever things begin to seem in the least out of order, when things begin to feel uneasy within, or irregular without, then to examine myself, by the strictest examination.—*Resolved,* for the future, to observe rather more of meekness, moderation and temper, in disputes.

Friday morning, July 5. Last night, when thinking what I should wish I had done, that I had not done, if I was then to die; I thought I should wish, that I had been more importunate with God, to fit me for death, and lead me into all truth, and that I might not be deceived, about the state of my soul.—In the forenoon, made the 50th Resolution.

Thursday night, July 11. This day, too impatient, at the Church meeting. Snares and briars have been in my way, this afternoon. It is good, at such times, for one to manifest good nature, even to one's disadvantage, and so as would be imprudent, at other times.

Saturday morning, July 13. Transferred the conclusion of June 9, to the Resolution, No. 57; and the conclusion of May 27, to No. 58; and May 12, and July 11, to No. 59; and of July 4, *at night,* to No. 60; and of May 24, to No. 61; and of June 25, to No. 62; and, about noon, the Resolution of January 14, to No. 63.—In times past, I have been too free, in judging of the hearts of men, from their actions.

Thursday, July 18, *near sunset. Resolved,* to make sure of that sign, which the Apostle James gives, of a perfect man: James iii. 2. "If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man, and able, also, to bridle the whole body."

Friday afternoon, July 19. I Peter, ii. 18. Servants, be subject to your masters, with all fear; not only to the good and gentle, but also to the froward: How then, ought children to honour their parents.—This verse, together with the two following, viz. "For this is thank-worthy, if a man, for conscience toward God, endure grief, suffering wrongfully; for what glory is it, if, when ye be buffeted for your faults, ye shall take it patiently; but if, when ye do well and suffer for it, ye take it patiently, this is acceptable with God."

Saturday noon, July 20. Dr. Manton's Sermon, on the

119th Psalm, pp. 140, 141, Of Evil-speaking, Use 2d. To them that either devise or receive reproaches. Both are very sinful. Hypocrites, and men that put themselves into a garb of religion, are all for censuring, take a mighty freedom that way: these men bewray the rottenness of their hearts.—Alas, in our own sight, we should be the worst of men. The children of God do ever thus speak of themselves, as the least of saints, the greatest of sinners—"more brutish than any man"—"of sinners, whereof I am the chief." You rob them of the most precious treasure. He that robs thee of thy name, is the worst kind of thief. Prov. xxii. 1. "A good name is rather to be chosen, than great riches."—Object. But, must we, in no case, speak evil of another; or may we not speak of another's sin, in any case?—Solution 1. It is a very hard matter, to speak evil of another, without sin.—In one way, or another, we shall dash upon the command: better let it alone.—If you speak of the failings of another, it should be, with tenderness, and grief; as, when they are incorrigible, and likely to infect others; or, when it is for the manifest glory of God.—To them, that receive the slander; he is a slanderer, who wrongs his neighbour's credit, by upholding an ill-report against him.

Monday afternoon, July 22. I find, it would be desirable, on many accounts, always to endeavor, to wear a benign aspect, and air of acting and speaking, in all companies except it should so happen, that duty requires it otherwise.—I am afraid, I am now defective, in not doing whatever my hand finds to do, with my might, with respect to my particular affairs. Remember to watch, see and know how it is. Vid. Aug. 31.—I see there is danger, of my being drawn into transgression, by the power of such temptations, as the fear of seeming uncivil, and of offending friends. Watch against it.—I might still help myself, and yet not hurt myself, by going, with greater expedition, from one thing to another, without being quite so nice.

Tuesday afternoon, July 23. When I find those *groanings which cannot be uttered,* of which the Apostle speaks, and those *soul-breakings for the longing it hath,* of which the Psalmist speaks, (Ps. cxix. 20,) *Resolved,* to favour and promote them, to the utmost of my power, and not to be weary of earnestly endeavouring to vent my desires,

and not to be weary of the repetitions of such earnestness.

To count it all joy, when I have occasions of great self-denial; because, then, I have a glorious opportunity of giving deadly wounds to the body of sin, and of greatly confirming, and establishing the new creature. I seek to mortify sin, and increase in holiness. These are the best opportunities, according to Jan. 14.

To improve afflictions, of all kinds, as blessed opportunities of forcibly bearing on, in my Christian course, notwithstanding that which is so very apt to discourage me, and to damp the vigour of my mind, and to make me lifeless; also, as opportunities of trusting and confiding in God, and getting a habit of so doing, according to the 57th Resolution; and as an opportunity of rending my heart off from the world, and setting it on heaven alone, according to Jan. 10, and the 43d and 45th Resolutions; and according to Jan. 12, Feb. 17, and 21, and May 1.—To improve them, also, as opportunities to repent of, and bewail my sin, and abhor myself, and as a blessed opportunity to exercise patience, to trust in God, and divert my mind from the affliction, by fixing myself in religious exercises. Also, let me comfort myself, that it is the very nature of afflictions, to make the heart better; and, if I am made better by them, what need I be concerned, however grievous they seem, for the present.

Wednesday night, July 24. I begin to find the success of my striving, in joining with others, in the worship of God; insomuch, that there is a prospect, of making it easy and delightful, and very profitable, in time. Wherefore, *Resolved* not to cease striving, but to continue it, and redouble it.

Thursday morning, July 25. Altered, and anew established, the 8th Resolution. Also, established my determination of April 1.—*Memorandum.* At a convenient time, to make an alphabet of these Resolutions and Remarks, that I may be able to educe them, on proper occasions, suitable to the condition I am in, and the duty I am engaged in.

Friday afternoon, July 26. To be particularly careful, to keep up, inviolably, a trust and reliance, ease and entire rest, in God, in all conditions, according to the 57th Resolution; for this, I have found to be wonderfully advantageous to me.—*At night. Resolved,* very much to

exercise myself in this, all my life long: viz. with the greatest openness, of which I am capable, to declare my ways to God, and lay open my soul to him:—all my sins, temptations, difficulties, sorrows, fears, hopes, desires, and every thing, and every circumstance, according to Dr. Manton's 27th Sermon on the 119th Psalm.

Saturday forenoon, July 27. When I am violently beset with temptation, or cannot rid myself of evil thoughts, to do some sum in Arithmetic, or Geometry, or some other study, which necessarily engages all my thoughts, and unavoidably keeps them from wandering.

Monday afternoon, July 29. When I am concerned how I shall prepare any thing to public acceptance, to be very careful that I have it very clear to me, to do what is duty and prudence in the matter.—I sometimes find myself able to trust God, and to be pretty easy when the event is uncertain; but I find it difficult, when I am convinced beforehand, that the event will be adverse. I find that this arises, 1. From my want of faith, to believe that that particular advantage will be more to my advantage, than disadvantage: 2. From the want of a due sense of the real preferableness of that good, which will be obtained, to that which is lost: 3. From the want of a spirit of adoption.

Tuesday night, July 30. Have concluded to endeavour to work myself into duties by searching and tracing back all the real reasons why I do them not, and narrowly searching out all the subtle subterfuges of my thoughts, and answering them to the utmost of my power, that I may know what are the very first originals of my defect, as with respect to want of repentance, love to God, loathing of myself,—to do this sometimes in sermons.—*Vid. Resolution* 8. Especially, to take occasion therefrom, to bewail those sins of which I have been guilty, that are akin to them; as for instance, from pride in others, to take occasion to bewail my pride; from their malice, to take occasion to bewail the same in myself: when I am evil-spoken of, to take occasion to bewail my evil speaking: and so of other sins. *Mem.* To receive slanders and reproaches, as glorious opportunities of doing this.

Wednesday afternoon, July 31. After afflictions, to enquire, what I am the better for them; what good I have got by them; and what I might have got by them.—Never,

in the least, to seek to hear sarcastical relations of others' faults. Never to give credit to any thing said against others, except there is very plain reason for it; nor to behave in any respect otherwise for it.

Sabbath morning, Aug. 4. Concluded at last, at those times when I am in the best frames, to set down the aspirations of my heart, as soon as I can get time.

Tuesday afternoon, Aug. 6. Very much convinced of the extraordinary deceitfulness of the heart, and how exceedingly affection or appetite blinds the mind, and brings it into entire subjection. There are many things which I should really think to be my duty, if I had the same affections, as when I first came from New York; which now I think not so to be. How doth Appetite stretch the Reason, to bring both ends together.

Wednesday forenoon, Aug. 7. To esteem it as some advantage, that the duties of religion are difficult, and that many difficulties are sometimes to be gone through, in the way of duty. Religion is the sweeter, and what is gained by labour is abundantly more precious, as a woman loves her child the more for having brought it forth with travail; and even to Christ Jesus himself his mediatorial glory, his victory and triumph, the kingdom which he hath obtained, how much more glorious is it, how much more excellent and precious, for his having wrought it out by such agonies.

Friday afternoon, Aug. 9. With respect to the important business which I have now on hand,[1] *Resolved,* To do whatever I think to be duty, prudence and diligence in the matter, and to avoid ostentation; and if I succeed not, and how many disappointments soever I meet with, to be entirely easy; only to take occasion to acknowledge my unworthiness; and if it should actually not succeed, and should not find acceptance, as I expected, yet not to afflict myself about it, according to the 57th Resolution. *At night.*—One thing that may be a good help towards thinking profitably in times of vacation, is, when I find a profitable thought that I can fix my mind on, to follow it as far as I possibly can to advantage.—I missed it, when a graduate at College, both in point of duty and

[1] Perhaps the preparation of a public exercise for the college commencement, when he received his Master's Degree.

prudence, in going against a universal benevolence and good-nature.

Saturday morning, Aug. 10. Transferred my determination of July 23, to the 64th Resolution, and that of July 26, to the 65th. *About sunset.*—As a help against that inward shameful hypocrisy, to confess frankly to myself all that which I find in myself, either infirmity or sin; also to confess to God, and open the whole case to him, when it is what concerns religion, and humbly and earnestly implore of him the help that is needed; not in the least to endeavour to smother over what is in my heart, but to bring it all out to God and my conscience. By this means, I may arrive at a greater knowledge of my own heart.—When I find difficulty in finding a subject of religious meditation, in vacancies, to pitch at random on what alights to my thoughts, and to go from that to other things which that shall bring into my mind, and follow this progression as a clue, till I come to what I can meditate on with profit and attention, and then to follow that, according to last Thursday's determination.

Sabbath afternoon, Aug. 11. Resolved always to do that, which I shall wish I had done when I see others do it; as, for instance, sometimes I argue with myself, that such an act of good nature, kindness, forbearance or forgiveness, &c. is not my duty because it will have such and such consequences: yet when I see others do it, then it appears amiable to me, and I wish I had done it, and see that none of these feared inconveniences follow.

Monday morning, Aug. 12. The chief thing, that now makes me in any measure to question my good estate, is my not having experienced conversion in those particular steps, wherein the people of New England, and anciently the Dissenters of Old England, used to experience it. Wherefore, now resolved, never to leave searching, till I have satisfyingly found out the very bottom and foundation, the real reason, why they used to be converted in those steps.

Tuesday morning, Aug. 13. Have sinned, in not being careful enough to please my parents. *Afternoon.*—I find it would be very much to my advantage, to be thoroughly acquainted with the Scriptures. When I am reading doctrinal books, or books of controversy, I can proceed with

abundantly more confidence: can see on what footing and foundation I stand.

Saturday noon, Aug. 17. Let there, in the general, be something of benevolence in all that I speak.

Tuesday night, Aug. 20. Not careful enough in watching opportunities of bringing in christian discourse with a good grace. Do not exercise myself half enough in this holy art; neither have I courage enough to carry it on with a good grace. *Vid. Sept.* 2.

Saturday Morning, Aug. 24. Have not practiced quite right about revenge; though I have not done any thing directly out of revenge, yet, I have perhaps, omitted some things, that I should otherwise have done; or have altered the circumstances and manner of my actions, hoping for a secret sort of revenge thereby. I have felt a little sort of satisfaction, when I thought that such an evil would happen to them by my actions, as would make them repent what they have done. To be satisfied for their repenting, when they repent from a sense of their error, is right. But a satisfaction in their repentance, because of the evil that is brought upon them, is Revenge. This is in some measure, a taking the matter out of God's hands when he was about to manage it, who is better able to plead it for me. Well, therefore, may he leave me to boggle at it.—*Near sunset.* I yet find a want of dependence on God, to look unto him for success, and to have my eyes unto him for his gracious disposal of the matter: for want of a sense of God's particular influence, in ordering and directing all affairs and businesses, of whatever nature, however naturally, or fortuitously, they may seem to succeed; and for want of a sense of those great advantages, that would follow therefrom: not considering that God will grant success, or make the contrary more to my advantage; or will make the advantage accruing from the unsuccessfulness, more sensible and apparent; or will make it of less present and outward disadvantage; or will some way, so order the circumstances, as to make the unsuccessfulness more easy to bear; or several, or all of these. This want of dependence, is likewise for want of the things mentioned, July 29.—Remember to examine all Narrations, I can call to mind; whether they are exactly according to verity.

Wednesday night, Aug. 28.—When I want books to

read; yea, when I have not very good books, not to spend time in reading them, but in reading the scriptures, in perusing Resolutions, Reflexions, &c., in writing on Types of the Scripture, and other things, in studying the Languages, and in spending more time in private duties. To do this, when there is a prospect of wanting time for the purpose. Remember as soon as I can, to get a piece of *slate,* or something, whereon I can make short memorandums while travelling.

Thursday, Aug. 29. Two great *Quærenda* with me now are: How shall I make advantage of all the time I spend in journeys? and how shall I make a glorious improvement of afflictions?

Saturday-night, Aug. 31. The objection, which my corruptions make against doing whatever my hands find to do with my might, is, that it is a constant mortification. Let this objection by no means ever prevail.

Sabbath Morning, Sept. 1. When I am violently beset with worldly thoughts, for a relief, to think of Death, and the doleful circumstances of it.

Monday Afternoon, Sept. 2. To help me to enter with a good grace, into religious conversation; when I am conversing on morality, to turn it over by application, exemplification or otherwise, to christianity. Vid. *Aug.* 28 and *Jan.* 15.—*At night.* There is much folly, when I am quite sure I am in the right, and others are positive in contradicting me, in entering into a vehement, or long debate upon it.

Saturday, Sept. 7. Concluded no more to suffer myself to be interrupted, or diverted from important business, by those things, from which I expect, though some, yet but little profit.

Sabbath Morning, Sept. 8. I have been much to blame, for expressing so much impatience for delays in journeys, and the like.

Sabbath Evening, Sept. 22. To praise God, by singing Psalms in prose, and by singing forth the meditations of my heart in prose.

Monday, Sept. 23. I observe that old men seldom have any advantage of new discoveries, because they are beside the way of thinking, to which they have been so long used. *Resolved,* if ever I live to years, that I will be impartial to hear the reasons of all pretended discoveries, and re-

ceive them if rational, how long soever I have been used to another way of thinking. My time is so short, that I have not time to perfect myself in all studies: Wherefore resolved, to omit and put off, all but the most important and needful studies.

Thursday forenoon, Oct. 4, 1723. Have this day fixed and established it, that Christ Jesus has promised me faithfully, that, if I will do what is my duty, and according to the best of my prudence in the matter, that my condition in this world, shall be better for me than any other condition whatever, and more to my welfare, to all eternity. And, therefore, whatever my condition shall be, I will esteem it to be such; and if I find need of faith in the matter, that I will confess it as impiety before God. *Vid. Resolution* 57, *and June* 9.

Sabbath night, Oct. 7. Have lately erred, in not allowing time enough for conversation.

Friday night, Oct. 12. I see there are some things quite contrary to the soundness and perfection of christianity, in which almost all good men do allow themselves, and where innate corruption has an unrestrained secret vent, which they never take notice of, or think to be no hurt, or cloke under the name of virtue; which things exceedingly darken the brightness, and hide the loveliness, of christianity. We can understand his errors? O that I might be kept from secret faults!

Sabbath morning, Oct. 14. Narrowly to observe after what manner I act, when I am in a hurry, and to act as much so, at other times, as I can, without prejudice to the business.

Monday morning, Oct. 15. I seem to be afraid, after errors and decays, to give myself the full exercise of spiritual meditation:—Not to give way to such fears.

Thursday, Oct. 18. To follow the example of Mr. B. who, though he meets with great difficulties, yet undertakes them with a smiling countenance, as though he thought them but little; and speaks of them, as if they were very small.

Friday night, Nov. 1. When I am unfit for other business, to perfect myself in writing *characters*.[1]

Friday afternoon, Nov. 22. For the time to come, when I am in a lifeless frame in secret prayer, to force

[1] He probably refers to short-hand characters.

myself to expatiate, as if I were praying before others more than I used to do.

Tuesday forenoon, Nov. 26. It is a most evil and pernicious practice, in meditations on afflictions, to sit ruminating on the aggravations of the affliction, and reckoning up the evil, dark circumstances thereof, and dwelling long on the dark side: it doubles and trebles the affliction. And so, when speaking of them to others, to make them as bad as we can, and use our eloquence to set forth our own troubles, is to be all the while making new trouble, and feeding and pampering the old; whereas, the contrary practice, would starve our affliction. If we dwelt on the bright side of things in our thoughts, and extenuated them all that we possibly could, when speaking of them, we should think little of them ourselves, and the affliction would, really, in a great measure, vanish away.

Friday night, Nov. 29. As a help to attention in social prayer, to take special care to make a particular remark, at the beginning of every petition, confession, &c.

Monday morning, Dec. 9. To observe, whether I express any kind of fretting emotion, for the next three weeks.

Thursday night, Dec. 12. If, at any time, I am forced to tell others wherein I think they are somewhat to blame; in order to avoid the important evil that would otherwise ensue, not to tell it to them so, that there shall be a probability of their taking it as the effect of little, fretting, angry emotions of mind.—*Vid. Aug.* 28. When I do want, or am likely to want, good books, to spend time in studying Mathematics, and in reviewing other kinds of old learning; to spend more time in visiting friends, in the more private duties of a pastor, in taking care of worldly business, in going abroad and other things that I may contrive.

Friday morning, Dec. 27. At the end of every month, to examine my behaviour, strictly, by some chapter in the New Testament, more especially made up of rules of life. —At the end of the year, to examine my behaviour by the rules of the New Testament in general, reading many chapters. It would also be convenient, some time at the end of the year, to read, for this purpose, in the book of Proverbs.

Tuesday night, Dec. 31. Concluded never to suffer, nor

express, any angry emotions of mind, more or less, except the honour of God calls for it in zeal for him, or to preserve myself from being trampled on.

1724. *Wednesday, Jan.* 1. Not to spend too much time in thinking, even of important and necessary worldly business, and to allow every thing its proportion of thought, according to its urgency and importance.

Thursday night, Jan. 2. These things established—That time gained in things of lesser importance, is as much gained in things of greater; that a minute, gained in times of confusion, conversation, or in a journey, is as good as a minute gained in my study, at my most retired times; and so in general that a minute gained at one time, is as good as at another.

Friday night, Jan. 3. The time and pains laid out in seeking the world, is to be proportioned to the necessity, usefulness, and importance of it, with respect to another world, together with the uncertainty of succeeding, the uncertainty of living, and of retaining; provided, that nothing that our duty enjoins, or that is amiable, be omitted, and nothing sinful or unbecoming be done for the sake of it.

Friday, Jan. 10. [After having written to a considerable extent, in short-hand, which he used, when he wished what he wrote to be effectually concealed from every one but himself, he adds the following.] Remember to act according to Prov. xii. 23, *A prudent man concealeth knowledge.*

Monday, Jan. 20. I have been very much to blame, in that I have not been as full, and plain and downright, in my standing up for virtue and religion, when I have had fair occasion, before those who seemed to take no delight in such things. If such conversation would not be agreeable to them, I have in some degree minced the matter, that I might not displease, and might not speak right against the grain, more than I should have loved to have done with others, to whom it would be agreeable to speak directly for religion. I ought to be exceedingly bold with such persons, not talking in a melancholy strain, but in one confident and fearless, assured of the truth and excellence of the cause.

Monday, Feb. 3. Let every thing have the value now which it will have on a sick bed: and frequently, in my

pursuits of whatever kind, let this question come into my mind, "How much shall I value this, on my death-bed?"

Wednesday, Feb. 5. I have not, in times past, in my prayers, enough insisted on the glorifying of God in the world, on the advancement of the kingdom of Christ, the prosperity of the Church and the good of man. Determined, that this objection is without weight, viz. That it is not likely that God will make great alterations in the whole world, and overturnings in kingdoms and nations, only for the prayers of one obscure person, seeing such things used to be done in answer to the united prayers of the whole church; and that if my prayers should have some influence, it would be but imperceptible and small.

Thursday, Feb. 6. More convinced than ever, of the usefulness of free, religious conversation. I find by conversing on Natural Philosophy, that I gain knowledge abundantly faster, and see the reasons of things much more clearly than in private study: wherefore, earnestly to seek, at all times, for religious conversation; for those, with whom I can, at all times, with profit and delight, and with freedom, so converse.

Friday, Feb. 7. *Resolved,* If God will assist me to it, that I will not care about things, when, upon any account, I have prospect of ill-success or adversity; and that I will not think about it, any further than just to do what prudence directs to for prevention, according to Phil. iv. 6, Be careful for nothing; to 1 Pet. v. 7, Cast all your care upon God, for he careth for you; and again, Take no thought for the morrow; and again, Take no thought, saying, What shall I eat, and what shall I drink, and wherewithal shall I be clothed: seek ye first the kingdom of God and all these things shall be added unto you.

Saturday night, Feb. 15. I find that when eating, I cannot be convinced in the time of it, that if I should eat more, I should exceed the bounds of strict temperance, though I have had the experience of two years of the like; and yet, as soon as I have done, in three minutes I am convinced of it. But yet, when I eat again, and remember it, still, while eating, I am fully convinced that I have not eaten what is but for nature, nor can I be convinced that my appetite and feeling is as it was before. It seems to me that I shall be somewhat faint if I leave off then; but when I have finished, I am convinced again.

and so it is from time to time.—I have observed that more really seems to be truth, when it makes for my interest, or is, in other respects, according to my inclination, than it seems, if it be otherwise; and it seems to me, that the words in which I express it are more than the thing will properly bear. But if the thing be against my interest, the words of different import seem as much as the thing will properly bear.—Though there is some little seeming, indecorum, as if it looked like affectation, in religious conversation, as there is also in acts of kindness; yet this is to be broke through.

Tuesday, Feb. 18. *Resolved,* To act with sweetness and benevolence, and according to the 47th Resolution, in all bodily dispositions,—sick or well, at ease or in pain, sleepy or watchful, and not to suffer discomposure of body to discompose my mind.

Saturday, Feb. 22. I observe that there are some evil habits, which do increase and grow stronger, even in some good people, as they grow older; habits that much obscure the beauty of christianity: some things which are according to their natural tempers, which, in some measure, prevails when they are young in Christ, and the evil disposition, having an unobserved control, the habit at last grows very strong, and commonly regulates the practice until death. By this means, old christians are very commonly, in some respects, more unreasonable than those who are young. I am afraid of contracting such habits, particularly of grudging to give, and to do, and of procrastinating.

Sabbath, Feb. 23. I must be contented, where I have any thing strange or remarkable to tell, not to make it appear so remarkable as it is indeed; lest through the fear of this, and the desire of making a thing appear very remarkable, I should exceed the bounds of simple verity. When I am at a feast, or a meal, that very well pleases my appetite, I must not merely take care to leave off with as much of an appetite as at ordinary meals; for when there is a great variety of dishes, I may do that, after I have eaten twice as much as at other meals, is sufficient. If I act according to my resolution, I shall desire riches no otherwise, than as they are helpful to religion. But this I determine, as what is really evident from many parts of Scripture, that to fallen man, they have a greater tendency to hurt religion.

Monday, March 16. To practice this sort of self-denial, when at sometimes on fair days, I find myself more particularly disposed to regard the glories of the world, than to betake myself to the study of serious religion.

Saturday, May 23. How it comes about I know not, but I have remarked it hitherto, that at those times, when I have read the Scriptures most, I have evermore been most lively and in the best frame.

AT YALE COLLEGE

Saturday night, June 6. This week has been a very remarkable week with me, with respect to despondencies, fears, perplexities, multitudes of cares, and distraction of mind: it being the week I came hither to New-Haven, in order to entrance upon the office of Tutor of the College. I have now, abundant reason to be convinced, of the troublesomeness and vexation of the world, and that it never will be another kind of world.

Tuesday, July 7. When I am giving the relation of a thing, remember to abstain from altering either in the matter or manner of speaking, so much, as that, if every one, afterwards, should alter as much, it would at last come to be properly false.

Tuesday, Sept. 2. By a sparingness in diet, and eating as much as may be, what is light and easy of digestion, I shall doubtless be able to think more clearly, and shall gain time; 1. By lengthening out my life; 2. Shall need less time for digestion, after meals; 3. Shall be able to study more closely, without injury to my health; 4. Shall need less time for sleep; 5. Shall more seldom be troubled with the head-ache.

Saturday night, Sept. 12. Crosses of the nature of that, which I met with this week, thrust me quite below all comforts in religion. They appear no more than vanity and stubble, especially when I meet with them so unprepared for them. I shall not be fit to encounter them, except I have a far stronger, and more permanent faith, hope and love.

Wednesday, Sept. 30. It has been a prevailing thought with me, to which I have given place in practice, that it is best, sometimes, to eat or drink, when it will do me no

good, because the hurt, that it will do me, will not be equal, to the trouble of denying myself. But I have determined, to suffer that thought to prevail no longer. The hurries of commencement, and diversion of the vacancy, has been the occasion of my sinking so exceedingly, as in the three last weeks.

Monday, Oct. 5. I believe it is a good way, when prone to unprofitable thoughts, to deny myself and break off my thoughts, by keeping diligently to my study, that they may not have time to operate to work me to such a listless frame. I am apt to think it a good way, when I am indisposed to reading and study, to read of my own remarks, the fruit of my study in divinity, &c., to set me agoing again.

Friday, Nov. 6. Felt sensibly, somewhat of that trust and affiance, in Christ, and with delight committing of my soul to him, of which our divines used to speak, and about which, I have been somewhat in doubt.

Tuesday, Nov. 10. To mark all that I say in conversation, merely to beget in others, a good opinion of myself, and examine it.

Sabbath, Nov. 15. Determined, when I am indisposed to prayer, always to premeditate what to pray for; and that it is better, that the prayer should be of almost any shortness, than that my mind should be almost continually off from what I say.

Sabbath, Nov. 22. Considering that by-standers always copy some faults, which we do not see, ourselves, or of which, at least, we are not so fully sensible; and that there are many secret workings of corruption, which escape our sight, and of which, others only are sensible: *Resolved,* therefore, that I will, if I can by any convenient means, learn what faults others find in me, or what things they see in me, that appear any way blame-worthy, unlovely, or unbecoming.

Friday, Feb. 12, 1725. The very thing I now want, to give me a clearer and more immediate view of the perfections and glory of God, is as clear a knowledge of the manner of God's exerting himself, with respect to Spirits and Mind, as I have, of his operations concerning Matter and Bodies.

Tuesday, Feb. 16. A virtue, which I need in a higher degree, to give a beauty and lustre to my behaviour, is

gentleness. If I had more of an air of gentleness, I should be much mended.

Friday, May 21. If ever I am inclined to turn to the opinion of any other Sect: *Resolved,* Beside the most deliberate consideration, earnest prayer, &c., privately to desire all the help that can possibly be afforded me, from some of the most judicious men in the country, together with the prayers of wise and holy men, however strongly persuaded I may seem to be, that I am in the right.

Saturday, May 22. When I reprove for faults, whereby I am in any way injured, to defer, till the thing is quite over and done with; for that is the way, both to reprove aright, and without the least mixture of spirit, or passion, and to have reproofs effectual, and not suspected.

Friday, May 28. It seems to me, that whether I am now converted or not, I am so settled in the state I am in, that I shall go on in it all my life. But, however settled I may be, yet I will continue to pray to God, not to suffer me to be deceived about it, nor to sleep in an unsafe condition; and ever and anon, will call all into question and try myself, using for helps, some of our old divines, that God may have opportunities to answer my prayers, and the Spirit of God to show me my error, if I am in one.

Saturday night, June 6. I am sometimes in a frame so listless, that there is no other way of profitably improving time, but conversation, visiting, or recreation, or some bodily exercise. However it may be best in the first place, before resorting to either of these, to try the whole circle of my mental employments.

Nov. 16. When confined at Mr. Stiles'. I think it would be of special advantage to me, with respect to my truer interest, as near as I can in my studies, to observe this rule. To let half a day's, or at most, a day's study in other things, be succeeded, by half a day's or a day's study in Divinity.

One thing wherein I have erred, as I would be complete in all social duties, is, in neglecting to write letters to friends. And I would be forewarned of the danger of neglecting to visit my friends and relations, when we are parted.

When one suppresses thoughts that tend to divert the run of the mind's operations from Religion, whether they are melancholy, or anxious, or passionate, or any others;

there is this good effect of it, that it keeps the mind in its freedom. Those thoughts are stopped in the beginning, that would have set the mind agoing in that stream.

There are a great many exercises, that for the present, seem not to help, but rather impede, Religious meditation and affections, the fruit of which is reaped afterwards, and is of far greater worth than what is lost; for thereby the mind is only for the present diverted; but what is attained is, upon occasion, of use for the whole life-time.

Sept. 26, 1726. 'Tis just about three years, that I have been for the most part in a low, sunk estate and condition, miserably senseless to what I used to be, about spiritual things. 'Twas three years ago, the week before commencement; just about the same time this year, I began to be somewhat as I used to be.

Jan. 1728. I think Christ has recommended rising early in the morning, by his rising from the grave very early.

Jan. 22, 1734. I judge that it is best, when I am in a good frame for divine contemplation, or engaged in reading the Scriptures, or any study of divine subjects, that ordinarily, I will not be interrupted by going to dinner, but will forego my dinner, rather than be broke off.

April 4, 1735. When at any time, I have a sense of any divine thing, then to turn it in my thoughts, to a practical improvement. As for instance, when I am in my mind, on some argument for the Truth of Religion, the Reality of a Future State, and the like, then to think with myself, how safely I may venture to sell all, for a future good. So when, at any time, I have a more than ordinary sense of the Glory of the Saints, in another world; to think how well it is worth my while, to deny myself, and to sell all that I have for this Glory, &c.

May 18. My mind at present is, never to suffer my thoughts and meditations, at all to ruminate.

June 11. To set apart days of meditation on particular subjects; as sometimes, to set apart a day for the consideration of the Greatness of my Sins; at another, to consider the Dreadfulness and Certainty, of the Future Misery of Ungodly men; at another, the Truth and Certainty of Religion; and so, of the Great Future Things promised and threatened in the Scriptures.

SARAH PIERREPONT

They say there is a young lady in [New Haven] who is beloved of that Great Being, who made and rules the world, and that there are certain seasons in which this Great Being, in some way or other invisible, comes to her and fills her mind with exceeding sweet delight, and that she hardly cares for anything, except to meditate on him —that she expects after a while to be received up where he is, to be raised up out of the world and caught up into heaven; being assured that he loves her too well to let her remain at a distance from him always. There she is to dwell with him, and to be ravished with his love and delight forever. Therefore, if you present all the world before her, with the richest of its treasures, she disregards it and cares not for it, and is unmindful of any pain or affliction. She has a strange sweetness in her mind, and singular purity in her affections; is most just and conscientious in all her conduct; and you could not persuade her to do any thing wrong or sinful, if you would give her all the world, lest she should offend this Great Being. She is of a wonderful sweetness, calmness and universal benevolence of mind; especially after this Great God has manifested himself to her mind. She will sometimes go about from place to place, singing sweetly; and seems to be always full of joy and pleasure; and no one knows for what. She loves to be alone, walking in the fields and groves, and seems to have some one invisible always conversing with her.

A FAITHFUL NARRATIVE OF THE SURPRISING WORK OF GOD IN THE CONVERSION OF MANY HUNDRED SOULS IN NORTHAMPTON, AND THE NEIGHBORING TOWNS AND VILLAGES. . . . IN A LETTER TO THE REV. DR. BENJAMIN COLMAN OF BOSTON.

Reverend and Honored Sir,

Having seen your letter to my honored uncle Williams of Hatfield, of July 20, wherein you inform him of the notice that has been taken of the late wonderful work of God in this, and some other towns in this county, by the

Rev. Dr. Watts and Dr. Guyse of London, and the Congregation to which the last of these preached on a monthly day of solemn prayer; as also of your desire to be more perfectly acquainted with it, by some of us on the spot: And having been since informed by my uncle Williams, that you desire me to undertake it, I would now do it in as just and faithful a manner as in me lies.

The people of the county in general, I suppose, are as sober, and orderly, and good sort of people, as in any part of New England; and I believe they have been preserved the freest by far, of any part of the country from error and variety of sects and opinions. Our being so far within the land, at a distance from sea-ports, and in a corner of the country, has doubtless been one reason why we have not been so much corrupted with vice, as most other parts. But without question, the religion and good order of the country, and their purity in doctrine, has, under God, been very much owing to the great abilities, and eminent piety, of my venerable and honored grandfather Stoddard. I suppose we have been the freest of any part of the land, from unhappy divisions and quarrels, in our ecclesiastical and religious affairs, till the late lamentable Springfield contention.[1]

We being much separated from other parts of the province, and having comparatively but little intercourse with them, have from the beginning, till now, always managed our ecclesiastical affairs within ourselves; it is the way in which the country, from its infancy, has gone on by the practical agreement of all, and the way in which our peace and good order has hitherto been maintained.

The town of Northampton is of about eighty-two years standing, and has now about two hundred families; which mostly dwell more compactly together than any town of such a bigness in these parts of the country; which probably has been an occasion that both our corruptions and reformations have been, from time to time, the more swiftly propagated, from one to another, through the town. Take the town in general, and so far as I can

[1] The Springfield contention relates to the settlement of a Minister there, which occasioned too warm debates between some, both pastors and people that were for it, and others that were against it, on account of their different apprehension about his principles, and about some steps that were taken to procure his ordination.

judge, they are as rational and understanding a people as most I have been acquainted with: Many of them have been noted for religion, and particularly, have been remarkable for their distinct knowledge in things that relate to heart religion, and Christian experience, and their great regards thereto.

I am the third minister that has been settled in the town: The Reverend Mr. Eleazar Mather, who was the first, was ordained in July 1669. He was one whose heart was much in his work, abundant in labors for the good of precious souls; he had the high esteem and great love of his people, and was blessed with no small success. The Rev. Mr. Stoddard who succeeded him, came first to the town the November after his death, but was not ordained till September 11, 1672, and died February 11, 1728-9. So that he continued in the work of the ministry here from his first coming to town, near sixty years. And as he was eminent and renowned for his gifts and grace, so he was blessed, from the beginning, with extraordinary success in his ministry, in the conversion of many souls. He had five harvests as he called them: The first was about fifty-seven years ago; the second about fifty-three years; the third about forty; the fourth about twenty-four; the fifth and last about eighteen years ago. Some of these times were much more remarkable than others, and the ingathering of souls more plentiful. Those that were about fifty-three, and forty, and twenty-four years ago, were much greater than either the first or the last; but in each of them, I have heard my grandfather say, the greater part of the young people in the town seemed to be mainly concerned for their eternal salvation.

After the last of these, came a far more degenerate time, (at least among young people) I suppose, than ever before. Mr. Stoddard, indeed, had the comfort before he died, of seeing a time when there was no small appearance of a divine work amongst some, and a considerable ingathering of souls, even after I was settled with him in the ministry, which was about two years before his death; and I have reason to bless God for the great advantage I had by it. In these two years, there were near twenty that Mr. Stoddard hoped to be savingly converted; but there was nothing of any general awakening. The greater part seemed to be at that time very insensible of the

things of religion, and engaged in other cares and pursuits. Just after my grandfather's death, it seemed to be a time of extraordinary dullness in religion: Licentiousness for some years greatly prevailed among the youth of the town; they were many of them very much addicted to night walking, and frequenting the tavern, and lewd practices, wherein some by their example exceedingly corrupted others. It was their manner very frequently to get together in conventions of both sexes, for mirth and jollity, which they called frolicks; and they would often spend the greater part of the night in them, without any regard to order in the families they belonged to: And indeed family government did too much fail in the town. It had become very customary with many of our young people to be indecent in their carriage at meeting, which doubtless would not have prevailed to such a degree, had it not been that my grandfather, through his great age, (though he retained his powers surprisingly to the last) was not so able to observe them. There had also long prevailed in the town, a spirit of contention between two parties, into which they had for many years been divided, by which was maintained a jealousy one of the other, and they were prepared to oppose one another in all public affairs.

But in two or three years after Mr. Stoddard's death, there began to be a sensible amendment of these evils; the young people shewed more of a disposition to hearken to counsel, and by degrees left off their frolicking, and grew observably more decent in their attendance on the public worship, and there were more that manifested a religious concern than there used to be.

At the latter end of the year 1733, there appeared a very unusual flexibleness, and yielding to advice, in our young people. It had been too long their manner to make the evening after the sabbath,[1] and after our public lecture, to be especially the times of their mirth, and company keeping. But a sermon was now preached on the sabbath before the lecture, to shew the evil tendency of the practice, and to persuade them to reform it; and it was urged on heads of families, that it should be a thing

[1] It must be noted, that it has never been our manner to observe the evening that follows the sabbath, but that which precedes it, as part of holy time.

agreed upon among them, to govern their families, and keep their children at home, at these times;—and withal it was more privately moved, that they should meet together the next day, in their several neighborhoods, to know each other's minds; which was accordingly done, and the motion complied with throughout the town. But parents found little or no occasion for the exercise of government in the case; the young people declared themselves convinced by what they had heard from the pulpit, and were willing of themselves to comply with the counsel that had been given. And it was immediately, and, I suppose, almost universally complied with; and there was a thorough reformation of these disorders thenceforward, which has continued ever since.

Presently after this, there began to appear a remarkable religious concern at a little village belonging to the congregation, called Pascommuck, where a few families were settled, at about three miles distance from the main body of the town. At this place a number of persons seemed to be savingly wrought upon. In the April following, Anno 1734, there happened a very sudden and awful death of a young man in the bloom of his youth; who being violently seized with a pleurisy, and taken immediately very delirious, died in about two days; which (together with what was preached publicly on that occasion,) much affected many young people. This was followed with another death of a young married woman, who had been considerably exercised in mind, about the salvation of her soul, before she was ill, and was in great distress in the beginning of her illness, but seemed to have satisfying evidences of God's saving mercy to her, before her death; so that she died very full of comfort, in a most earnest and moving manner, warning and counselling others. This seemed much to contribute to the solemnizing of the spirits of many young persons; and there began evidently to appear more of a religious concern on people's minds.

In the fall of the year, I proposed it to the young people, that they should agree among themselves to spend the evenings after lectures, in social religion, and to that end to divide themselves into several companies to meet in various parts of the town; which was accordingly done, and those meetings have been since continued, and the

example imitated by elder people. This was followed with the death of an elderly person, which was attended with many unusual circumstances, by which many were much moved and affected.

About this time began the great noise that was in this part of the country, about Arminianism, which seemed to appear with a very threatening aspect upon the interest of religion here. The friends of vital piety trembled for fear of the issue; but it seemed, contrary to their fear, strongly to be overruled for the promoting of religion. Many who looked on themselves as in a Christless condition, seemed to be awakened by it, with fear that God was about to withdraw from the land, and that we should be given up to heterodoxy, and corrupt principles; and that then their opportunity for obtaining salvation would be past; and many who were brought a little to doubt about the truth of the doctrines they had hitherto been taught, seemed to have a kind of a trembling fear with their doubts, lest they should be led into by-paths, to their eternal undoing: And they seemed with much concern and engagedness of mind to inquire what was indeed the way in which they must come to be accepted with God. There were then some things said publicly on that occasion, concerning justification by faith alone.

Although great fault was found with meddling with the controversy in the pulpit, by such a person, at that time, and though it was ridiculed by many elsewhere, yet it proved a word spoken in season here, and was most evidently attended with a very remarkable blessing of heaven to the souls of the people in this town. They received thence a general satisfaction with respect to the main thing in question, which they had in trembling doubts and concern about; and their minds were engaged the more earnestly to seek, that they might come to be accepted of God, and saved in the way of the gospel, which had been made evident to them to be the true and only way. And then it was, in the latter part of December, that the spirit of God began extraordinarily to set in, and wonderfully to work amongst us; and there were, very suddenly, one after another, five or six persons who were, to all appearance, savingly converted, and some of them wrought upon in a very remarkable manner.

Particularly, I was surprised with the relation of a

young woman, who had been one of the greatest company keepers in the whole town. When she came to me, I had never heard that she had become in any wise, serious, but by the conversation I then had with her, it appeared to me that what she gave an account of, was a glorious work of God's infinite power and sovereign grace; and that God had given her a new heart, truly broken and sanctified. I could not then doubt of it, and have seen much in my acquaintance with her since to confirm it.

Though the work was glorious, yet I was filled with concern about the effect it might have upon others. I was ready to conclude (though too rashly) that some would be hardened by it, in carelessness and loseness of life, and would take occasion from it to open their mouths, in reproaches of religion. But the event was the reverse, to a wonderful degree. God made it, I suppose, the greatest occasion of awakening to others, of any thing that ever came to pass in the town. I have had abundant opportunity to know the effect it had, by my private conversation with many. The news of it seemed to be almost like a flash of lightning upon the hearts of young people, all over the town, and upon many others. Those persons amongst us, who used to be farthest from seriousness, and that I most feared would make an ill improvement of it, seemed greatly to be awakened with it; many went to talk with her concerning what she had met with; and what appeared in her seemed to be to the satisfaction of all that did so.

Presently upon this, a great and earnest concern about the great things of religion, and the eternal world, became universal in all parts of the town, and among persons of all degrees, and all ages; the noise amongst the dry bones waxed louder and louder. All other talk but about spiritual and eternal things was soon thrown by; all the conversation in all companies, and upon all occasions, was upon these things only, unless so much as was necessary for people carrying on their ordinary secular business. Other discourse than of the things of religion, would scarcely be tolerated in any company. The minds of people were wonderfully taken off from the world; it was treated amongst us as a thing of very little consequence. They seemed to follow their worldly business, more as a part of their duty, than from any disposition they had to

it; the temptation now seemed to lie on that hand, to neglect worldly affairs too much, and to spend too much time in the immediate exercise of religion; which thing was exceedingly misrepresented by reports that were spread in distant parts of the land, as though the people here had wholly thrown by all worldly business, and betook themselves entirely to reading and praying, and such like religious exercises.

But though the people did not ordinarily neglect their worldly business, yet there then was the reverse of what commonly is. Religion was with all sorts the great concern, and the world was a thing only by the by. The only thing in their view was to get the kingdom of heaven, and every one appeared pressing into it. The engagedness of their hearts in this great concern could not be hid; it appeared in their very countenances. It then was a dreadful thing amongst us to lie out of Christ, in danger every day of dropping into hell; and what persons' minds were intent upon was to escape for their lives, and to *fly from the wrath to come.* All would eagerly lay hold of opportunities for their souls, and were wont very often to meet together in private houses for religious purposes; and such meetings, when appointed, were wont greatly to be thronged.

There was scarcely a single person in the town, either old or young, that was left unconcerned about the great things of the eternal world. Those that were wont to be the vainest, and loosest, and those that had been most disposed to think and speak slightly of vital and experimental religion, were now generally subject to great awakenings. And the work of conversion was carried on in a most astonishing manner, and increased more and more; souls did, as it were, come by flocks to Jesus Christ. From day to day, for many months together, might be seen evident instances of sinners brought *out of darkness into marvellous light,* and delivered *out of an horrible pit, and from the miry clay, and set upon a rock* with *a new song of praise to God in their mouths.*

This work of God, as it was carried on, and the number of true saints multiplied, soon made a glorious alteration in the town; so that in the spring and summer following, Anno 1735, the town seemed to be full of the presence of God. It never was so full of love, nor so full of joy: and

yet so full of distress as it was then. There were remarkable tokens of God's presence in almost every house. It was a time of joy in families on the account of salvation's being brought unto them; parents rejoicing over their children as new born, and husbands over their wives, and wives over their husbands. *The doings of God were then seen in his sanctuary, God's day was a delight, and his tabernacles were amiable.* Our public assemblies were then beautiful; the congregation was alive in God's service, every one earnestly intent on the public worship, every hearer eager to drink in the words of the minister as they came from his mouth; the assembly in general were, from time to time in tears, while the word was preached; some weeping with sorrow and distress, others with joy and love, others with pity and concern for the souls of their neighbors.

Our public praises were then greatly enlivened. God was then served in our psalmody, in some measure, in the beauty of holiness. It has been observable, that there has been scarce any part of divine worship, wherein good men amongst us have had grace so drawn forth, and their hearts so lifted up in the ways of God, as in singing his praises. Our congregation excelled all that ever I knew in the external part of the duty before, the men generally carrying regularly and well, three parts of music, and the women a part by themselves: But now they were evidently wont to sing with unusual elevation of heart and voice, which made the duty pleasant indeed.

In all companies, on other days, on whatever occasions persons met together, Christ was to be heard of, and seen in the midst of them. Our young people, when they met, were wont to spend the time in talking of the excellency and dying love of Jesus Christ, the gloriousness of the way of salvation, the wonderful, free, and sovereign grace of God, his glorious work in the conversion of a soul, the truth and certainty of the great things of God's word, the sweetness of the views of his perfections, &c. And even at weddings, which formerly were merely occasions of mirth and jollity, there was now no discourse of any thing but the things of religion, and no appearance of any but spiritual mirth.

Those amongst us that had been formerly converted, were greatly enlivened and renewed with fresh and extra-

ordinary incomes of the spirit of God; though some much more than others, according to the measure of the gift of Christ. Many that before had labored under difficulties about their own state, had now their doubts removed by more satisfying experience, and more clear discoveries of God's love.

When this work of God first appeared, and was so extraordinarily carried on amongst us in the winter, others round about us seemed not to know what to make of it; and there were many that scoffed at, and ridiculed it; and some compared what we called conversion to certain distempers. But it was very observable of many, that occasionally came amongst us from abroad, with disregardful hearts, that what they saw here cured them of such a temper of mind. Strangers were generally surprised to find things so much beyond what they had heard, and were wont to tell others that the state of the town could not be conceived of by those that had not seen it. The notice that was taken of it by the people that came to town on occasion of the court that sat here in the beginning of March, was very observable. And those that came from the neighborhood to our public lectures, were for the most part remarkably affected. Many that came to town on one occasion or other, had their consciences smitten, and awakened, and went home with wounded hearts, and with those impressions that never wore off till they had hopefully a saving issue; and those that before had serious thoughts, had their awakenings and convictions greatly increased. And there were many instances of persons that came from abroad, on visits, or on business, that had not been long here before, to all appearance, they were savingly wrought upon, and partook of that shower of divine blessing that God rained down here, and went home rejoicing; till at length the same work began evidently to appear and prevail in several other towns in the county.

In the month of March, the people in South Hadley began to be seized with deep concern about the things of religion; which very soon became universal; and the work of God has been very wonderful there; not much, if any thing, short of what it has been here, in proportion to the size of the place. About the same time it began to break forth in the west part of Suffield, (where it has

also been very great) and it soon spread into all parts of the town. It next appeared at Sunderland, and soon overspread the town; and I believe was for a season, not less remarkable than it was here. About the same time it began to appear in a part of Deerfield, called Green River, and afterwards filled the town, and there has been a glorious work there. It began also to be manifest in the south part of Hatfield, in a place called the Hill; and after that the whole town, in the second week in April, seemed to be seized, as it were at once, with concern about the things of religion; and the work of God has been great there. There has been also a very general awakening at West Springfield, and Long Meadow; and in Enfield there was, for a time, a pretty general concern amongst some that before had been very loose persons. About the same time that this appeared at Enfield, the Rev. Mr. Bull of Westfield, informed me that there had been a great alteration there, and that more had been done in one week there than in seven years before.—Something of this work likewise appeared in the first precinct in Springfield, principally in the north and south extremes of the parish. And in Hadley old town, there gradually appeared so much of a work of God on souls, as at another time would have been thought worthy of much notice. For a short time there was also a very great and general concern, of the like nature, at Northfield. And wherever this concern appeared, it seemed not to be in vain; but in every place God brought saving blessings with him, and his word attended with his spirit (as we have all reason to think) returned not void. It might well be said at that time in all parts of the county, *Who are these that fly as a cloud, and as doves to their windows?*

As what other towns heard of and found in this, was a great means of awakening them, so our hearing of such a swift, and extraordinary propagation, and extent of this work, did doubtless, for a time, serve to uphold the work amongst us. The continual news kept alive the talk of religion, and did greatly quicken and rejoice the hearts of God's people, and much awakened those that looked on themselves as still left behind, and made them the more earnest that they also might share in the great blessing that others had obtained.

This remarkable pouring out of the spirit of God, which

thus extended from one end to the other of this county, was not confined to it, but many places in Connecticut have partook in the same mercy. As for instance the first parish in Windsor, under the pastoral care of the Rev. Mr. Marsh, was thus blest about the same time, as we in Northampton, while we had no knowledge of each other's circumstances. There has been a very great ingathering of souls to Christ in that place, and something considerable of the same work began afterwards in East Windsor, my honored father's parish, which has in times past, been a place favored with mercies of this nature, above any on this western side of New England, excepting Northampton; there having been four or five seasons of the pouring out of the spirit to the general awakening of the people there, since my father's settlement amongst them.

There was also the last spring and summer a wonderful work of God carried on at Coventry, under the ministry of the Rev. Mr. Meacham. I had opportunity to converse with some of the Coventry people, who gave me a very remarkable account of the surprising change that appeared in the most rude and vicious persons there. The like was also very great at the same time in a part of Lebanon, called the Crank, where the Rev. Mr. Wheelock, a young gentleman, is lately settled. And there has been much of the same at Durham, under the ministry of the Rev. Mr. Chauncey; and to appearance, no small ingathering of souls there. And likewise amongst many of the young people in the first precinct in Stratford, under the ministry of the Rev. Mr. Gould, where the work was much promoted by the remarkable conversion of a young woman that had been a great company keeper, as it was here.

Something of this work appeared in several other towns in those parts, as I was informed when I was there the last fall. And we have since been acquainted with something very remarkable of this nature at another parish in Stratford, called Ripton, under the pastoral care of the Rev. Mr. Mills. And there was a considerable revival of religion last summer at New Haven old town, as I was once and again informed by the Rev. Mr. Noyes, the minister there, and by others; and by a letter which I very lately received from Mr. Noyes, and also by information we have had otherwise. This flourishing of religion still

continues, and has lately much increased: Mr. Noyes writes, that many this summer have been added to the church, and particularly mentions several young persons that belong to the principal families of that town.

There has been a degree of the same work at a part of Guilford; and very considerable at Mansfield, under the ministry of the Rev. Mr. Eleazar Williams; and an unusual religious concern at Tolland; and something of it at Hebron, and Bolton. There was also no small effusion of the spirit of God in the north parish in Preston in the eastern part of Connecticut, which I was informed of, and saw something of it when I was the last autumn at the house, and in the congregation of the Rev. Mr. Lord, the minister there, who, with the Rev. Mr. Owen of Groton, came up hither in May, the last year, on purpose to see the work of God here; and having heard various and contradictory accounts of it, were careful when they were here to inform and satisfy themselves; and to that end particularly conversed with many of our people, which they declared to be entirely to their satisfaction; and that the one half had not been told them, nor could be told them. Mr. Lord told me, that when he got home, he informed his congregation of what he had seen, and that they were greatly affected with it, and that it proved the beginning of the same work amongst them, which prevailed till there was a general awakening, and many instances of persons, who seemed to be remarkably converted. I also have lately heard that there has been something of the same work at Woodbury.

But this shower of Divine blessing has been yet more extensive. There was no small degree of it in some parts of the Jerseys, as I was informed when I was at New York, (in a long journey I took at that time of the year for my health) by some people of the Jerseys, whom I saw, especially the Rev. Mr. William Tennent, a minister, who seemed to have such things much at heart, told me of a very great awakening of many in a place called the Mountains, under the ministry of one Mr. Cross; and of a very considerable revival of religion in another place under the ministry of his brother, the Rev. Mr. Gilbert Tennent; and also at another place, under the ministry of a very pious young gentleman, a Dutch minister, whose name as I remember, was Freelinghousen.

This seems to have been a very extraordinary dispensation of Providence. God has, in many respects, gone out of, and much beyond his usual and ordinary way. The work in this town, and some others about us, has been extraordinary on account of the universality of it, affecting all sorts, sober and vicious, high and low, rich and poor, wise and unwise; it reached the most considerable families and persons to all appearance, as much as others. In former stirrings of this nature, the bulk of the young people have been greatly affected; but old men and little children have been so now. Many of the last have, of their own accord, formed themselves into religious societies, in different parts of the town. A loose, careless person, could scarcely find a companion in the whole neighborhood; and if there was any one that seemed to remain senseless or unconcerned, it would be spoken of as a strange thing.

This dispensation has also appeared extraordinary in the numbers of those on whom we have reason to hope it has had a saving effect. We have about six hundred and twenty communicants which include almost all our adult persons. The church was very large before; but persons never thronged into it as they did in the late extraordinary time. Our sacraments were eight weeks asunder, and I received into our communion about an hundred before one sacrament, and four-score of them at one time, whose appearance, when they presented themselves together to make an open explicit profession of Christianity, was very affecting to the congregation. I took in near sixty before the next sacrament day; and I had very sufficient evidence of the conversion of their souls, through divine grace, though it is not the custom here, as it is in many other churches in this country, to make a credible relation of their inward experiences the ground of admission to the Lord's Supper.

I am far from pretending to be able to determine how many have lately been the subjects of such mercy; but if I may be allowed to declare any thing that appears to me probable in a thing of this nature, I hope that more than three hundred souls were savingly brought home to Christ in this town, in the space of half a year, (how many more I don't guess) and about the same number of males as females; which, by what I have heard Mr.

Stoddard say, was far from what has been usual in years past, for he observed that in his time, many more women were converted than men. Those of our young people that are, on other accounts, most likely and considerable, are mostly, as I hope, truly pious and leading persons in the way of religion. Those that were formerly looser young persons, are generally, to all appearance, become true lovers of God and Christ, and spiritual in their dispositions. And I hope that by far the greater part of persons in this town, above sixteen years of age, are such as have the saving knowledge of Jesus Christ; and so by what I heard, I suppose it is in some other places, particularly at Sunderland and South Hadley.

This has also appeared to be a very extraordinary dispensation, in that the spirit of God has so much extended not only his awakening, but regenerating influences, both to elderly persons, and also those that are very young. It has been a thing heretofore rarely heard of, that any were converted past middle age; but now we have the same ground to think that many such have in this time been savingly changed, as that others have been so in more early years. I suppose there were upwards of fifty persons in this town above forty years of age; and more than twenty of them above fifty, and about ten of them above sixty, and two of them above seventy years of age.

It has heretofore been looked on as a strange thing, when any have seemed to be savingly wrought upon, and remarkably changed in their childhood; but now, I suppose, near thirty were to appearance so wrought upon between ten and fourteen years of age, and two between nine and ten, and one of them about four years of age; and because, I suppose, this last will be most difficultly believed, I shall hereafter give a particular account of it. The influences of God's spirit have also been very remarkable on children in some other places, particularly at Sunderland and South Hadley, and the west part of Suffield. There are several families in this town that are all hopefully pious; yea, there are several numerous families, in which, I think, we have reason to hope that all the children are truly godly, and most of them lately become so. And there are very few houses in the whole town into which salvation has not lately come, in one or more instances. There are several negroes, that from what

was seen in them then, and what is discernible in them since, appear to have been truly born again in the late remarkable season.

God has also seemed to have gone out of his usual way in the quickness of his work, and the swift progress his spirit has made in his operation on the hearts of many. 'Tis wonderful that persons should be so suddenly, and yet so greatly changed. Many have been taken from a loose and careless way of living, and seized with strong convictions of their guilt and misery, and in a very little time old things have passed away, and all things have become new with them.

God's work has also appeared very extraordinary, in the degrees of the influences of his spirit, both in the degree of awakening and conviction, and also in a degree of saving light, and love, and joy, that many have experienced. It has also been very extraordinary in the extent of it, and its being so swiftly propagated from town to town. In former times of the pouring out of the spirit of God on this town, though in some of them it was very remarkable, yet it reached no further than this town, the neighboring towns all round continuing unmoved.

The work of God's spirit seemed to be at its greatest height in this town, in the former part of the spring, in March and April; at which time God's work in the conversion of souls was carried on amongst us in so wonderful a manner, that so far as I, by looking back, can judge from the particular acquaintance I have had with souls in this work, it appears to me probable, to have been at the rate, at least, of four persons in a day, or near thirty in a week, take one with another, for five or six weeks together. When God in so remarkable a manner took the work into his own hands, there was as much done in a day or two, as at ordinary times, with all endeavors that men can use, and with such a blessing as we commonly have, is done in a year.

I am very sensible how apt many would be, if they should see the account I have here given, presently to think with themselves that I am very fond of making a great many converts, and of magnifying and aggrandizing the matter; and to think, that for want of judgment, I take every religious pang, and enthusiastic conceit, for saving conversion; and I do not much wonder if they

should be apt to think so. And for this reason, I have forborne to publish an account of this great work of God, though I have often been put upon it; but having now, as I thought, a special call to give an account of it, upon mature consideration, I thought it might not be beside my duty to declare this amazing work, as it appeared to me, to be indeed divine, and to conceal no part of the glory of it, leaving it with God to take care of the credit of his own work, and running the venture of any censorious thoughts, which might be entertained of me to my disadvantage. But that distant persons may be under as great advantage as may be, to judge for themselves of this matter, I would be a little more large, and particular.

I therefore proceed to give an account of the manner of persons being wrought upon; and here there is a vast variety, perhaps as manifold as the subjects of the operation; but yet in many things there is a great analogy in all.

Persons are first awakened with a sense of their miserable condition by nature, the danger they are in of perishing eternally, and that it is of great importance to them that they speedily escape, and get into a better state. Those that before were secure and senseless, are made sensible how much they were in the way to ruin in their former courses. Some are more suddenly seized with convictions; it may be, by the news of others' conversion, or something they hear in public, or in private conference, their consciences are suddenly smitten, as if their hearts were pierced through with a dart. Others have awakenings that come upon them more gradually, they begin at first to be something more thoughtful and considerate, so as to come to a conclusion in their minds, that it is their best and wisest way to delay no longer, but to improve the present opportunity; and have accordingly set themselves seriously to meditate on those things that have the most awakening tendency, on purpose to obtain convictions; and so their awakenings have increased, till a sense of their misery, by God's spirit setting in therewith, has had fast hold of them. Others that, before this wonderful time, had been something religious and concerned for their salvation, have been awakened in a new manner, and made sensible that their slack and dull way of seeking was never like to attain their purpose, and so have been

roused up to a greater violence for the kingdom of heaven.

These awakenings, when they have first seized on persons, have had two effects. One was, that they have brought them immediately to quit their sinful practices and the looser sort have been brought to forsake and dread their former vices and extravagances. When once the spirit of God began to be so wonderfully poured out in a general way through the town, people had soon done with their old quarrels, backbitings, and intermeddling with other men's matters; the tavern was soon left empty, and persons kept very much at home. None went abroad unless on necessary business, or on some religious account, and every day seemed, in many respects, like a sabbath-day. And the other effect was that it put them on earnest application to the means of salvation, reading, prayer, meditation, the ordinances of God's house, and private conference. Their cry was, *What shall we do to be saved?* The place of resort was now altered; it was no longer the tavern, but the minister's house; that was thronged far more than ever the tavern had been wont to be.

There is a very great variety, as to the degree of fear and trouble that persons are exercised with, before they obtain any comfortable evidences of pardon and acceptance with God. Some are from the beginning carried on with abundantly more encouragement and hope, than others. Some have had ten times less trouble of mind than others, in whom yet the issue seems to be the same. Some have had such a sense of the displeasure of God, and the great danger they were in of damnation, that they could not sleep at nights; and many have said that when they have laid down, the thoughts of sleeping in such a condition have been frightful to them, and they have scarcely been free from terror while they have been asleep, and they have awaked with fear, heaviness, and distress still abiding on their spirits. It has been very common, that the deep and fixed concern that has been on persons' minds, has had a painful influence on their bodies, and given disturbance to animal nature.

The awful apprehensions persons have had of their misery, have for the most part been increasing, the nearer they have approached to deliverance; though they often pass through many changes, and alterations in the frame and circumstances of their minds. Sometimes they think

themselves wholly senseless, and fear that the spirit of God has left them, and that they are given up to judicial hardness; yet they appear very deeply exercised about that fear, and are in great earnest to obtain convictions again.

Together with those fears and that exercise of mind which is rational, and which they have just ground for, they have often suffered many needless distresses of thought, in which Satan probably has a great hand, to entangle them, and block up their way; and sometimes the distemper of melancholy has been evidently mixed, of which, when it happens, the tempter seems to make great advantage, and puts an unhappy bar in the way of any good effect. One knows not how to deal with such persons; they turn every thing that is said to them the wrong way, and most to their own disadvantage. And there is nothing that the devil seems to make so great a handle of, as a melancholy humor, unless it be the real corruption of the heart.

But it has been very remarkable, that there has been far less of this mixture in this time of extraordinary blessing, than there was wont to be in persons under awakenings at other times; for it is evident that many that before had been exceedingly involved in such difficulties, seemed now strangely to be set at liberty. Some persons that had before, for a long time, been exceedingly entangled with peculiar temptations, of one sort or other, and unprofitable and hurtful distresses, were soon helped over former stumbling blocks, that hindered any progress towards saving good; and convictions have wrought more kindly, and they have been successfully carried on in the way to life. And thus Satan seemed to be restrained, till towards the latter end of this wonderful time, when God's spirit was about to withdraw.

Many times, persons under great awakenings were concerned, because they thought they were not awakened, but miserable, hard hearted, senseless, sottish creatures still, and sleeping upon the brink of hell. The sense of the need they have to be awakened, and of their comparative hardness, grows upon them with their awakenings; so that they seem to themselves to be very senseless, when indeed most sensible. There have been some instances of persons that have had as great a sense of their danger and misery,

as their natures could well subsist under, so that a little more would probably have destroyed them; and yet they have expressed themselves much amazed at their own insensibility and sottishness in such an extraordinary time as it then was.

Persons are sometimes brought to the borders of despair, and it looks as black as midnight to them a little before the day dawns in their souls. Some few instances there have been of persons who have had such a sense of God's wrath for sin, that they have been overborne and made to cry out under an astonishing sense of their guilt, wondering that God suffers such guilty wretches to live upon earth, and that he doth not immediately send them to hell; and sometimes their guilt does so glare them in the face, that they are in exceeding terror for fear that God will instantly do it; but more commonly the distresses under legal awakenings have not been to such a degree. In some, these terrors do not seem to be so sharp, when near comfort, as before; their convictions have not seemed to work so much that way, but they seem to be led further down into their own hearts, to a further sense of their own universal depravity, and deadness in sin.

The corruption of the heart has discovered itself in various exercises in the time of legal convictions; sometimes it appears in a great struggle, like something roused by an enemy, and Satan, the old inhabitant, seems to exert himself like a serpent disturbed and enraged. Many in such circumstances, have felt a great spirit of envy towards the godly, especially towards those that are thought to have been lately converted, and most of all towards acquaintances and companions, when they are thought to be converted. Indeed some have felt many heart-risings against God, and murmurings at his ways of dealing with mankind, and his dealings with themselves in particular. It has been much insisted on, both in public and private, that persons should have the utmost dread of such envious thoughts, which, if allowed, tend exceedingly to quench the spirit of God, if not to provoke him finally to forsake them. And when such a spirit has much prevailed, and persons have not so earnestly strove against it as they ought to have done, it has seemed to be exceedingly to the hindrance of the

good of their souls. But in some other instances, where persons have been much terrified at the sight of such wickedness in their hearts, God has brought good to them out of evil, and made it a means of convincing them of their own desperate sinfulness, and bringing them off from all self-confidence.

The drift of the spirit of God in his legal strivings with persons, has seemed most evidently to be, to make way for, and to bring to, a conviction of their absolute dependence on his sovereign power and grace, and universal necessity of a mediator, by leading them more and more to a sense of their exceeding wickedness, and guiltiness in his sight; the pollution and insufficiency of their own righteousness, that they can in no wise help themselves, and that God would be wholly just and righteous in rejecting them, and all that they do, and in casting them off forever, though there be a vast variety, as to the manner and distinctness of persons' convictions of these things.

As they are gradually more and more convinced of the corruption and wickedness of their hearts, they seem to themselves to grow worse and worse, harder and blinder, and more desperately wicked, instead of growing better. They are ready to be discouraged by it, and oftentimes never think themselves so far off from good as when they are nearest. Under the sense which the spirit of God gives them of their sinfulness, they often think that they differ from all others; their hearts are ready to sink with the thought, that they are the worst of all, and that none ever obtained mercy that were so wicked as they.

When awakenings first begin, their consciences are commonly most exercised about their outward vicious course, or other acts of sin; but afterwards are much more burdened with a sense of heart sins, the dreadful corruption of their nature, their enmity against God, the pride of their hearts, their unbelief, their rejection of Christ, the stubbornness and obstinacy of their wills, and the like. In many, God makes much use of their own experience, in the course of their awakenings and endeavors after saving good, to convince them of their own vile emptiness, and universal depravity.

Very often under first awakenings, when they are brought to reflect on the sin of their past lives, and have something of a terrifying sense of God's anger, they set

themselves to walk more strictly, and confess their sins and perform many religious duties, with a secret hope of appeasing God's anger, and making up for the sins they have committed. And oftentimes, at first setting out, their affections are moved, and they are full of tears, in their confessions and prayers, which they are ready to make very much of, as though they were some atonement, and had power to move correspondent affections in God too. And hence they are, for a while, big with expectation of what God will do for them, and conceive that they grow better apace, and shall soon be thoroughly converted. But these affections are but short-lived; they quickly find that they fail, and then they think themselves to be grown worse again; they do not find such a prospect of being soon converted as they thought; instead of being nearer, they seem to be farther off; their hearts they think are grown harder, and by this means their fears of perishing greatly increase. But though they are disappointed, they renew their attempts again and again; and still as their attempts are multiplied, so are their disappointments; all fail, they see no token of having inclined God's heart to them, they do not see that he hears their prayer at all, as they expected he would; and sometimes there have been great temptations arising hence to leave off seeking, and to yield up the case. But as they are still more terrified with fears of perishing, and their former hopes of prevailing on God to be merciful to them in a great measure fail, sometimes their religious affections have turned into heart-risings against God, because that he would not pity them, and seems to have little regard to their distress and piteous cries, and to all the pains they take. They think of the mercy that God has shown to others, how soon and how easily others have obtained comfort, and those too that were worse than they, and have not labored so much as they have done, and sometimes they have had even dreadful blasphemous thoughts in these circumstances.

But, when they reflect on these wicked workings of heart against God, if their convictions are continued, and the spirit of God is not provoked utterly to forsake them, they have more distressing apprehensions of the anger of God towards those whose hearts work after such a sinful manner about him; and it may be have great fears

that they have committed the unpardonable sin, or that God will surely never shew mercy to them that are such vipers: And are often tempted to leave off in despair.

But then perhaps, by something they read or hear of the infinite mercy of God, and all-sufficiency of Christ for the chief of sinners; they have some encouragement and hope renewed, but think that as yet they are not fit to come to Christ, they are so wicked that Christ will never accept of them. And then it may be they set themselves upon a new course of fruitless endeavors in their own strength to make themselves better, and still meet with new disappointments. They are earnest to inquire what they shall do? They do not know but there is something else to be done, in order to their obtaining converting grace, that they have never done yet. It may be they hope that they are something better than they were; but then the pleasing dream all vanishes again. If they are told that they trust too much to their own strength and righteousness, they cannot unlearn this practice all at once, and find not yet the appearance of any good, but all looks as dark as midnight to them. Thus they wander about from mountain to hill, seeking rest and finding none. When they are beat out of one refuge they fly to another, till they are as it were, debilitated, broken and subdued with legal humblings; in which God gives them a conviction of their own utter helplessness and insufficiency, and discovers the true remedy in a clearer knowledge of Christ and his gospel.

When they begin to seek salvation, they are commonly profoundly ignorant of themselves; they are not sensible how blind they are, and how little they can do towards bringing themselves to see spiritual things aright, and towards putting forth gracious exercises in their own souls; they are not sensible how remote they are from love to God, and other holy dispositions, and how dead they are to sin. When they see unexpected pollution in their own hearts, they go about to wash away their own defilements, and make themselves clean; and they weary themselves in vain, till God shews them it is in vain, and that their help is not where they have sought it, but elsewhere.

But some persons continue wandering in such a kind of labyrinth, ten times as long as others, before their own

experience will convince them of their insufficiency; and so it appears not to be their own experience only, but the convincing influence of God's spirit with their experience, that attains the effect. And God has of late abundantly shown that he does not need to wait to have men convinced by long and often repeated, fruitless trials; for in multitudes of instances, he has made a shorter work of it: He has so awakened and convinced persons' consciences, and made them so sensible of their exceeding great vileness, and given them such a sense of his wrath against sin, as has quickly overcome all their vain self-confidence, and borne them down into the dust before a holy and righteous God.

There have been some who have not had great terrors, but have had a very quick work. Some of those that have not had so deep a conviction of these things before their conversion, have, it may be, much more of it afterwards. God has appeared far from limiting himself to any certain method in his proceedings with sinners under legal convictions. In some instances, it seems easy for our reasoning powers to discern the methods of divine wisdom, in his dealings with the soul under awakenings; in others, his footsteps cannot be traced, and his ways are past finding out. And some that are less distinctly wrought upon, in what is preparatory to grace, appear no less eminent in gracious experiences afterwards.

There is in nothing a greater difference, in different persons, than with respect to the time of their being under trouble; some but a few days, and others for months or years. There were many in this town that had been before this effusion of God's spirit upon us, for years, and some for many years, concerned about their salvation; though probably they were not thoroughly awakened, yet they were concerned to such a degree as to be very uneasy, so as to live an uncomfortable, disquieted life, and so as to continue in a way of taking considerable pains about their salvation, but had never obtained any comfortable evidence of a good estate, who now in this extraordinary time have received light; but many of them were some of the last. They first saw multitudes of others rejoicing, and with songs of deliverance in their mouths, who seemed wholly careless and at ease, and in pursuit of vanity, while they had been bowed down with solicitude about their

souls; yea, some had lived licentiously, and so continued till a little before they were converted, and grew up to a holy rejoicing in the infinite blessings God had bestowed upon them.

And whatever minister has a like occasion to deal with souls, in a flock under such circumstances, as this was in the last year, I cannot but think he will soon find himself under a necessity, greatly to insist upon it with them, that God is under no manner of obligations to shew any mercy to any natural man, whose heart is not turned to God. And that a man can challenge nothing, either in absolute justice, or by free promise, from any thing he does before he has believed on Jesus Christ, or has true repentance begun in him. It appears to me, that if I had taught those that came to me under trouble, any other doctrine, I should have taken a most direct course utterly to have undone them. I should have directly crossed what was plainly the drift of the spirit of God in his influences upon them; for if they had believed what I said, it would either have promoted self-flattery and carelessness, and so put an end to their awakenings, or cherished and established their contention and strife with God, concerning his dealings with them and others, and blocked up their way to that humiliation before the sovereign disposer of life and death, whereby God is wont to prepare them for his consolations. And yet those that have been under awakenings, have oftentimes plainly stood in need of being encouraged, by being told of the infinite and all-sufficient mercy of God in Christ; and that it is God's manner to succeed diligence, and to bless his own means, that so awakenings and encouragements, fear and hope, may be duly mixed, and proportioned to preserve their minds in a just medium between the two extremes of self-flattery and despondence, both which tend to slackness and negligence, and in the end to security.

I think I have found that no discourses have been more remarkably blessed, than those in which the doctrine of God's absolute sovereignty with regard to the salvation of sinners, and his just liberty with regard to answering the prayers, or succeeding the pains of mere natural men, continuing such, have been insisted on. I never found so much immediate saving fruit, in any measure, of any discourses I have offered to my congregation, as some from

those words, Rom. iii. 19.—"That every mouth may be stopped;" endeavoring to shew from thence that it would be just with God forever to reject and cast off mere natural men.

In those in whom awakenings seem to have a saving issue, commonly the first thing that appears after their legal troubles, is a conviction of the justice of God in their condemnation, in a sense of their own exceeding sinfulness, and the vileness of all their performances. In giving an account of this, they expressed themselves very variously; some, that they saw that God was sovereign, and might receive others and reject them; some, that they were convinced that God might justly bestow mercy on every person in the town, and on every person in the world, and damn themselves to all eternity; some, that they may see that God may justly have no regard to all the pains they have taken, and all the prayers they have made; some, that they see that if they should seek, and take the utmost pains all their lives, God might justly cast them into hell at last, because all their labors, prayers and tears, cannot make an atonement for the least sin, nor merit any blessing at the hands of God; some have declared themselves to be in the hands of God, that he can and may dispose of them just as he pleases; some that God may glorify himself in their damnation, and they wonder that God has suffered them to live so long, and has not cast them into hell long ago.

Some are brought to this conviction, by a great sense of their sinfulness, in general, that they are such vile, wicked creatures in heart and life. Others have the sins of their lives in an extraordinary manner set before them, multitudes of them coming just then fresh to their memory, and being set before them with their aggravations; some have their minds especially fixed, on some particular wicked practice they have indulged; some are especially convinced by a sight of the corruption and wickedness of their hearts; some from a view they have of the horridness of some particular exercises of corruption, which they have had in the time of their awakening, whereby the enmity of the heart against God has been manifested; some are convinced especially by a sense of the sin of unbelief, the opposition of their hearts to the way of sal-

vation by Christ, and their obstinacy in rejecting him and his grace.

There is a great deal of difference as to persons' distinctness here; some, that have not so clear a sight of God's justice in their condemnation, yet mention things that plainly imply it. They find a disposition to acknowledge God to be just and righteous in his threatenings, and that they are deserving of nothing. And many times, though they had not so particular a sight of it at the beginning, they have very clear discoveries of it soon afterwards, with great humblings in the dust before God.

Commonly persons' minds immediately before this discovery of God's justice are exceeding restless and in a kind of struggle and tumult, and sometimes in mere anguish; but generally, as soon as they have this conviction, it immediately brings their minds to a calm, and a before unexpected quietness and composure; and most frequently, though not always, then the pressing weight upon their spirits is taken away, and a general hope arises, that some time or other God will be gracious, even before any distinct and particular discoveries of mercy; and often they then come to a conclusion within themselves, that they will lie at God's feet, and wait his time; and they rest in that, not being sensible that the spirit of God has now brought them to a frame whereby they are prepared for mercy; for it is remarkable that persons, when they first have this sense of the justice of God, rarely in the time of it, think any thing of its being that humiliation that they have often heard insisted on, and that others experience.

In many persons, the first convictions of the justice of God in their condemnation, which they take particular notice of, and probably the first distinct conviction of it that they have, is of such a nature, as seems to be above any thing merely legal. Though it be after legal humblings, and much of a sense of their own helplessness, and of the insufficiency of their own duties; yet it does not appear to be forced by mere legal terrors and convictions; but rather from an high exercise of grace, in saving repentance, and evangelical humiliation; for there is in it a sort of complacency of soul, in the attribute of God's justice, as displayed in his threatnings of eternal damnation to sinners. Sometimes at the discovery of it, they

can scarcely forbear crying out, 'Tis Just! 'Tis Just! Some express themselves, that they see the glory of God would shine bright in their own condemnation; and they are ready to think that if they are damned, they could take part with God against themselves, and would glorify his justice therein. And when it is thus, they commonly have some evident sense of free and allsufficient grace, though they give no distinct account of it; but it is manifest, by that great degree of hope and encouragement that they then conceive, though they were never so sensible of their own vileness and illdeservings as they are at that time.

Some, when in such circumstances, have felt that sense of the excellency of God's justice, appearing in the vindictive exercises of it, against such sinfulness as theirs was, and have had such a submission of mind in their idea of this attribute, and of those exercises of it, together with an exceeding loathing of their own unworthiness, and a kind of indignation against themselves, that they have sometimes almost called it a willingness to be damned; though it must be owned they had not clear and distinct ideas of damnation, nor does any word in the Bible require such self denial as this. But the truth is, as some have more clearly expressed it, that salvation has appeared too good for them, that they were worthy of nothing but condemnation, and they could not tell how to think of salvation's being bestowed upon them, fearing it was inconsistent with the glory of God's majesty that they had so much contemned and affronted.

That calm of spirit that some persons have found after their legal distresses, continues some time before any special and delightful manifestation is made to the soul of the grace of God, as revealed in the gospel; but very often some comfortable and sweet view of a merciful God, of a sufficient Redeemer, or of some great and joyful things of the gospel, immediately follows, or in a very little time. And in some, the first sight of their just desert of hell, and God's sovereignty with respect to their salvation, and a discovery of allsufficient grace, are so near, that they seem to go as it were together.

These gracious discoveries that are given, whence the first special comforts are derived, are in many respects very various; more frequently Christ is distinctly made

the object of the mind, in his allsufficiency and willingness to save sinners. But some have their thoughts more especially fixed on God, in some of his sweet and glorious attributes manifested in the gospel, and shining forth in the face of Christ. Some view the allsufficiency of the mercy and grace of God; some chiefly the infinite power of God, and his ability to save them, and to do all things for them; and some look most at the truth and faithfulness of God. In some, the truth and certainty of the gospel in general is the first joyful discovery they have; in others, the certain truth of some particular promises; in some, the grace and sincerity of God in his invitations, very commonly in some particular invitation in the mind, and it now appears real to them that God does indeed invite them. Some are struck with the glory and wonderfulness of the dying love of Christ; and some with the sufficiency and preciousness of his blood, as offered to make an atonement for sin; and others with the value and glory of his obedience and righteousness. In some the excellency and loveliness of Christ chiefly engages their thoughts; in some his divinity, that he is indeed the son of the living God; and in others the excellency of the way of salvation by Christ, and the suitableness of it to their necessities.

Some have an apprehension of these things so given, that it seems more natural to them to express it by sight or discovery; others think what they experience better expressed by the realizing conviction, or a lively or feeling sense of heart; meaning, as I suppose, no other difference but what is merely circumstantial or gradual.

There is often in the mind, some particular text of scripture, holding forth some evangelical ground of consolation; sometimes a multitude of texts, gracious invitations and promises flowing in one after another, filling the soul more and more with comfort and satisfaction; and comfort is first given to some while reading some portion of scripture; but in some it is attended with no particular scripture at all, either in reading or meditation. In some, many divine things seem to be discovered to the soul as it were at once; others have their minds especially fixing on some one thing at first, and afterwards a sense is given of others; in some with a swifter and

others a slower succession, and sometimes with interruptions of much darkness.

The way that grace seems sometimes first to appear after legal humiliation, is in earnest longings of soul after God and Christ, to know God, to love him, to be humble before him, to have communion with Christ in his benefits; which longings, as they express them, seem evidently to be of such a nature as can arise from nothing but a sense of the superlative excellency of divine things, with a spiritual taste and relish of them, and an esteem of them as their highest happiness and best portion. Such longings as I speak of, are commonly attended with firm resolutions to pursue this good forever, together with a hoping, waiting disposition. When persons have begun in such frames, commonly other experiences and discoveries have soon followed, which have yet more clearly manifested a change of heart.

It must needs be confest that Christ is not always distinctly and explicitly thought of in the first sensible act of grace (though most commonly he is;) but sometimes he is the object of the mind only implicitly. Thus sometimes when persons have seemed evidently to be stript of all their own righteousness, and to have stood self condemned as guilty of death, they have been comforted with a joyful and satisfying view, that the mercy and grace of God is sufficient for them; that their sins, though never so great, shall be no hindrance to their being accepted; that there is mercy enough in God for the whole world, and the like, when they give no account of any particular or distinct thought of Christ; but yet when the account they give is duly weighed, and they are a little interrogated about it, it appears that the revelation of the mercy of God in the gospel, is the ground of this their encouragement and hope; and that it is indeed the mercy of God through Christ, that is discovered to them, and that it is depended on in him, and not in any wise moved by any thing in them.

So sometimes disconsolate souls amongst us, have been revived and brought to rest in God, by a sweet sense given of his grace and faithfulness, in some special invitation or promise, in which is no particular mention of Christ, nor is it accompanied with any distinct thought of him in their minds; but yet it is not received as out of Christ,

but as one of the invitations or promises made of God to poor sinners through his son Jesus, as it is indeed; and such persons have afterwards had clear and distinct discoveries of Christ accompanied with lively and special actings of faith and love towards him.

It has more frequently been so amongst us that when persons have first had the gospel ground of relief for lost sinners discovered to them, and have been entertaining their minds with the sweet prospect, they have thought nothing at that time of their being converted. To see that there is such an allsufficiency in God, and such plentiful provision made in Christ, after they have been borne down, and sunk with a sense of their guilt and fears of wrath, exceedingly refreshes them; the view is joyful to them, as it is in its own nature glorious, and gives them quite new, and more delightful ideas of God and Christ, and greatly encourages them to seek conversion, and begets in them a strong resolution to give up themselves, and devote their whole lives to God and his son, and patiently to wait till God shall see fit to make all effectual; and very often they entertain a strong persuasion, that he will in his own time do it for them.

There is wrought in them a holy repose of soul in God through Christ, and a secret disposition to fear and love him, and to hope for blessings from him in this way. And yet they have no imagination that they are now converted, it does not so much as come into their minds; and very often the reason is, that they do not see that they do accept of this sufficiency of salvation, that they behold in Christ, having entertained a wrong notion of acceptance; not being sensible that the obedient and joyful entertainment which their hearts give to this discovery of grace, is a real acceptance of it. They know not that the sweet complacence they feel in the mercy and complete salvation of God, as it includes pardon and sanctification, and is held forth to them only through Christ, is a true receiving of this mercy, or a plain evidence of their receiving it. They expected I know not what kind of act of soul, and perhaps they had no distinct idea of it themselves.

And indeed it appears very plainly in some of them, that before their own conversion they had very imperfect ideas what conversion was. It is all new and strange, and what there was no clear conception of before. It is

most evident, as they themselves acknowledge, that the expressions that were used to describe conversion, and the graces of God's spirit, such as a spiritual sight of Christ, faith in Christ, poverty of spirit, trust in God, resignedness to God, &c. were expressions that did not convey those special and distinct ideas to their minds which they were intended to signify. Perhaps to some of them it was but little more than the names of colors are to convey the ideas to one that is blind from his birth.

This town is a place where there has always been a great deal of talk of conversion, and spiritual experiences; and therefore people in general had before formed a notion in their own minds what these things were; but when they come to be the subjects of them themselves they find themselves much confounded in their notions, and overthrown in many of their former conceits. And it has been very observable, that persons of the greatest understanding, and that had studied most about things of this nature, have been more confounded than others. Some such persons that have lately been converted, declare that all their former wisdom is brought to naught, and that they appear to have been mere babes, who knew nothing. It has appeared that none have stood more in need of enlightening and instruction, even of their fellow christians, concerning their own circumstances and difficulties, than they. And it has seemed to have been with delight, that they have seen themselves thus brought down and become nothing, that free grace and divine power may be exalted in them.

It was very wonderful to see after what manner persons' affections were sometimes moved and wrought upon, when God did, as it were, suddenly open their eyes, and let into their minds, a sense of the greatness of his grace, and fullness of Christ, and his readiness to save, who before were broken with apprehensions of divine wrath, and sunk into an abyss under a sense of guilt, which they were ready to think was beyond the mercy of God. Their joyful surprise has caused their hearts as it were to leap, so that they have been ready to break forth into laughter, tears often at the same time issuing like a flood, and intermingling a loud weeping. And sometimes they have not been able to forbear crying out with a loud voice, expressing their great admiration. In some even the view

of the glory of God's sovereignty in the exercises of his grace, has surprised the soul with such sweetness, as to produce the same effects. I remember an instance of one, who, reading something concerning God's sovereign way of saving sinners, as being selfmoved, and having no regard to men's own righteousness as the motive of his grace, but as magnifying himself, and abasing man, or to that purpose, felt such a sudden rapture of joy and delight in the consideration of it; and yet then suspected himself to be in a Christless condition, and had been long in great distress for fear that God would not have mercy on him.

Many continue a long time in a course of gracious exercises and experiences, and do not think themselves to be converted, but conclude themselves to be otherwise; and none know how long they would continue so, were they not helped by particular instruction. There are undoubted instances of some that have lived in this way for many years together; and a continuing in these circumstances of being converted and not believing it, has had various consequences, with various persons, and with the same persons, at various times; some continue in great encouragement and hope, that they shall obtain mercy, in a stedfast resolution to persevere in seeking it, and in an humble waiting for it at God's foot; but very often when the lively sense of the sufficiency of Christ, and the riches of divine grace begins to vanish, upon a withdrawal of the influences of the spirit of God, they return to greater distress than ever; for they have now a far greater sense of the misery of a natural condition than before, being in a new manner sensible of the reality of eternal things, and the greatness of God, and his excellency, and how dreadful it is to be separated from him, and to be subject to his wrath; so that they are sometimes swallowed up with darkness and amazement. Satan has a vast advantage in such cases to ply them with various temptations, which he is not wont to neglect. In such a case persons do very much need a guide to lead them to an understanding of what we are taught in the word of God of the nature of grace, and to help them to apply it to themselves.

I have been much blamed and censured by many, that I should make it my practice, when I have been satisfied

concerning persons' good estate, to signify it to them. Which thing has been greatly misrepresented abroad, as innumerable other things concerning us, to prejudice the country against the whole affair. But let it be noted, that what I have undertaken to judge of, has rather been qualifications, and declared experiences, than persons. Not but that I have thought it my duty, as a pastor, to assist and instruct persons in applying scripture rules and characters to their own case, (in doing of which, I think many greatly need a guide;) and have, where I thought the case plain, used freedom in signifying my hope of them, to others. But have been far from doing this concerning all that I have had some hopes of; and I believe have used much more caution than many have supposed. Yet I should account it a great calamity to be deprived of the comfort of rejoicing with those of my flock, that have been in great distress, whose circumstances I have been acquainted with, when there seems to be good evidence that those that were dead are alive, and those that were lost are found. I am sensible the practice would have been safer in the hands of one of a riper judgment and greater experience; but yet there has seemed to be an absolute necessity of it on the forementioned accounts; and it has been found to be that which God has most remarkably owned and blessed amongst us, both to the person themselves, and others.

Grace in many persons, through this ignorance of their state, and their looking on themselves still as the objects of God's displeasure, has been like the trees in winter, or like seed in spring suppressed under a hard clod of earth; and many in such cases have labored to their utmost to divert their minds from the pleasing and joyful views they have had, and to suppress those consolations and gracious affections that arose thereupon. And when it has once come into their minds to inquire whether or no this was not true grace, they have been much afraid lest they should be deceived with common illumination and flashes of affection, and eternally undone with a false hope. But when they have been better instructed, and so brought to allow of hope, this has awakened the gracious disposition of their hearts into life and vigor, as the warm beams of the sun in the spring, have quickened the seeds and productions of the earth. Grace being now at lib-

erty, and cherished with hope, has soon flowed out to their abundant satisfaction and increase.

There is no one thing that I know of that God has made such a means of promoting his work amongst us, as the news of others' conversion; in the awakening sinners, and engaging them earnestly to seek the same blessing, and in the quickening of saints. Though I have thought that a minister's declaring his judgment about particular person's experiences, might from these things be justified, yet I am often signifying to my people how unable man is to know another's heart, and how unsafe it is depending merely on the judgment of ministers, or others; and have abundantly insisted on it with them, that a manifestation of sincerity in fruits brought forth, is better than any manifestation they can make of it in words alone can be; and that without this, all pretences to spiritual experiences are vain; as all my congregation can witness. And the people in general, in this late extraordinary time, have manifested an extraordinary dread of being deceived, being exceeding fearful lest they should build wrong, and some of them backward to receive hope, even to a great extreme, which has occasioned me to dwell longer on this part of the narrative.

Conversion is a great and glorious work of God's power, at once changing the heart, and infusing life into the dead soul; though that grace that is then implanted does more gradually display itself in some than in others. But as to fixing on the precise time when they put forth the very first act of grace, there is a great deal of difference in different persons; in some it seems to be very discernible when the very time of this was; but others are more at a loss. In this respect there are very many that do not know the time (as has been already observed) when they have the first exercises of grace, do not know that it is the grace of conversion, and sometimes do not think it to be so till a long time after. And many, even when they come to entertain great hope that they are converted, if they remember what they experienced in the first exercises of grace, they are at a loss whether it was any more than a common illumination; or whether some other, more clear and remarkable experience, that they had afterwards, was not the first that was of a saving nature. And the manner of God's work on the soul is

(sometimes especially) very mysterious, and it is with the kingdom of God as to its manifestation in the heart of a convert, as it is said: Mark iv. 26, 27, 28. "So is the kingdom of God, as if a man should cast seed into the ground, and should sleep, and rise night and day, and the seed should spring, and grow up, he knoweth not how; for the earth bringeth forth of herself, first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear."

In some, converting light is like a glorious brightness, suddenly shining in upon a person, and all around him. They are in a remarkable manner brought *out of darkness into marvellous light.* In many others it has been like the dawning of the day, when at first but a little light appears, and it may be is presently hid with a cloud; and then it appears again and shines a little brighter, and gradually increases, with intervening darkness, till at length, perhaps, it breaks forth more clearly from behind the clouds. And many are, doubtless, ready to date their conversion wrong, throwing by those lesser degrees of light that appeared at first dawning, and calling some more remarkable experience, that they had afterwards, their conversion; which often in a great measure arises from a wrong understanding of what they have always been taught, that conversion is a great change, wherein *old things are done away, and all things become new,* or at least from a false arguing from that doctrine.

Persons commonly at first conversion, and afterwards, have had many texts of scripture brought to their minds, that are exceeding suitable to their circumstances, which often come with great power, and as the word of God or Christ indeed; and many have a multitude of sweet invitations, promises, and doxologies flowing in one after another, bringing great light and comfort with them, filling the soul brim full, enlarging the heart, and opening the mouth in religion. And it seems to me necessary to suppose, that there is an immediate influence of the spirit of God, oftentimes in bringing texts of scripture to the mind. Not that I suppose it is done in a way of immediate revelation, without any manner of use of the memory; but yet there seems plainly to be an immediate and extraordinary influence, in leading their thoughts to such and such passages of scripture, and exciting them in the memory. Indeed, in some, God seems to bring texts of scripture to

their minds no otherwise than by leading them into such frames and meditations, as harmonize with those scriptures; but in many persons there seems to be something more than this.

Those that while under legal convictions, had the greatest terrors have not always obtained the greatest light and comfort; nor have they always light most suddenly communicated; but yet I think, the time of conversion has generally been most sensible in such persons. Oftentimes, the first sensible change after the extremity of terrors, is a calmness, and then the light gradually comes in; small glimpses at first, after their midnight darkness, and a word or two of comfort, as it were, softly spoken to them; they have a little taste of the sweetness of divine grace, and the love of a Saviour, when terror and distress of conscience begins to be turned into an humble, meek sense of their own unworthiness before God; and there is felt inwardly, perhaps, some disposition to praise God; and after a little while the light comes in more clearly and powerfully. But yet, I think more frequently, great terrors have been followed with more sudden and great light, and comfort; when the sinner seems to be, as it were, subdued and brought to a calm, from a kind of tumult of mind, then God lets in an extraordinary sense of his great mercy through a Redeemer.

The converting influences of God's spirit very commonly bring an extraordinary conviction of the reality and certainty of the great things of religion; (though in some this is much greater, some time after conversion, than at first.) They have that sight and taste of the divinity, or divine excellency, that there is in the things of the gospel, that is more to convince them, than reading many volumes of arguments without it. It seems to me that in many instances amongst us, when the divine excellency and glory of the things of Christianity have been set before persons, and they have at the same time, as it were, seen and tasted, and felt the divinity of them, they have been as far from doubting of the truth of them, as they are from doubting whether there be a sun, when their eyes are open in the midst of a clear hemisphere, and the strong blaze of his light overcomes all objections against his being. And yet many of them, if we would ask them why they believed those things to be true, would not be

able well to express, or communicate a sufficient reason, to satisfy the inquirer, and perhaps would make no other answer but that they see them to be true. But a person may soon be satisfied, by particular conversation with them, that what they mean by such an answer is, that they have intuitively beheld, and immediately felt, most illustrious works, and powerful evidence of divinity in them.

Some are thus convinced of the truth of the gospel in general, and that the scriptures are the word of God. Others have their minds more especially fixed on some particular great doctrine of the gospel, some particular truths that they are meditating on; or are in a special manner convinced of the divinity of the things they are reading of, in some portion of scripture. Some have such convictions in a much more remarkable manner than others. And there are some that never had such a special sense of the certainty of divine things impressed upon them with such inward evidence and strength, have yet very clear exercises of grace; i. e. of love to God, repentance, and holiness. And if they be more particularly examined, they appear plainly to have an inward, firm persuasion of the reality of divine things, such as they do not use to have before their conversion. And those that have the most clear discoveries of divine truth, in the manner that has been spoken of, cannot have this always in view. When the sense and relish of the divine excellency of these things, fades on a withdrawment of the spirit of God, they have not the medium of the conviction of their truth at command. In a dull frame they cannot recall the idea, and inward sense they had, perfectly to mind; things appear very dim to what they did before. And though there still remains an habitual strong persuasion, yet not so as to exclude temptations to unbelief, and all possibility of doubting, as before. But then at particular times, by God's help, the same sense of things revives again, like fire that lay hid in ashes.

I suppose the grounds of such a conviction of the truth of divine things to be just and rational, but yet in some God makes use of their own reason much more sensibly than in others. Oftentimes persons have (so far as could be judged) received the first saving conviction from reasoning, which they have heard from the

pulpit; and often in the course of reasoning, which they are led into in their own meditations.

The arguments are the same that they have heard hundreds of times; but the force of the arguments, and their conviction by them, is altogether new; they come with a new and before unexperienced power. Before they heard it was so, and they allowed it to be so; but now they see it to be so indeed. Things now look exceeding plain to them, and they wonder that they did not see them before.

They are so greatly taken with their new discovery, and things appear so plain and so rational to them, that they are often at first ready to think they can convince others, and are apt to engage in talk with every one they meet with, almost to this end; and when they are disappointed, are ready to wonder that their reasonings seem to make no more impression.

Many fall under such a mistake as to be ready to doubt of their good estate, because there was so much use made of their own reason in the conviction they have received; they are afraid that they have no illumination above the natural force of their own faculties. And many make that an objection against the spirituality of their convictions, that it is so easy to see things as they now see them. They have often heard that conversion is a work of mighty power, manifesting to the soul, what no man nor angel can give, such a conviction of; but it seems to them that the things that they see are so plain and easy, and rational that any body can see them. And if they are inquired of, why they never saw so before; they say, it seems to them it was because they never thought of it. But very often these difficulties are soon removed by those of another nature; for when God withdraws, they find themselves as it were blind again, they for the present lose their realizing sense of those things that looked so plain to them, and by all that they can do they cannot recover it, till God renews the influences of his spirit.

Persons after their conversion often speak of things of religion as seeming new to them; that preaching is a new thing; that it seems to them they never heard preaching before; that the Bible is a new book. They find there new chapters, new psalms, new histories, because they see them in a new light. Here was a remarkable instance of an aged woman of above seventy years that had spent

most of her days under Mr. Stoddard's powerful ministry; who, reading in the New Testament, concerning Christ's sufferings for sinners, seemed to be surprised and astonished at what she read, as at a thing that was real and very wonderful, but quite new to her, insomuch that at first, before she had time to turn her thoughts, she wondered within herself that she had never heard of it before; but then immediately recollected herself, and thought that she had often heard of it, and read it, but never until now saw it as a thing real; and then cast in her mind, how wonderful this was, that the Son of God should undergo such things for sinners, and how she had spent her time in ungratefully sinning against so good a God, and such a Saviour; though she was a person, as to what was visible, of a very blameless and inoffensive life. And she was so overcome by those considerations, that her nature was ready to fail under them. Those that were about her, and knew not what was the matter, were surprised and thought she was a dying.

Many have spoke much of their hearts being drawn out in love to God and Christ, and their minds being wrapt up in delightful contemplation of the glory and wonderful grace of God, and the excellency and dying love of Jesus Christ, and of their souls going forth in longing desires after God and Christ. Several of our young children have expressed much of this, and have manifested a willingness to leave father and mother, and all things in the world, to go to be with Christ. Some persons have had longing desires after Christ, which have risen to that degree, as to take away their natural strength. Some have been so overcome with a sense of the dying love of Christ, to such poor, wretched, and unworthy creatures, as to weaken the body. Several persons have had so great a sense of the glory of God, and excellency of Christ, that nature and life have seemed almost to sink under it; and in all probability, if God had shewed them a little more of himself, it would have dissolved their frame. I have seen some and been in conversation with them in such frames, who have certainly been perfectly sober, and very remote from any thing like enthusiastic wildness; and have talked, when able to speak of the glory of God's perfections, and the wonderfulness of his grace in Christ, and their own unworthiness, in such a manner that cannot be

perfectly expressed after them. Their sense of their exceeding littleness and vileness, and their disposition to abase themselves before God, has appeared to be great in proportion to their light and joy.

Such persons amongst us as have been thus distinguished with the most extraordinary discoveries with God, have commonly in no wise appeared with the assuming, and selfconceited, and selfsufficient airs of enthusiasts; but exceedingly the contrary; and are eminent for a spirit of meekness, modesty, selfdiffidence, and a low opinion of themselves. No persons seem to be so sensible of their need of instruction, and so eager to receive it, as some of them; nor so ready to think others better than themselves. Those that have been thought to be converted amongst us, have generally manifested a longing to lie low, and in the dust before God; withal complaining of their not being able to lie low enough.

They very often speak much of their sense of the excellency of the way of salvation, by free and sovereign grace, through the righteousness of Christ alone; and how it is with delight that they renounce their own righteousness, and rejoice in having no account made of it. Many have expressed themselves to this purpose, that it would lessen the satisfaction they hope for in heaven, to have it by their own righteousness, or in any other way than as bestowed by free grace, and for Christ's sake alone. They speak much of the inexpressibleness of what they experience, how their words fail, so that they can in no wise declare it. And particularly speak with exceeding admiration of the superlative excellency of that pleasure and delight of soul which they sometimes enjoy; how a little of it is sufficient to pay them for all the pains and trouble they have gone through in seeking salvation; and how far it exceeds all earthly pleasures. And some express much of the sense which these spiritual views give them of the vanity of earthly enjoyments; how mean and worthless all these things appear to them.

Many, while their minds have been filled with spiritual delights, have, as it were, forgot their food; their bodily appetite has failed, while their minds have been entertained with *meat to eat that* others *knew not of*. The light and comfort which some of them enjoy, gives a new relish to their common blessings, and causes all things

about them to appear as it were beautiful, sweet, and pleasant to them. All things abroad, the sun, moon and stars, the clouds and sky, the heavens and earth, appear as it were with a cast of divine glory and sweetness upon them. The sweetest joy that these good people amongst us express, though it include in it a delightful sense of the safety of their own state, and that now they are out of danger of hell; yet frequently in times of their highest spiritual entertainment, this seems not to be the chief object of their fixed thought and meditation. The supreme attention of their minds is to the glorious excellencies of God and Christ, which they have in view; not but that there is very often a ravishing sense of God's love accompanying a sense of his excellency, and they rejoice in a sense of the faithfulness of God's promises, as they respect the future eternal enjoyment of God.

The joy that many of them speak of, is that to which none is to be paralleled; is that which they find when they are lowest in the dust, emptied most of themselves, and as it were annihilating themselves before God, when they are nothing, and God is all, are seeing their own unworthiness, depending not at all on themselves, but alone on Christ, and ascribing all glory to God. Then their souls are most in the enjoyment of satisfying rest; excepting, that at such times, they apprehend themselves to be not sufficiently selfabased; for then above all times do they long to be lower. Some speak much of the exquisite sweetness, and rest of soul that is to be found in the exercises of a spirit of resignation to God and humble submission to his will. Many express earnest longings of soul to praise God; but at the same time complain they cannot praise him as they would do, and they want to have others help them in praising him. They want to have every one praise God, and are ready to call upon every thing to praise him. They express a longing desire to live to God's glory and to do something to his honor; but at the same time cry out of their insufficiency and barrenness, that they are poor impotent creatures, can do nothing of themselves and are utterly insufficient to glorify their Creator and Redeemer.

While God was so remarkably present amongst us by his spirit, there was no book so delighted in as the Bible; especially the book of Psalms, the prophecy of Isaiah,

and the New Testament. Some by reason of their esteem and love to God's word, have at some times been greatly and wonderfully delighted and affected at the sight of a Bible; and then also, there was no time so prized as the Lord's day, and no place in this world so desired as God's house. Our converts then appeared remarkably united in dear affection to one another, and many have expressed much of that spirit of love which they felt to all mankind; and particularly to those that had been least friendly to them. Never, I believe, was so much done in confessing injuries, and making up differences as the last year. Persons after their own conversion, have commonly expressed an exceeding desire for the conversion of others. Some have thought that they should be willing to die for the conversion of any soul, though of one of the meanest of their fellow creatures, or of their worst enemies; and many have indeed been in great distress with desires and longings for it. This work of God had also a good effect to unite the people's affections much to their minister.

There are some persons that I have been acquainted with, but more especially two, that belong to other towns, that have been swallowed up exceedingly with a sense of the awful greatness and majesty of God; and both of them told me to this purpose, that if they in the time of it, had had the least fear that they were not at peace with this so great a God, they should instantly have died.

It is worthy to be remarked, that some persons by their conversion seem to be greatly helped as to their doctrinal notions of religion; it was particularly remarkable in one, who having been taken captive in his childhood, was trained up in Canada, in the Popish religion; and some years since returned to this his native place, and was in a measure brought off from Popery, but seemed very awkward and dull of receiving any true and clear notion of the Protestant scheme, till he was converted; and then he was remarkably altered in this respect.

There is a vast difference, as has been observed, in the degree, and also in the particular manner of persons' experiences, both at and after conversion; some have grace working more sensibly in one way, others in another. Some speak more fully of a conviction of the justice of God in their condemnation; others more of their consenting to the way of salvation by Christ; some more

of the actings of love to God and Christ; some more of acts of affiance, in a sweet and assured conviction of the truth and faithfulness of God in his promises; others more of their choosing and resting in God as their whole and everlasting portion, and of their ardent and longing desires after God, to have communion with him; others more of their abhorrence of themselves for their past sins, and earnest longings to live to God's glory for the time to come; some have their minds fixed more on God, others on Christ, as I have observed before, and am afraid of too much repetition; but it seems evidently to be the same work, the same thing done, the same habitual change wrought in the heart; it all tends the same way, and to the same end; and it is plainly the same spirit that breathes and acts in various persons.—There is an endless variety in the particular manner and circumstances in which persons are wrought on, and an opportunity of seeing so much of such a work of God, will shew that God is further from confining himself to certain steps, and a particular method in his work on souls, than it may be some do imagine. I believe it has occasioned some good people amongst us, that were before too ready to make their own experiences a rule to others, to be less censorious and more extended in their charity, and this is an excellent advantage indeed. The work of God has been glorious in its variety, it has the more displayed the manifoldness and unsearchableness of the wisdom of God, and wrought more charity among his people.

There is a great difference among those that are converted as to the degree of hope and satisfaction that they have concerning their own state. Some have a high degree of satisfaction in this matter, almost constantly. And yet it is rare that any do enjoy so full an assurance of their interest in Christ, that selfexamination should seem needless to them; unless it be at particular seasons, while in the actual enjoyment of some great discovery, that God gives of his glory, and rich grace in Christ, to have the drawing forth of extraordinary acts of grace. But the greater part, as they sometimes fall into dead frames of spirit, are frequently exercised with scruples and fears concerning their condition.

They generally have an awful apprehension of the dreadfulness and undoing nature of a false hope; and

there has been observable in most a great caution, lest in giving an account of their experiences, they should say too much, and use too strong terms. And many after they have related their experiences, have been greatly afflicted with fears, lest they have played the hypocrite, and used stronger terms than their case would fairly allow of; and yet could not find how they could correct themselves.

I think that the main ground of the doubts and fears that persons, after their conversion, have been exercised with about their own state, has been that they have found so much corruption remaining in their hearts. At first their souls seem to be all alive, their hearts are fixed, and their affections flowing; they seem to live quite above the world, and meet with but little difficulty in religious exercises; and they are ready to think it will always be so. Though they are truly abased under a sense of their vileness by reason of former acts of sin, yet they are not then sufficiently sensible what corruption still remains in their hearts; and therefore are surprised when they find that they begin to be in dull and dead frames, to be troubled with wandering thoughts in the time of public and private worship, and to be utterly unable to keep themselves from them; also, when they find themselves unaffected at seasons in which, they think, there is the greatest occasion to be affected; and when they feel worldly dispositions working in them, and it may be pride, and envy, and stirrings of revenge, or some ill spirit towards some person that has injured them, as well as other workings of indwelling sin. Their hearts are almost sunk with the disappointment; and they are ready presently to think that all this they have met with is nothing, and that they are mere hypocrites.

They are ready to argue, that if God had indeed done such great things for them, as they hoped, such ingratitude would be inconsistent with it. They cry out of the hardness and wickedness of their hearts; and say there is so much corruption, that it seems to them impossible that there should be any goodness there. And many of them seem to be much more sensible how corrupt their hearts are, than ever they were before they were converted; and some have been too ready to be impressed with fear, that instead of becoming better, they are grown much worse, and make it an argument against the goodness of their

state. But in truth, the case seems plainly to be, that now they feel the pain of their own wound; they have a watchful eye upon their hearts that they do not use to have. They take more notice what sin is there, and sin is now more burdensome to them; they strive more against it and feel more of the strength of it.

They are somewhat surprised that they should in this respect, find themselves so different from the idea that they generally had entertained of godly persons; for though grace be indeed of a far more excellent nature than they imagined, yet those that are godly have much less of it, and much more remaining corruption, than they thought. They never realized it, that persons were wont to meet with such difficulties, after they were once converted. When they are thus exercised with doubts about their state through the deadness of their frames of spirit, as long as these frames last, they are commonly unable to satisfy themselves of the truth of their grace by all their selfexamination. When they hear of the signs of grace, laid down for them to try themselves by, they are often so clouded, that they do not know how to apply them. They hardly know whether they have such and such things in them or no, and whether they have experienced them or not. That which was sweetest and best, and most distinguishing in their experiences, they cannot recover a sense or idea of. But on a return of the influences of the spirit of God, to revive the lively actings of grace, the light breaks through the cloud, and doubting and darkness soon vanish away.

Persons are often revived out of their dead and dark frames, by religious conversation; while they are talking of divine things, or ever they are aware, their souls are carried away into holy exercises with abundant pleasure. And oftentimes, while they are relating their past experiences to their Christian brethren, they have a fresh sense of them revived, and the same experiences in a degree, again renewed. Sometimes while persons are exercised in mind with several objections against the goodness of their state, they have scriptures one after another, coming to their minds, to answer their scruples and unravel their difficulties, exceeding apposite and proper to their circumstances; by which means their darkness is scattered; and often before the bestowment of any new remarkable com-

forts, especially after long continued deadness and ill frames, there are renewed humblings, in a great sense of their own exceeding vileness and unworthiness, as before their first comforts were bestowed.

Many in the country have entertained a mean thought of this great work that there has been amongst us, from what they have heard of impressions that have been made on persons' imaginations. But there have been exceeding great misrepresentations, and innumerable false reports concerning that matter. It is not, that I know of, the profession or opinion of any one person in the town, that any weight is to be laid on any thing seen with the bodily eye. I know the contrary to be a received and established principle amongst us. I cannot say that there have been no instances of persons that have been ready to give too much heed to vain and useless imagination, but they have been easily corrected, and I conclude it will not be wondered at, that a congregation should need a guide in such cases, to assist them in distinguishing wheat from chaff. But such impressions on the imagination as have been more usual, seem to me to be no other than what is to be expected in human nature in such circumstances, and what is the natural result of the strong exercise of the mind, and impressions on the heart.

I do not suppose that they themselves imagined that they saw any thing with their bodily eyes; but only have had within them ideas strongly impressed, and as it were, lively pictures in their minds. As, for instance, some when in great terrors, through fear of hell, have had lively ideas of a dreadful furnace. Some when their hearts have been strongly impressed, and their affections greatly moved with a sense of the beauty and excellency of Christ, it has wrought on their imagination so, that together with a sense of his glorious spiritual perfections, there has risen in the mind an idea of one of glorious majesty, and of a sweet and gracious aspect.—So some, when they have been greatly affected with Christ's death have at the same time a lively idea of Christ hanging upon the cross, and of his blood running from his wounds; which things will not be wondered at by them that have observed how strong affections about temporal matters will excite lively ideas and pictures of different things in the mind.

But yet the vigorous exercise of the mind does doubtless more strongly impress it with imaginary ideas in some than others, which probably may arise from the difference of constitution, and seems evidently in some, partly to arise from their peculiar circumstances. When persons have been exercised with extreme terrors, and there is a sudden change to light and joy, the imagination seems more susceptive of strong ideas, and the inferior powers, and even the frame of the body, is much more affected and wrought upon, than when the same persons have as great spiritual light and joy afterwards; of which it might, perhaps, be easy to give a reason. The forementioned Rev. Messrs. Lord and Owen, who, I believe, are esteemed persons of learning and discretion where they are best known, declared that they found these impressions on persons' imaginations, quite different things from what fame had before represented to them, and that they were what none need to wonder at, or be stumbled by, or to that purpose.

There have indeed been some few instances, of impressions on persons' imaginations, that have been something mysterious to me, and I have been at a loss about them; for though it has been exceeding evident to me, by many things that appeared in them, both then (when they related them) and afterwards, that they indeed had a great sense of the spiritual excellency of divine things accompanying them; yet I have not been able well to satisfy myself whether their imaginary ideas have been more than could naturally arise from their spiritual sense of things. However, I have used the utmost caution in such cases; great care has been taken both in public and in private, to teach persons the difference between what is spiritual, and what is merely imaginary. I have often warned persons not to lay the stress of their hope on any ideas of any outward glory, or any external thing whatsoever, and have met with no opposition in such instructions. But it is not strange if some weaker persons, in giving an account of their experiences, have not so prudently distinguished between the spiritual and imaginary part; which some, that have not been well affected to religion, might take advantage of.

There has been much talk in many parts of the country, as though the people had symbolized with the Quakers,

and the Quakers themselves have been moved with such reports, and came here once and again hoping to find good waters to fish in; but without the least success, and seem to be discouraged, and have left off coming. There have also been reports spread about the country, as though the first occasion of so remarkable a concern on people's minds here, was an apprehension that the world was near to an end, which was altogether a false report. Indeed after this stirring and concern became so general and extraordinary, as has been related, the minds of some were filled with speculation, what so great a dispensation of divine providence might forbode; and some reports were heard from abroad, as though certain divines and others, thought the conflagration was nigh. But such reports were never generally looked upon as worthy of notice.

The work that has now been wrought on souls, is evidently the same that was wrought in my venerable predecessor's days; as I have had abundant opportunity to know, having been in the ministry here two years with him, and so conversed with a considerable number that my grandfather thought to be savingly converted in that time; and having been particularly acquainted with the experiences of many that were converted under his ministry before. And I know no one of them that in the least doubts of its being the same spirit, and the same work. Persons have now no otherwise been subject to impressions on their imagination than formerly. The work is of the same nature, and has not been attended with any extraordinary circumstances, excepting such as are analogous to the extraordinary degree of it before described. And God's people that were formerly converted, have now partook of the same shower of divine blessing, in the renewing, strengthening, edifying influences of the Spirit of God, that others have in his converting influences; and the work here has also been plainly the same with that which has been wrought in those of other places that have been mentioned, as partaking of the same blessing. I have particularly conversed with persons about their experiences, that belong to all parts of the county, and in various parts of Connecticut, where a religious concern has lately appeared; and have been informed of the experiences of many others by their own pastors.

It is easily perceived by the foregoing account, that it is very much the practice of the people here to converse freely one with another of their spiritual experiences, which is a thing that many have been disgusted at. But however our people may have, in some respects, gone to extremes in it, yet it is doubtless a practice that the circumstances of this town, and neighbouring towns, have naturally led them into. Whatsoever people are in such circumstances, where all have their minds engaged to such a degree, in the same affair, that it is ever uppermost in their thoughts, they will naturally make it the subject of their conversation one with another when they get together, in which they will grow more and more free. Restraints will soon vanish, and they will not conceal from one another what they meet with. And it has been a practice, which, in the general, has been attended with many good effects, and what God has greatly blessed amongst us. But it must be confessed, there may have been some ill consequences of it, which yet are rather to be laid to the indiscreet management of it, than to the practice itself; and none can wonder, if, among such a multitude, some fail of exercising so much prudence in choosing the time, manner and occasion of such discourse, as is desirable.

But to give a clearer idea of the nature and manner of the operations of God's spirit, in this wonderful effusion of it, I would give an account of two particular instances. The first is an adult person, a young woman whose name was Abigail Hutchinson. I pitch upon her especially, because she is now dead, and so it may be more fit to speak freely of her than of living instances; though I am under far greater disadvantages on other accounts, to give a full and clear narrative of her experiences, than I might of some others, nor can any account be given but what has been retained in the memories of her near friends and some others, of what they have heard her express in her life time.

She was of a rational, understanding family; there could be nothing in her education that tended to enthusiasm, but rather to the contrary extreme. It is in no wise the temper of the family to be ostentatious of experiences, and it was far from being her temper. She was, before her conversion, to the observation of her

neighbors, of a sober and inoffensive conversation, and was a still, quiet, reserved person. She had long been infirm of body, but her infirmity had never been observed at all to incline her to be notional or fanciful, or to occasion any thing of religious melancholly. She was under awakenings scarcely a week, before there seemed to be plain evidence of her being savingly converted.

She was first awakened in the winter season, on Monday, by something she heard her brother say of the necessity of being in good earnest in seeking regenerating grace, together with the news of the conversion of the young woman before mentioned, whose conversion so generally affected most of the young people here. This news wrought much upon her, and stirred up a spirit of envy in her towards this young woman, whom she thought very unworthy of being distinguished from others by such a mercy, but withal it engaged her in a firm resolution to do her utmost to obtain the same blessing; and, considering with herself what course she should take, she thought that she had not a sufficient knowledge of the principles of religion to render her capable of conversion; whereupon she resolved thoroughly to search the scriptures, and accordingly immediately began at the beginning of the Bible, intending to read it through.—She continued thus till Thursday, and then there was a sudden alteration, by a great increase of her concern, in an extraordinary sense of her own sinfulness, particularly the sinfulness of her nature, and wickedness of her heart, which came upon her (as she expressed it) as a flash of lightning, and struck her into an exceeding terror. Upon which she left off reading the Bible in course as she had begun, and turned to the New Testament, to see if she could not find some relief there for her distressed soul.

Her great terror, she said, was that she had sinned against God. Her distress grew more and more for three days, until (as she said) she saw nothing but blackness of darkness before her, and her very flesh trembled for fear of God's wrath; she wondered and was astonished at herself that she had been so concerned for her body, and had applied so often to physicians to heal that, and had neglected her soul. Her sinfulness appeared with a very awful aspect to her, especially in three things, viz. her original sin, and her sin in murmuring at God's provi-

dence, in the weakness and afflictions she had been under, and in want of duty to parents, though others had looked upon her to excel in dutifulness. On Saturday she was so earnestly engaged in reading the Bible, and other books, that she continued in it, searching for something to relieve her, till her eyes were so dim, that she could not know the letters. Whilst she was thus engaged in reading, prayer, and other religious exercises, she thought of those words of Christ, wherein he warns us not to be as the heathen, that think they shall be heard for their much speaking; which, she said, led her to see that she had trusted to her own prayers and religious performances, and now she was put to a nonplus, and knew not which way to turn herself, or where to seek relief.

While her mind was in this posture, her heart, she said, seemed to fly to the minister for refuge, hoping that he could give her some relief. She came the same day, to her brother, with a countenance of a person in distress, expostulating with him, why he had not told her more of her sinfulness, and earnestly inquiring of him, what she should do. She seemed, that day, to feel in herself an enmity against the Bible, which greatly affrighted her. Her sense of her own exceeding sinfulness continued increasing from Thursday till Monday, and she gave this account of it, that it had been an opinion, which, till now she had entertained, that she was not guilty of Adam's sin, nor any way concerned in it, because she was not active in it; but that now she saw she was guilty of that sin, and all over defiled by it, and that the sin which she brought into the world with her was alone sufficient to condemn her.

On the Sabbath day she was so ill that her friends thought it not best that she should go to public worship, of which she seemed very desirous; but when she went to bed on the Sabbath day night, she took up a resolution that she would, the next morning, go to the minister, hoping to find some relief there. As she awaked on Monday morning a little before day, she wondered within herself at the easiness and calmness she felt in her mind, which was of that kind which she never felt before; as she thought of this, such words as these were in her mind; the words of the Lord are pure words, health to the soul, and marrow to the bones; and then these words came to

her mind—the blood of Christ cleanses from all sin; which were accompanied with a lively sense of the excellency of Christ, and his sufficiency to satisfy for the sins of the whole world. She then thought of that expression —it is a pleasant thing for the eyes to behold the sun— which words then seemed to her to be very applicable to Jesus Christ. By these things her mind was led into such contemplations and views of Christ, as filled her exceeding full of joy. She told her brother in the morning that she had seen [i. e. in realizing views of faith] Christ the last night, and that she had really thought that she had not knowledge enough to be converted; but, said she, God can make it quite easy! On Monday she felt all day a constant sweetness in her soul. She had a repetition of the same discoveries of Christ three mornings together, that she had on Monday morning, and much the same manner, at each time, waking a little before day, but brighter and brighter every time.

At the last time, on Wednesday morning, while in the enjoyment of a spiritual view of Christ's glory and fullness, her soul was filled with distress for Christless persons, to consider what a miserable condition they were in; and she felt in herself a strong inclination immediately to go forth to warn sinners, and proposed it the next day to her brother to assist her in going from house to house, but her brother restrained her, telling her of the unsuitableness of such a method. She told one of her sisters that day, that she loved all mankind, but especially the people of God. Her sister asked her why she loved all mankind? She replied, because God had made them. After this there happened to come into the shop where she was at work, three persons that were thought to have been lately converted; her seeing them as they stepped in one after another into the door, so affected her, and so drew forth her love to them, that it overcame her, and she almost fainted. And when they began to talk of the things of religion, it was more than she could bear—they were obliged to cease on that account. It was a very frequent thing with her to be overcome with a flow of affection to them that she thought godly, in conversation with them, and sometimes only at the sight of them.

She had many extraordinary discoveries of the glory of God and Christ; sometimes in some particular attributes.

and sometimes in many. She gave an account, that once, as those four words passed through her mind, WISDOM, JUSTICE, GOODNESS and TRUTH, her soul was filled with a sense of the glory of each of these divine attributes, but especially the last. Truth, she said, sunk the deepest! and, therefore, as these words passed, this was repeated, TRUTH! TRUTH! Her mind was so swallowed up with a sense of the glory of God's truth and other perfections, that she said, it seemed as though her life was going, and that she saw it was easy with God to take away her life by discoveries of himself.—Soon after this she went to a private religious meeting, and her mind was full of a sense and view of the glory of God all the time; and when the exercise was ended, some asked her concerning what she had experienced; and she began to give them an account, but as she was relating it, it revived such a sense of the same things, that her strength failed, and they were obliged to take her and lay her upon the bed. Afterwards she was greatly affected, and rejoiced with these words, *worthy is the lamb that was slain.*

She had several days together a sweet sense of the excellency and loveliness of Christ in his meekness, which disposed her continually to be repeating over these words, which were sweet to her, MEEK AND LOWLY IN HEART, MEEK AND LOWLY IN HEART. She once expressed herself to one of her sisters to this purpose, that she had continued whole days and whole nights, in a constant ravishing view of the glory of God and Christ, having enjoyed as much as her life could bear. Once as her brother was speaking of the dying love of Christ, she told him that she had such a sense of it, that the mere mentioning it was ready to overcome her.

Once, when she came to me, she told how that at such and such a time she thought she saw as much of God, and had as much joy and pleasure as was possible in this life, and that yet afterwards God discovered himself yet far more abundantly, and she saw the same things that she had seen before, yet more clearly, and in another and far more excellent and delightful manner, and was filled with a more exceeding sweetness. She likewise gave me such an account of the sense she once had from day to day of the glory of Christ, and of God, in his various attributes, that it seemed to me she dwelt for days together, in a kind of

beatific vision of God, and seemed to have, as I thought, as immediate an intercourse with him, as a child with a father; and at the same time she appeared most remote from any high thought of herself, and of her own sufficiency, but was like a little child, and expressed a great desire to be instructed, telling me that she longed very often to come to me for instruction; and wanted to live at my house, that I might tell her her duty.

She often expressed a sense of the glory of God appearing in the trees and growth of the fields, and other works of God's hands. She told her sister that lived near the heart of the town, that she once thought it a pleasant thing to live in the middle of the town, but now, says she, I think it much more pleasant to sit and see the wind blowing the trees, and to behold in the country what God has made. She had sometimes the powerful breathings of the spirit of God on her soul, while reading the scripture, and would express a sense that she had of the certain truth and divinity thereof. She sometimes would appear with a pleasant smile on her countenance, and once when her sister took notice of it and asked why she smiled, she replied, I am brimful of a sweet feeling within! She often used to express how good and sweet it was to lie low before God, and the lower, says she, the better! And that it was pleasant to think of lying in the dust all the days of her life, mourning for sin. She was wont to manifest a great sense of her own meanness and dependence. She often expressed an exceeding compassion, and pitiful love, which she found in her heart towards persons in a Christless condition, which was sometimes so strong, that as she was passing by such in the streets, or those that she feared were such, she would be overcome by the sight of them. She once said, that she longed to have the whole world saved—she wanted, as it were, to pull them all to her—she could not bear to have one lost.

She had great longings to die, that she might be with Christ, which increased till she thought she did not know how to be patient to wait till God's time should come.—But once, when she felt those longings, she thought, within herself, if I long to die, why do I go to physicians? Whence she concluded that her longings for death were not well regulated. After this she often put it to herself which she should choose, whether to live or to die, to be

sick or to be well, and she found she could not tell, till at last she found herself disposed to say these words—I am quite willing to live, and quite willing to die—quite willing to be sick, and quite willing to be well; and quite willing for any thing that God will bring upon me! And then, said she, I felt myself perfectly easy, in a full submission to the will of God. She then lamented much, that she had been so eager in her longings for death, as it argued want of such a resignation to God as ought to be. She seemed henceforward to continue in this resigned frame till death.

After this her illness increased upon her; and once, after she had before spent the greater part of the night in extreme pain, she awaked out of a little sleep with these words in her heart and mouth—I am willing to suffer for Christ's sake—I am willing to spend and be spent for Christ's sake—I am willing to spend my life, even my very life for Christ's sake! And though she had an extraordinary resignation, with respect to life or death, yet the thoughts of dying were exceedingly sweet to her. At a time when her brother was reading in Job, concerning worms feeding on the dead body, she appeared with a pleasant smile, and being inquired of about it, she said, it was sweet to her to think of her being in such circumstances. At another time, when her brother mentioned to her the danger there seemed to be that the illness she then labored under, might be an occasion of her death, it filled her with joy that almost overcome her. At another time, when she met a company following a corpse to the grave, she said, it was sweet to her to think, that they would in a little time follow her in like manner.

Her illness, in the latter part of it, was seated much in her throat, and swelling inward filled up the pipe, so that she could swallow nothing but what was perfectly liquid, and but very little of that, and with great and long strugglings and stranglings, that which she took in, flying out of her nostrils, till she at last could swallow nothing at all. She had a raging appetite to food, so that she told her sister, when talking with her about her circumstances, that the worst bit she threw to her swine would be sweet to her; but yet when she saw that she could not swallow it, she seemed to be as perfectly contented without it as if she had no appetite to it. Others were greatly moved

to see what she underwent, and were filled with admiration at her unexampled patience. At a time, when she was striving in vain to get down a little food, something liquid, and was very much spent with it, she looked upon her sister with a smile, saying, O sister, this is for my good! At another time, when her sister was speaking of what she underwent, she told her, that she lived an heaven upon earth for all that. She used sometimes to say to her sister, under her extreme sufferings: It is good to be so! Her sister once asked her, why she said so? Why, says she, because God would have it so: It is best that things should be as God would have them. It looks best to me. After her confinement, as they were leading her from the bed to the door, she seemed overcome by the sight of things abroad, as shewing forth the glory of the Being that had made them. As she lay on her death bed, she would often say these words; God is my friend! And once looking upon her sister, with a smile, said, O sister! How good it is! How sweet and comfortable it is to consider, and think of heavenly things! And used this argument to persuade her sister to be much in such meditations.

She expressed, on her death bed, an exceeding longing, both for persons in a natural state, that they might be converted, and for the godly that they might see and know more of God. And when those that looked on themselves as in a Christless state came to see her, she would be greatly moved with compassionate affection. One, in particular, that seemed to be in great distress about the state of her soul, and had come to see her from time to time, she desired her sister to persuade not to come any more, because the sight of her so wrought on her compassions, that it overcome her nature. The same week that she died, when she was in distressing circumstances as to her body, some of the neighbors that came to see her, asked if she was willing to die? She replied that she was quite willing either to live or die; she was willing to be in pain; she was willing to be so always as she was then, if that was the will of God. She willed what God willed. They asked her whether she was willing to die that night? She answered, yes, if it be God's will; and seemed to speak all with that perfect composure of spirit, and with such a cheerful and pleasant countenance, that it filled them with admiration.

She was very weak a considerable time before she died, having pined away with famine and thirst, so that her flesh seemed to be dried upon her bones, and therefore could say but little, and manifested her mind very much by signs. She said she had matter enough to fill up all her time with talk, if she had but strength. A few days before her death, some asked her whether she held her integrity still? Whether she was not afraid of death? She answered to this purpose, that she had not the least degree of fear of death. They asked her why she would be so confident? She answered, if I should say otherwise, I should speak contrary to what I know; there is, says she, indeed a dark entry, that looks something dark, but on the other side there appears such a bright shining light, that I cannot be afraid! She said, not long before she died, that she used to be afraid how she should grapple with death; but, says she, God has shewed me that he can make it easy in great pain. Several days before she died, she could scarcely say anything but just yes and no, to questions that were asked her, for she seemed to be dying for three days together; but seemed to continue in an admirable sweet composure of soul, without any interruption, to the last, and died as a person, that went to sleep, without any struggling, about noon, on Friday, June 27, 1735.

She had long been infirm, and often had been exercised with great pain; but she died chiefly of famine. It was, doubtless, partly owing to her bodily weakness, that her nature was so often overcome, and ready to sink with gracious affection; but yet the truth was, that she had more grace, and greater discoveries of God and Christ, than the present frail state did well consist with. She wanted to be where strong grace might have more liberty, and be without the clog of a weak body; there she longed to be, and there she doubtless now is. She was looked upon amongst us as a very eminent instance of Christian experience; but this is but a very broken and imperfect account I have given of her. Her eminency would much more appear, if her experiences were fully related, as she was wont to express and manifest them while living. I once read this account to some of her pious neighbors, who were acquainted with her, who said to this purpose, that the picture fell much short of the life, and particularly

that it much failed of duly representing her humility, and that admirable lowliness of heart, that at all times appeared in her. But there are, (blessed be God!) many living instances of much the like nature, and in many things no less extraordinary.

But I now proceed to the other instance that I would give an account of, which is of the little child forementioned. Her name is Phebe Bartlet, daughter of William Bartlet. I shall give the account as I took it from the mouths of her parents, whose veracity, none that know them doubt.

She was born in March, in the year 1731. About the latter end of April, or beginning of May, 1735, she was greatly affected by the talk of her brother, who had been hopefully converted a little before, at about eleven years of age, and then seriously talked to her about the great things of religion. Her parents did not know of it at that time, and were not wont, in the counsels they gave to their children, particularly to direct themselves to her, by reason of her being so young, and, as they supposed not capable of understanding; but after her brother had talked to her, they observed her very earnestly to listen to the advice they gave to the other children, and she was observed very constantly to retire, several times in a day, as was concluded, for secret prayer, and grew more and more engaged in religion, and was more frequent in her closet, till at last she was wont to visit it five or six times in a day, and was so engaged in it, that nothing would, at any time, divert her from her stated closet exercises. Her mother often observed and watched her, when such things occurred, as she thought most likely to divert her, either by putting it out of her thoughts, or otherwise engaging her inclinations, but never could observe her to fail. She mentioned some very remarkable instances.

She once, of her own accord, spake of her unsuccessfulness, in that she could not find God, or to that purpose. But on Thursday, the last day of July, about the middle of the day, the child being in the closet, where it used to retire, its mother heard it speaking aloud, which was unusual, and never had been observed before; and her voice seemed to be as of one exceeding importunate and engaged, but her mother could distinctly hear only these words, (spoken in her childish manner, but seemed to be

spoken with extraordinary earnestness, and out of distress of soul) PRAY BLESSED LORD give me salvation! I PRAY, BEG pardon all my sins! When the child had done prayer, she came out of the closet, and came and sat down by her mother, and cried out aloud. Her mother very earnestly asked her several times, what the matter was, before she would make any answer, but she continued exceedingly crying, and wreathing her body to and fro, like one in anguish of spirit. Her mother then asked her whether she was afraid that God would not give her salvation. She then answered yes, I am afraid I shall go to hell! Her mother then endeavored to quiet her, and told her she would not have her cry, she must be a good girl, and pray every day, and she hoped God would give her salvation. But this did not quiet her at all—but she continued thus earnestly crying and taking on for some time, till at length she suddenly ceased crying and began to smile, and presently said with a smiling countenance, Mother, the kingdom of heaven is come to me! Her mother was surprised at the sudden alteration, and at the speech, and knew not what to make of it, but at first said nothing to her. The child presently spake again, and said, there is another come to me, and there is another, there is three; and being asked what she meant, she answered, One is thy will be done; and there is another, enjoy him forever; by which it seems that when the child said there is three come to me, she meant three passages of its catechism that came to her mind.

After the child had said this, she retired again into her closet; and her mother went over to her brother's, who was next neighbor; and when she came back, the child being come out of the closet, meets her mother with this cheering speech; I can find God now! Referring to what she had before complained of, that she could not find God. Then the child spoke again, and said, I love God! Her mother asked her how well she loved God, whether she loved God better than her father and mother; she said, yes. Then she asked her whether she loved God better than her little sister Rachel, she answered yes, better than any thing! Then her eldest sister, referring to her saying she could find God now, asked her where she could find God; she answered, in heaven. Why, said she, have you been in heaven? No, said the child. By this it seems

not to have been any imagination of any thing seen with bodily eyes that she called God, when she said I can find God now. Her mother asked her whether she was afraid of going to hell, and that had made her cry. She answered, yes, I was; but now I shall not. Her mother asked her whether she thought that God had given her salvation; she answered yes. Her mother asked her, when; she answered, to day. She appeared all that afternoon exceeding cheerful and joyful. One of the neighbors asked her how she felt herself? She answered, I feel better than I did. The neighbor asked her what made her feel better; she answered, God makes me. That evening as she lay a bed, she called one of her little cousins to her, that was present in the room, as having something to say to him; and when he came, she told him that heaven was better than earth. The next day being Friday, her mother asking her her catechism, asked her what God made her for; she answered, to serve him; and added, every body should serve God, and get an interest in Christ.

The same day the elder children, when they came home from school, seemed much affected with the extraordinary change that seemed to be made in Phebe; and her sister Abigail standing by, her mother took occasion to counsel her, now to improve her time, to prepare for another world; on which Phebe burst out in tears, and cried out, poor Nabby! Her mother told her, she would not have her cry, she hoped that God would give Nabby salvation; but that did not quiet her, but she continued earnestly crying for some time; and when she had in a measure ceased, her sister Eunice being by her, she burst out again, and cried, poor Eunice! and cried exceedingly; and when she had almost done, she went into another room, and there looked upon her sister Naomi, and burst out again, crying poor Amy! Her mother was greatly affected at such behaviour in the child, and knew not what to say to her. One of the neighbors coming in a little after, asked her what she had cried for. She seemed, at first, backward to tell the reason. Her mother told her she might tell that person, for he had given her an apple; upon which she said, she cried because she was afraid they would go to hell.

At night a certain minister, that was occasionally in the town, was at the house, and talked considerably with her

of the things of religion; and after he was gone, she sat leaning on the table, with tears running out of her eyes; and being asked what made her cry, she said it was thinking about God. The next day being Saturday, she seemed great part of the day to be in a very affectionate frame, had four turns of crying, and seemed to endeavor to curb herself, and hide her tears, and was very backward to talk of the occasion of it. On the sabbath day she was asked whether she believed in God; she answered yes. And being told that Christ was the Son of God, she made ready answer, and said, I know it.

From this time there has appeared a very remarkable abiding change in the child. She has been very strict upon the Sabbath, and seems to long for the sabbath day before it comes, and will often in the week time be inquiring how long it is to the sabbath day, and must have the days particularly counted over that are between, before she will be contented. And she seems to love God's house—is very eager to go thither. Her mother once asked her why she had such a mind to go? Whether it was not to see the fine folks? She said no, it was to hear Mr. Edwards preach. When she is in the place of worship, she is very far from spending her time there as children at her age usually do, but appears with an attention that is very extraordinary for such a child. She also appears very desirous at all opportunities, to go to private religious meetings, and is very still and attentive at home, in prayer time, and has appeared affected in time of family prayer. She seems to delight much in hearing religious conversation. When I once was there with some others that were strangers, and talked to her something of religion, she seemed more than ordinarily attentive; and when we were gone, she looked out very wistfully after us, and said—I wish they would come again! Her mother asked her why. Said she, I love to hear them talk!

She seems to have very much of the fear of God before her eyes, and an extraordinary dread of sin against him; of which her mother mentioned the following remarkable instance. Some time in August, the last year, she went with some larger children, to get some plumbs, in a neighbor's lot, knowing nothing of any harm in what she did; but when she brought some of the plumbs into the house, her mother mildly reproved her, and told her that she

must not get plumbs without leave, because it was sin. God had commanded her not to steal. The child seemed greatly surprised, and burst out into tears, and cried out —I will not have these plumbs! And turning to her sister Eunice, very earnestly said to her—why did you ask me to go to that plumb tree? I should not have gone if you had not asked me. The other children did not seem to be much affected or concerned; but there was no pacifying Phebe. Her mother told her she might go and ask leave, and then it would not be sin for her to eat them, and sent one of the children to that end; and when she returned, her mother told her that the owner had given leave, now she might eat them, and it would not be stealing. This stilled her a little while, but presently she broke out again into an exceeding fit of crying. Her mother asked her what made her cry again? Why she cried now, since they had asked leave? What it was that troubled her now? And asked her several times very earnestly, before she made any answer; but at last, said it was because—BECAUSE IT WAS SIN. She continued a considerable time crying; and said she would not go again if Eunice asked her an hundred times; and she retained her aversion to that fruit for a considerable time, under the remembrance of her former sin.

She, at some times, appears greatly affected and delighted with texts of scripture that come to her mind. Particularly, about the beginning of November, the last year, that text came to her mind, Rev. iii. 20. *Behold I stand at the door and knock. If any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in, and sup with him and he with me.* She spoke of it to those of the family, with a great appearance of joy, a smiling countenance, and elevation of voice, and afterwards she went into another room, where her mother overheard her talking very earnestly to the children about it, and particularly heard her say to them, three or four times over, with an air of exceeding joy and admiration—Why it is to SUP WITH GOD. At some time about the middle of winter, very late in the night, when all were in bed, her mother perceived that she was awake, and heard her as though she was weeping. She called to her, and asked her what was the matter. She answered with a low voice, so that her mother could not hear what she said; but thinking it might be

occasioned by some spiritual affection, said no more to her; but perceived her to lie awake, and to continue in the same frame for a considerable time. The next morning she asked her whether she did not cry the last night. The child answered yes, I did cry a little, for I was thinking about God and Christ, and they loved me. Her mother asked her, whether to think of God and Christ's loving her made her cry. She answered yes, it does sometimes.

She has often manifested a great concern for the good of other souls; and has been wont, many times, affectionately to counsel the other children. Once about the latter end of September, the last year, when she and some others of the children were in a room by themselves husking Indian corn, the child, after a while, came out and sat by the fire. Her mother took notice that she appeared with a more than ordinary serious and pensive countenance, but at last she broke silence, and said, I have been talking to Nabby and Eunice. Her mother asked her what she had said to them. Why, said she, I told them they must pray, and prepare to die, that they had but a little while to live in this world, and they must be always ready. When Nabby came out, her mother asked her whether she had said that to them. Yes, said she, she said that and a great deal more. At other times the child took her opportunities to talk to the other children about the great concern of their souls; sometimes so as much to affect them, and set them into tears. She was once exceeding importunate with her mother to go with her sister Naomi to pray. Her mother endeavored to put her off, but she pulled her by the sleeve, and seemed as if she would by no means be denied. At last her mother told her, that Amy must go and pray herself; but, says the child, she will not go, and persisted earnestly to beg of her mother to go with her.

She has discovered an uncommon degree of a spirit of charity, particularly on the following occasion. A poor man that lives in the woods, had lately lost a cow that the family much depended on, and being at the house, he was relating his misfortune, and telling of the straits and difficulties they were reduced to by it. She took much notice of it, and it wrought exceedingly on her compassions; and after she had attentively heard him a while, she went away to her father, who was in the shop,

and intreated him to give that man a cow; and told him that the poor man had no cow! That the hunters or something else had killed his cow! And intreated him to give him one of theirs. Her father told her that they could not spare one. Then she intreated him to let him and his family come and live at his house; and had much talk of the same nature, whereby she manifested bowels of compassion to the poor.

She had manifested great love to her minister; particularly when I returned from my long journey for my health, the last fall, when she heard of it, she appeared very joyful at the news, and told the children of it with an elevated voice, as the most joyful tidings, repeating it over and over, Mr. Edwards is come home! Mr. Edwards is come home! She still continues very constant in secret prayer, so far as can be observed, (for she seems to have no desire that others should observe her when she retires, but seems to be a child of a reserved temper) and every night before she goes to bed will say her catechism, and will by no means miss of it. She never forgot it but once, and then after she was a bed, thought of it and cried out in tears, I have not said my catechism! And would not be quieted till her mother asked her the catechism as she lay in bed. She sometimes appears to be in doubt about the condition of her soul, and when asked whether she thinks that she is prepared for death, speaks something doubtfully about it. At other times seems to have no doubt, but when asked, replies yes, without hesitation.

In the former part of this great work of God amongst us, till it got to its height, we seemed to be wonderfully smiled upon and blessed in all respects. Satan (as has been already observed) seemed to be unusually restrained. Persons that before had been involved in melancholy, seemed to be as it were waked up out of it, and those that had been entangled with extraordinary temptations, seemed wonderfully to be set at liberty, and not only so, but it was the most remarkable time of health that ever I knew since I have been in the town. We ordinarily have several bills put up, every sabbath, for persons that are sick, but now we have not so much as one for many sabbaths together. But after this it seemed to be otherwise, when this work of God appeared to be at its greatest height. A poor weak man that belongs to the town,

being in great spiritual trouble, was hurried with violent temptations to cut his own throat, and made an attempt, but did not do it effectually. He after this continued a considerable time exceedingly overwhelmed with melancholy, but has now, of a long time, been very greatly delivered, by the light of God's countenance lifted up upon him, and has expressed a great sense of his sin in so far yielding to temptation, and there are in him all hopeful evidences of his having been made a subject of saving mercy.

In the latter part of May, it began to be very sensible that the spirit of God was gradually withdrawing from us, and after this time Satan seemed to be more let loose, and raged in a dreadful manner. The first instance wherein it appeared, was a person's putting an end to his own life, by cutting his throat. He was a gentleman of more than common understanding, of strict morals, religious in his behaviour, and an useful, honorable person in the town; but was of a family that are exceeding prone to the disease of melancholy, and his mother was killed with it. He had, from the beginning of this extraordinary time, been exceedingly concerned about the state of his soul, and there were some things in his experience, that appeared very hopefully, but he durst entertain no hope concerning his own good estate. Towards the latter part of his time, he grew much discouraged, and melancholy grew amain upon him, till he was wholly overpowered, by it, and was in a great measure, past a capacity of receiving advice, or being reasoned with to any purpose. The devil took the advantage, and drove him into despairing thoughts. He was kept awake nights, meditating terror, so that he had scarce any sleep at all, for a long time together. And it was observed at last, that he was scarcely well capable of managing his ordinary business, and was judged delirious by the coroner's inquest. The news of this, extraordinarily affected the minds of people here, and struck them as it were with astonishment. After this, multitudes in this and other towns seemed to have it strongly suggested to them, and pressed upon them, to do as this person had done. And many that seemed to be under no melancholy, some pious persons, that had no special darkness or doubts about the goodness of their state, nor were under any special trouble or con-

cern of mind about any thing spiritual or temporal, yet had it urged upon them, as if somebody had spoken to them, *Cut your own throat, now is a good opportunity.* Now! Now! So that they were obliged to fight with all their might to resist it, and yet no reason suggested to them why they should do it.

About the same time, there were two remarkable instances of persons led away with strange enthusiastic delusions. One at Suffield, and another at South Hadley. That which has made the greatest noise in the country was of the man at South Hadley, whose delusion was, that he thought himself divinely instructed to direct a poor man in melancholy and despairing circumstances, to say certain words in prayer to God, as recorded in Psal. cxvi. 4, for his own relief. The man is esteemed a pious man. I have, since this error of his, had a particular acquaintance with him, and, I believe, none would question his piety, that had had such an acquaintance. He gave me a particular account of the manner how he was deluded, which is too long to be here inserted. But, in short, he was exceedingly rejoiced and elevated with this extraordinary work, so carried on in this part of the country, and was possessed with an opinion that it was the beginning of the glorious times of the church spoken of in scripture. And had read it as the opinion of some divines, that there would be many in these times that should be endued with extraordinary gifts of the Holy Ghost, and had embraced the notion; though he had at first no apprehensions that any besides ministers would have such gifts. But he since exceedingly laments the dishonor he has done to God, and the wound he has given religion in it, and has lain low before God and man for it.

After these things the instances of conversion were rare here in comparison of what they had before been, (though that remarkable instance of the little child was after this:) and the spirit of God after that time appeared very sensibly withdrawing from all parts of the country, (though we have heard of its going on in some places of Connecticut, and that it continues to be carried on even to this day.) But religion remained here, and, I believe in some other places, the main subject of conversation for several months after this. And there were some turns, wherein God's work seemed something to revive,

and we were ready to hope that all was going to be renewed again; yet in the main there was a gradual decline of that general, engaged lively spirit in religion, which had been before. Several things have happened since, that have diverted people's minds, and turned their conversation more to other affairs, as particularly his Excellency the Governor's coming up, and the Committee of the General Court, on the treaty with the Indians; and afterwards the Springfield controversy, and since that, our people in this town have been engaged in the building of a new meeting-house; and some other occurrences might be mentioned, that have seemed to have this effect.

But as to those that have been thought to be converted among us, in this time, they generally seem to be persons that have had an abiding change wrought on them. I have had particular acquaintance with many of them since, and they generally appear to be persons that have a new sense of things, new apprehensions and views of God, of the divine attributes, and Jesus Christ, and the great things of the gospel. They have a new sense of the truth of them, and they affect them in a new manner; though it is very far from being always alike with them, neither can they revive a sense of things when they please. Their hearts are often touched, and sometimes filled with new sweetnesses and delights; there seems to be an inward ardor and burning of heart that they express, the like to which they never experienced before; sometimes, perhaps, occasioned only by the mention of Christ's name, or some one of the divine perfections. There are new appetites, and a new kind of breathings and pantings of heart, and groanings that cannot be uttered. There is a new kind of inward labor and struggle of soul towards heaven and holiness.

Some that before were very rough in their temper and manners seem to be remarkably softened and sweetened. And some have had their souls exceedingly filled and overwhelmed with light, love, and comfort, long since the work of God has ceased to be so remarkably carried on in a general way; and some have had much greater experiences of this nature than they had before. And there is still a great deal of religious conversation continued in the town, amongst young and old; a religious disposition appears to be still maintained amongst our people, by their upholding frequent private religious meetings, and

all sorts are generally worshipping God at such meetings, on sabbath nights, and in the evening after our public lecture. Many children in the town do still keep up such meetings among themselves. I know of no one young person in the town that has returned to former ways of looseness and extravagancy in any respect, but we still remain a reformed people, and God has evidently made us a new people.

I cannot say there has been no instance of any one person that has carried himself so, that others should justly be stumbled concerning his profession; nor am I so vain as to imagine that we have not been mistaken concerning any that we have entertained a good opinion of, or that there are none that pass amongst us for sheep, that are indeed wolves in sheep's cloathing, who probably may, some time or other, discover themselves by their fruits. We are not so pure but that we have great cause to be humbled and ashamed, that we are so impure; nor so religious but that those that watch for our halting may see things in us, whence they may take occasion to reproach us and religion; but in the main there has been a great and marvellous work of conversion and sanctification among the people here, and they have paid all due respects to those who have been blest of God to be the instruments of it. Both old and young have shewn a forwardness to hearken not only to my counsels, but even to my reproofs from the pulpit.

A great part of the country have not received the most favorable thoughts of this affair, and to this day many retain a jealousy concerning it, and prejudice against it; I have reason to think that the meanness and weakness of the instrument, that has been made use of in this town, has prejudiced many against it; it does not appear to me strange that it should be so. But yet the circumstance of this great work of God is analogous to other circumstances of it; God has so ordered the manner of the work in many respects, as very signally and remarkably to shew it to be his own peculiar and immediate work, and to secure the glory of it wholly to his own almighty power and sovereign grace. And whatever the circumstances and means have been, and though we are so unworthy, yet so hath it pleased God to work! And we are evidently a people blessed of the Lord! And here

in this corner of the world, God dwells, and manifests his glory.

Thus, Reverend Sir, I have given a large and particular account of this remarkable affair, and yet considering how manifold God's works have been amongst us, that are worthy to be written, it is but a very brief one. I should have sent it much sooner, had I not been greatly hindered by illness in my family, and also in myself. It is probably much larger than you expected, and it may be than you would have chosen. I thought that the extraordinariness of the thing, and the innumerable misrepresentations which have gone abroad of it, many of which have, doubtless, reached your ears, made it necessary that I should be particular. But I would leave it entirely with your wisdom to make what use of it you think best, to send a part of it to England, or all, or none, if you think it not worthy; or otherwise to dispose of it as you may think most for God's glory, and the interest of religion. If you are pleased to send any thing to the Rev. Dr. Guyse, I should be glad to have it signified to him, as my humble desire, that since he, and the congregation to which he preached, have been pleased to take so much notice of us, as they have, that they would also think of us at the Throne of Grace, and seek there for us that God would not forsake us, but enable us to bring forth fruit answerable to our profession, and our mercies, and that our *light may so shine before men, that others, seeing our good works, may glorify our father which is in heaven.*

When first I heard of the notice the Reverend Dr. Watts and Dr. Guyse took of God's mercies to us, I took occasion to inform our congregation of it in a discourse from these words; *A city that is set upon a hill cannot be hid.* And having since seen a particular account of the notice of the Reverend Dr. Guyse, and the congregation he preached to, took of it, in a letter you wrote to my honored uncle Williams, I read that part of your letter to the congregation, and labored as much as in me lay to enforce their duty from it. The congregation were very sensibly moved and affected at both times.

I humbly request of you, Reverend Sir, your prayers for this country, in its present melancholy circumstances, into which it is brought by the Springfield quarrel, which, doubtless, above all things that have happened, has tended

to put a stop to the glorious work here, and to prejudice this country against it, and hinder the propagation of it. I also ask your prayers for this town, and would particularly beg an interest in them for him who is,

Honored Sir,
With humble respect,
Your obedient son and servant,
JONATHAN EDWARDS.

NORTHAMPTON, *Nov.* 6, 1736.

PERSONAL NARRATIVE

I had a variety of concerns and exercises about my soul from my childhood; but had two more remarkable seasons of awakening, before I met with that change by which I was brought to those new dispositions, and that new sense of things, that I have since had. The first time was when I was a boy, some years before I went to college, at a time of remarkable awakening in my father's congregation. I was then very much affected for many months, and concerned about the things of religion, and my soul's salvation; and was abundant in duties. I used to pray five times a day in secret, and to spend much time in religious talk with other boys, and used to meet with them to pray together. I experienced I know not what kind of delight in religion. My mind was much engaged in it, and had much self-righteous pleasure; and it was my delight to abound in religious duties. I with some of my schoolmates joined together, and built a booth in a swamp, in a very retired spot, for a place of prayer. And besides, I had particular secret places of my own in the woods, where I used to retire by myself; and was from time to time much affected. My affections seemed to be lively and easily moved, and I seemed to be in my element when engaged in religious duties. And I am ready to think, many are deceived with such affections, and such a kind of delight as I then had in religion, and mistake it for grace.

But in process of time, my convictions and affections wore off; and I entirely lost all those affections and delights and left off secret prayer, at least as to any constant performance of it; and returned like a dog to his vomit, and went on in the ways of sin. Indeed I was at times

very uneasy, especially towards the latter part of my time at college; when it pleased God, to seize me with the pleurisy; in which he brought me nigh to the grave, and shook me over the pit of hell. And yet, it was not long after my recovery, before I fell again into my old ways of sin. But God would not suffer me to go on with my quietness; I had great and violent inward struggles, till, after many conflicts, with wicked inclinations, repeated resolutions, and bonds that I laid myself under by a kind of vows to God, I was brought wholly to break off all former wicked ways, and all ways of known outward sin; and to apply myself to seek salvation, and practice many religious duties; but without that kind of affection and delight which I had formerly experienced. My concern now wrought more by inward struggles and conflicts, and self-reflections. I made seeking my salvation the main business of my life. But yet, it seems to me, I sought after a miserable manner; which has made me sometimes since to question, whether ever it issued in that which was saving; being ready to doubt, whether such miserable seeking ever succeeded. I was indeed brought to seek salvation in a manner that I never was before; I felt a spirit to part with all things in the world, for an interest in Christ.—My concern continued and prevailed, with many exercising thoughts and inward struggles; but yet it never seemed to be proper to express that concern by the name of terror.

From my childhood up, my mind had been full of objections against the doctrine of God's sovereignty, in choosing whom he would to eternal life, and rejecting whom he pleased; leaving them eternally to perish, and be everlastingly tormented in hell. It used to appear like a horrible doctrine to me. But I remember the time very well, when I seemed to be convinced, and fully satisfied, as to this sovereignty of God, and his justice in thus eternally disposing of men, according to his sovereign pleasure. But never could give an account, how, or by what means, I was thus convinced, not in the least imagining at the time, nor a long time after, that there was any extraordinary influence of God's Spirit in it; but only that now I saw further, and my reason apprehended the justice and reasonableness of it. However, my mind rested in it; and it put an end to all those cavils and ob-

jections. And there has been a wonderful alteration in my mind, with respect to the doctrine of God's sovereignty, from that day to this; so that I scarce ever have found so much as the rising of an objection against it, in the most absolute sense, in God's shewing mercy to whom he will shew mercy, and hardening whom he will. God's absolute sovereignty and justice, with respect to salvation and damnation, is what my mind seems to rest assured of, as much as of any thing that I see with my eyes; at least it is so at times. But I have often, since that first conviction, had quite another kind of sense of God's sovereignty than I had then. I have often since had not only a conviction, but a delightful conviction. The doctrine has very often appeared exceeding pleasant, bright, and sweet.

Absolute sovereignty is what I love to ascribe to God. But my first conviction was not so.

The first instance that I remember of that sort of inward, sweet delight in God and divine things that I have lived much in since, was on reading those words, 1 Tim. i:17. *Now unto the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, be honor and glory forever and ever, Amen.* As I read the words, there came into my soul, and was as it were diffused through it, a sense of the glory of the Divine Being; a new sense, quite different from any thing I ever experienced before. Never any words of scripture seemed to me as these words did. I thought within myself, how excellent a being that was, and how happy I should be, if I might enjoy that God, and be wrapt up in heaven, and be as it were swallowed up in him forever! I kept saying, and as it were singing over these words of scripture to myself; and went to pray to God that I might enjoy him, and prayed in a manner quite different from what I used to do; with a new sort of affection. But it never came into my thought, that there was any thing spiritual, or of a saving nature in this.

From about that time, I began to have a new kind of apprehensions and ideas of Christ, and the work of redemption, and the glorious way of salvation by him. An inward, sweet sense of these things, at times, came into my heart; and my soul was led away in pleasant views and contemplations of them. And my mind was greatly engaged to spend my time in reading and meditating on

Christ, on the beauty and excellency of his person, and the lovely way of salvation by free grace in him. I found no books so delightful to me, as those that treated of these subjects. Those words, Cant. ii:1, used to be abundantly with me, *I am the Rose of Sharon, and the Lily of the valleys.* The words seemed to me, sweetly to represent the loveliness and beauty of Jesus Christ. The whole book of Canticles used to be pleasant to me, and I used to be much in reading it, about that time; and found, from time to time, an inward sweetness, that would carry me away, in my contemplations. This I know not how to express otherwise, than by a calm, sweet abstraction of soul from all the concerns of this world; and sometimes a kind of vision, or fixed ideas and imaginations, of being alone in the mountains, or some solitary wilderness, far from all mankind, sweetly conversing with Christ, and wrapt and swallowed up in God. The sense I had of divine things, would often of a sudden kindle up, as it were, a sweet burning in my heart; an ardor of soul, that I know not how to express.

Not long after I began to experience these things, I gave an account to my father of some things that had passed in my mind. I was pretty much affected by the discourse we had together; and when the discourse was ended, I walked abroad alone, in a solitary place in my father's pasture for contemplation. And as I was walking there and looking up on the sky and clouds, there came into my mind so sweet a sense of the glorious *majesty* and *grace* of God, that I know not how to express. I seemed to see them both in a sweet conjunction; majesty and meekness joined together; it was a gentle, and holy majesty; and also a majestic meekness; a high, great, and holy gentleness.

After this my sense of divine things gradually increased, and became more and more lively, and had more of that inward sweetness. The appearance of every thing was altered; there seemed to be, as it were, a calm, sweet cast, or appearance of divine glory, in almost every thing. God's excellency, his wisdom, his purity and love, seemed to appear in every thing; in the sun, moon, and stars; in the clouds, and blue sky; in the grass, flowers, trees; in the water, and all nature; which used greatly to fix my mind. I often used to sit and view the moon for contin-

uance; and in the day, spent much time in viewing the clouds and sky, to behold the sweet glory of God in these things; in the mean time, singing forth, with a low voice; my contemplations of the Creator and Redeemer. And scarce any thing, among all the works of nature, was so delightful to me as thunder and lightning; formerly, nothing had been so terrible to me. Before, I used to be uncommonly terrified with thunder, and to be struck with terror when I saw a thunder storm rising; but now, on the contrary, it rejoiced me. I felt God, so to speak, at the first appearance of a thunder storm; and used to take the opportunity, at such times, to fix myself in order to view the clouds, and see the lightnings play, and hear the majestic and awful voice of God's thunder, which oftentimes was exceedingly entertaining, leading me to sweet contemplations of my great and glorious God. While thus engaged, it always seemed natural to me to sing, or chant for my meditations; or, to speak my thoughts in soliloquies with a singing voice.

I felt then great satisfaction, as to my good state; but that did not content me. I had vehement longings of soul after God and Christ, and after more holiness, wherewith my heart seemed to be full, and ready to break; which often brought to my mind the words of the Psalmist, Psal. cxix. 28: *My soul breaketh for the longing it hath.* I often felt a mourning and lamenting in my heart, that I had not turned to God sooner, that I might have had more time to grow in grace. My mind was greatly fixed on divine things; almost perpetually in the contemplation of them. I spent most of my time in thinking of divine things, year after year; often walking alone in the woods, and solitary places, for meditation, soliloquy, and prayer, and converse with God; and it was always my manner, at such times, to sing forth my contemplations. I was almost constantly in ejaculatory prayer, wherever I was. Prayer seemed to be natural to me, as the breath by which the inward burnings of my heart had vent. The delights which I now felt in the things of religion, were of an exceedingly different kind from those before mentioned, that I had when a boy; and what I then had no more notion of, than one born blind has of pleasant and beautiful colors. They were of a more inward, pure, soul-animating and refreshing nature. Those former delights

never reached the heart; and did not arise from any sight of the divine excellency of the things of God; or any taste of the soul-satisfying and life-giving good there is in them.

My sense of divine things seemed gradually to increase, until I went to preach at New York, which was about a year and a half after they began; and while I was there, I felt them, very sensibly, in a higher degree than I had done before. My longings after God and holiness, were much increased. Pure and humble, holy and heavenly Christianity, appeared exceedingly amiable to me. I felt a burning desire to be in every thing a complete Christian; and conform to the blessed image of Christ; and that I might live, in all things, according to the pure and blessed rules of the gospel. I had an eager thirsting after progress in these things; which put me upon pursuing and pressing after them. It was my continual strife day and night, and constant inquiry, how I should *be* more holy, and *live* more holily, and more becoming a child of God, and a disciple of Christ. I now sought an increase of grace and holiness, and a holy life, with much more earnestness, than ever I sought grace before I had it. I used to be continually examining myself, and studying and contriving for likely ways and means, how I should live holily, with far greater diligence and earnestness, than ever I pursued any thing in my life; but yet with too great a dependance on my own strength; which afterwards proved a great damage to me. My experience had not then taught me, as it has done since, my extreme feebleness and impotence, every manner of way; and the bottomless depths of secret corruption and deceit there was in my heart. However, I went on with my eager pursuit after more holiness, and conformity to Christ.

The heaven I desired was a heaven of holiness; to be with God, and to spend my eternity in divine love, and holy communion with Christ. My mind was very much taken up with contemplations on heaven, and the enjoyments there; and living there in perfect holiness, humility and love. And it used at that time to appear a great part of the happiness of heaven, that there the saints could express their love to Christ. It appeared to me a great clog and burden, that what I felt within, I could not express as I desired. The inward ardor of my soul, seemed to be

hindered and pent up, and could not freely flame out as it would. I used often to think, how in heaven this principle should freely and fully vent and express itself. Heaven appeared exceedingly delightful, as a world of love; and that all happiness consisted in living in pure, humble, heavenly, divine love.

I remember the thoughts I used then to have of holiness; and said sometimes to myself, "I do certainly know that I love holiness, such as the gospel prescribes." It appeared to me, that there was nothing in it but what was ravishingly lovely; the highest beauty and amiableness—a *divine* beauty; far purer than any thing here upon earth; and that every thing else was like mire and defilement, in comparison of it.

Holiness, as I then wrote down some of my contemplations on it, appeared to me to be of a sweet, pleasant, charming, serene, calm nature; which brought an inexpressible purity, brightness, peacefulness and ravishment to the soul. In other words, that it made the soul like a field or garden of God, with all manner of pleasant flowers; all pleasant, delightful, and undisturbed; enjoying a sweet calm, and the gently vivifying beams of the sun. The soul of a true Christian, as I then wrote my meditations, appeared like such a little white flower as we see in the spring of the year; low and humble on the ground, opening its bosom to receive the pleasant beams of the sun's glory; rejoicing as it were in a calm rapture; diffusing around a sweet fragrancy; standing peacefully and lovingly, in the midst of other flowers round about; all in like manner opening their bosoms, to drink in the light of the sun. There was no part of creature holiness, that I had so great a sense of its loveliness, as humility, brokenness of heart and poverty of spirit; and there was nothing that I so earnestly longed for. My heart panted after this, to lie low before God, as in the dust; that I might be nothing, and that God might be ALL, that I might become as a little child.

While at New York, I was sometimes much affected with reflections on my past life, considering how late it was before I began to be truly religious; and how wickedly I had lived till then; and once so as to weep abundantly, and for a considerable time together.

On *January* 12, 1723. I made a solemn dedication of

myself to God, and wrote it down; giving up myself, and all that I had to God; to be for the future in no respect my own; to act as one that had no right to himself, in any respect. And solemnly vowed to take God for my whole portion and felicity; looking on nothing else as any part of my happiness, nor acting as if it were; and his law for the constant rule of my obedience; engaging to fight with all my might, against the world, the flesh and the devil, to the end of my life. But I have reason to be infinitely humbled, when I consider how much I have failed of answering my obligation.

I had then abundance of sweet religious conversation in the family where I lived, with Mr. John Smith and his pious mother. My heart was knit in affection to those in whom were appearances of true piety; and I could bear the thoughts of no other companions, but such as were holy, and the disciples of the blessed Jesus. I had great longings for the advancement of Christ's kingdom in the world; and my secret prayer used to be, in great part, taken up in praying for it. If I heard the least hint of any thing that happened, in any part of the world, that appeared, in some respect or other, to have a favorable aspect on the interest of Christ's kingdom, my soul eagerly catched at it; and it would much animate and refresh me. I used to be eager to read public news letters, mainly for that end; to see if I could not find some news favorable to the interest of religion in the world.

I very frequently used to retire into a solitary place, on the banks of Hudson's river, at some distance from the city, for contemplation on divine things, and secret converse with God; and had many sweet hours there. Sometimes Mr. Smith and I walked there together, to converse on the things of God; and our conversation used to turn much on the advancement of Christ's kingdom in the world, and the glorious things that God would accomplish for his church in the latter days. I had then, and at other times the greatest delight in the holy scriptures, of any book whatsoever. Oftentimes in reading it, every word seemed to touch my heart. I felt a harmony between something in my heart, and those sweet and powerful words. I seemed often to see so much light exhibited by every sentence, and such a refreshing food communicated, that I could not get along in reading; often

dwelling long on one sentence, to see the wonders contained in it; and yet almost every sentence seemed to be full of wonders.

I came away from New York in the month of April, 1723, and had a most bitter parting with Madam Smith and her son. My heart seemed to sink within me at leaving the family and city, where I had enjoyed so many sweet and pleasant days. I went from New York to Weathersfield, by water, and as I sailed away, I kept sight of the city as long as I could. However, that night, after this sorrowful parting, I was greatly comforted in God at Westchester, where we went ashore to lodge; and had a pleasant time of it all the voyage to Saybrook. It was sweet to me to think of meeting dear Christians in heaven, where we should never part more. At Saybrook we went ashore to lodge, on Saturday, and there kept the Sabbath; where I had a sweet and refreshing season, walking alone in the fields.

After I came home to Windsor, I remained much in a like frame of mind, as when at New York; only sometimes I felt my heart ready to sink with the thoughts of my friends at New York. My support was in contemplations on the heavenly state; as I find in my Diary of May 1, 1723. It was a comfort to think of that state, where there is fulness of joy; where reigns heavenly, calm, and delightful love, without alloy; where there are continually the dearest expressions of this love; where is the enjoyment of the persons loved, without ever parting; where those persons who appear so lovely in this world, will really be inexpressibly more lovely and full of love to us. And how sweetly will the mutual lovers join together to sing the praises of God and the Lamb! How will it fill us with joy to think, that this enjoyment, these sweet exercises will never cease, but will last to all eternity! I continued much in the same frame, in the general, as when at New York, till I went to New Haven as tutor to the college; particularly once at Bolton, on a journey from Boston, while walking out alone in the fields. After I went to New Haven I sunk in religion; my mind being diverted from my eager pursuits after holiness, by some affairs that greatly perplexed and distracted my thoughts.

In September, 1725, I was taken ill at New Haven, and

while endeavoring to go home to Windsor, was so ill at the North Village, that I could go no further; where I lay sick for about a quarter of a year. In this sickness God was pleased to visit me again with the sweet influences of his Spirit. My mind was greatly engaged there in divine, pleasant contemplations, and longings of soul. I observed that those who watched with me, would often be looking out wishfully for the morning; which brought to my mind those words of the Psalmist, and which my soul with delight made its own language, *My soul waiteth for the Lord, more than they that watch for the morning, I say, more than they that watch for the morning;* and when the light of day came in at the windows, it refreshed my soul from one morning to another. It seemed to be some image of the light of God's glory.

I remember, about that time, I used greatly to long for the conversion of some that I was concerned with; I could gladly honor them, and with delight be a servant to them, and lie at their feet, if they were but truly holy. But, some time after this, I was again greatly diverted in my mind with some temporal concerns that exceedingly took up my thoughts, greatly to the wounding of my soul; and went on through various exercises, that it would be tedious to relate, which gave me much more experience of my own heart, than ever I had before.

Since I came to this town,[1] I have often had sweet complacency in God, in views of his glorious perfections and the excellency of Jesus Christ. God has appeared to me a glorious and lovely being, chiefly on the account of his holiness. The holiness of God has always appeared to me the most lovely of all his attributes. The doctrines of God's absolute sovereignty, and free grace, in shewing mercy to whom he would shew mercy; and man's absolute dependance on the operations of God's Holy Spirit, have very often appeared to me as sweet and glorious doctrines. These doctrines have been much my delight. God's sovereignty has ever appeared to me, great part of his glory. It has often been my delight to approach God, and adore him as a sovereign God, and ask sovereign mercy of him.

I have loved the doctrines of the gospel; they have been to my soul like green pastures. The gospel has seemed

[1] Northampton.

to me the richest treasure; the treasure that I have most desired, and longed that it might dwell richly in me. The way of salvation by Christ has appeared, in a general way, glorious and excellent, most pleasant and most beautiful. It has often seemed to me, that it would in a great measure spoil heaven, to receive it in any other way. That text has often been affecting and delightful to me. Isa. xxxii: 2. *A man shall be an hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest,* &c.

It has often appeared to me delightful, to be united to Christ; to have him for my head, and to be a member of his body; also to have Christ for my teacher and prophet. I very often think with sweetness, and longings, and pantings of soul, of being a little child, taking hold of Christ, to be led by him through the wilderness of this world. That text, Matth. xviii: 3, has often been sweet to me, *except ye be converted and become as little children,* &c. I love to think of coming to Christ, to receive salvation of him, poor in spirit, and quite empty of self, humbly exalting him alone; cut off entirely from my own root, in order to grow into, and out of Christ; to have God in Christ to be all in all; and to live by faith on the Son of God, a life of humble unfeigned confidence in him. That scripture has often been sweet to me, Psal. cxv: 1. *Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but to thy name give glory, for thy mercy and for thy truth's sake.* And those words of Christ, Luke x: 21. *In that hour Jesus rejoiced in spirit, and said, I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes; even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight.* That sovereignty of God which Christ rejoiced in, seemed to me worthy of such joy; and that rejoicing seemed to show the excellency of Christ, and of what spirit he was.

Sometimes, only mentioning a single word caused my heart to burn within me; or only seeing the name of Christ, or the name of some attribute of God. And God has appeared glorious to me, on account of the Trinity. It has made me have exalting thoughts of God, that he subsists in three persons; Father, Son and Holy Ghost. The sweetest joys and delights I have experienced, have not been those that have arisen from a hope of my own

good estate; but in a direct view of the glorious things of the gospel. When I enjoy this sweetness, it seems to carry me above the thoughts of my own estate; it seems at such times a loss that I cannot bear, to take off my eye from the glorious pleasant object I behold without me, to turn my eye in upon myself, and my own good estate.

My heart has been much on the advancement of Christ's kingdom in the world. The histories of the past advancement of Christ's kingdom have been sweet to me. When I have read histories of past ages, the pleasantest thing in all my reading has been, to read of the kingdom of Christ being promoted. And when I have expected, in my reading, to come to any such thing, I have rejoiced in the prospect, all the way as I read. And my mind has been much entertained and delighted with the scripture promises and prophecies, which relate to the future glorious advancement of Christ's kingdom upon earth.

I have sometimes had a sense of the excellent fulness of Christ, and his meetness and suitableness as a Saviour; whereby he has appeared to me, far above all, the chief of ten thousands. His blood and atonement have appeared sweet, and his righteousness sweet; which was always accompanied with ardency of spirit; and inward strugglings and breathings, and groanings that cannot be uttered, to be emptied of myself, and swallowed up in Christ.

Once as I rode out into the woods for my health, in 1737, having alighted from my horse in a retired place, as my manner commonly has been, to walk for divine contemplation and prayer, I had a view that for me was extraordinary, of the glory of the Son of God, as Mediator between God and man, and his wonderful, great, full, pure and sweet grace and love, and meek and gentle condescension. This grace that appeared so calm and sweet, appeared also great above the heavens. The person of Christ appeared ineffably excellent with an excellency great enough to swallow up all thought and conception—which continued as near as I can judge, about an hour; which kept me the greater part of the time in a flood of tears, and weeping aloud. I felt an ardency of soul to be, what I know not otherwise how to express, emptied and annihilated; to lie in the dust, and to be full of Christ alone; to love him with a holy and pure love; to trust in

him; to live upon him; to serve and follow him; and to be perfectly sanctified and made pure, with a divine and heavenly purity. I have, several other times, had views very much of the same nature, and which have had the same effects.

I have many times had a sense of the glory of the third person in the Trinity, in his office of Sanctifier; in his holy operations, communicating divine light and life to the soul. God, in the communications of his Holy Spirit, has appeared as an infinite fountain of divine glory and sweetness; being full, and sufficient to fill and satisfy the soul; pouring forth itself in sweet communications; like the sun in its glory, sweetly and pleasantly diffusing light and life. And I have sometimes had an affecting sense of the excellency of the word of God, as a word of life; as the light of life; a sweet, excellent, life-giving word; accompanied with a thirsting after that word, that it might dwell richly in my heart.

Often, since I lived in this town, I have had very affecting views of my own sinfulness and vileness; very frequently to such a degree as to hold me in a kind of loud weeping, sometimes for a considerable time together; so that I have often been forced to shut myself up. I have had a vastly greater sense of my own wickedness, and the badness of my own heart, than ever I had before my conversion. It has often appeared to me, that if God should mark iniquity against me, I should appear the very worst of all mankind; of all that have been, since the beginning of the world to this time; and that I should have by far the lowest place in hell. When others, that have come to talk with me about their soul concerns, have expressed the sense they have had of their own wickedness, by saying that it seemed to them, that they were as bad as the devil himself; I thought their expression seemed exceedingly faint and feeble, to represent my wickedness.

My wickedness, as I am in myself, has long appeared to me perfectly ineffable, and swallowing up all thought and imagination; like an infinite deluge, or mountains over my head. I know not how to express better what my sins appear to me to be, than by heaping infinite upon infinite, and multiplying infinite by infinite. Very often, for these many years, these expressions are in my mind, and in my mouth, "Infinite upon infinite—Infinite upon

infinite!" When I look into my heart, and take a view of my wickedness, it looks like an abyss infinitely deeper than hell. And it appears to me, that were it not for free grace, exalted and raised up to the infinite height of all the fulness and glory of the great Jehovah, and the arm of his power and grace stretched forth in all the majesty of his power, and in all the glory of his sovereignty, I should appear sunk down in my sins below hell itself; far beyond the sight of every thing, but the eye of sovereign grace, that can pierce even down to such a depth. And yet, it seems to me, that my conviction of sin is exceedingly small, and faint; it is enough to amaze me, that I have no more sense of my sin. I know certainly, that I have very little sense of my sinfulness. When I have had turns of weeping and crying for my sins, I thought I knew at the time, that my repentance was nothing to my sin.

I have greatly longed of late, for a broken heart, and to lie low before God; and, when I ask for humility, I cannot bear the thoughts of being no more humble than other Christians. It seems to me, that though their degrees of humility may be suitable for them, yet it would be a vile self-exaltation to me, not to be the lowest in humility of all mankind. Others speak of their longing to be "humbled to the dust;" that may be a proper expression for them, but I always think of myself, that I ought, and it is an expression that has long been natural for me to use in prayer, "to lie infinitely low before God." And it is affecting to think, how ignorant I was, when a young Christian, of the bottomless, infinite depths of wickedness, pride, hypocrisy and deceit, left in my heart.

I have a much greater sense of my universal, exceeding dependence on God's grace and strength, and mere good pleasure, of late, than I used formerly to have; and have experienced more of an abhorrence of my own righteousness. The very thought of any joy arising in me, on any consideration of my own amiableness, performances, or experiences, or any goodness of heart or life, is nauseous and detestable to me. And yet I am greatly afflicted with a proud and self-righteous spirit, much more sensibly than I used to be formerly. I see that serpent rising and putting forth its head continually, every where, all around me.

Though it seems to me, that, in some respects, I was a far better Christian, for two or three years after my first conversion, than I am now; and lived in a more constant delight and pleasure; yet, of late years, I have had a more full and constant sense of the absolute sovereignty of God, and a delight in that sovereignty; and have had more of a sense of the glory of Christ, as a Mediator revealed in the gospel. On one Saturday night, in particular, I had such a discovery of the excellency of the gospel above all other doctrines, that I could not but say to myself, "This is my chosen light, my chosen doctrine;" and of Christ, "This is my chosen Prophet." It appeared sweet, beyond all expression, to follow Christ, and to be taught, and enlightened, and instructed by him; to learn of him, and live to him. Another Saturday night, (*January,* 1739) I had such a sense, how sweet and blessed a thing it was to walk in the way of duty; to do that which was right and meet to be done, and agreeable to the holy mind of God; that it caused me to break forth into a kind of loud weeping, which held me some time, so that I was forced to shut myself up, and fasten the doors. I could not but, as it were, cry out, "How happy are they which do that which is right in the sight of God! They are blessed indeed, they are the happy ones!" I had, at the same time, a very affecting sense, how meet and suitable it was that God should govern the world, and order all things according to his own pleasure; and I rejoiced in it, that God reigned, and that his will was done.

TO LADY PEPPERELL

Stockbridge, Nov. 28, 1751.

Madam,

When I was at your house in Kittery, the last spring, among other instances of your kind and condescending treatment to me, was this, that, when I had some conversation with Sir William, concerning Stockbridge and the affairs of the Indians, and he generously offered me any assistance, in the business of my mission here, which his acquaintance and correspondence in London enabled him to afford me, and proposed my writing to him on our affairs; you were also pleased to invite me to write to you,

at the same time. If I should neglect to do as you then proposed, I should fail not only of discharging my duty, but of doing myself a great honour. But as I am well assured, even from the small acquaintance I had with you, that a letter of mere compliments would not be agreeable to a lady of your disposition and feelings, especially under your present melancholy circumstances; so the writing of such a letter is very far from my intention, or inclination.

When I saw the evidences of your deep sorrow, under the awful frown of heaven in the death of your only son, it made an impression on my mind not easily forgotten; and when you spoke of my writing to you, I soon determined what should be the subject of my letter. It was that, which appeared to me to be the most proper subject of contemplation, for one in your circumstances; that, which I thought, above all others, would furnish you a proper and sufficient source of consolation, under your heavy affliction; and this was the Lord Jesus Christ:—particularly the amiableness of his character, which renders him worthy that we should love him, and take him for our only portion, our rest, hope and joy; and his great and unparalleled love towards us.—And I have been of the same mind ever since; being determined, if God favoured me with an opportunity to write to your Ladyship, that those things should be the subject of my letter. For what other subject is so well calculated to prove a balm to the wounded spirit?

Let us then, dear Madam, contemplate the loveliness of our blessed Redeemer, which entitles him to our highest love; and, when clearly seen, leads us to find a sweet complacency and satisfaction of soul in him, of whatever else we are deprived. The Scriptures assure us that He, who came into the world in our nature, and freely laid down his life for us, was truly possessed of all the fulness of the Godhead, of his infinite greatness, majesty and glory, his infinite wisdom, purity and holiness, his infinite righteousness and goodness. He is called "the brightness of God's glory, and the express image of his person." He is the Image, the Expression, of infinite beauty; in the contemplation of which, God the Father had all his unspeakable happiness from eternity. That eternal and unspeakable happiness of the Deity is represented as a kind

of social happiness, in the society of the persons of the Trinity; Prov. viii. 30, "Then I was by him as one brought up with him, I was daily his delight rejoicing always before him." This glorious Person came down from heaven to be "the Light of the world," that by him the beauty of the Deity might shine forth, in the brightest and fullest manner, to the children of men.

Infinite Wisdom also has contrived, that we should behold the glory of the Deity, in the face of Jesus Christ, to the greatest advantage, in such a manner as should be best adapted to the capacity of poor feeble man; in such a manner, too, as is best fitted to engage our attention, and allure our hearts, as well as to inspire us with the most perfect complacency and delight. For Christ, having, by his incarnation, come down from his Infinite exaltation above us, has become one of our kinsmen and brothers. And his glory shining upon us through his human nature, the manifestation is wonderfully adapted to the strength of the human vision; so that, though it appears in all its effulgence, it is yet attempered to our sight. He is indeed possessed of infinite majesty, to inspire us with reverence and adoration; yet that majesty need not terrify us, for we behold it blended with humility, meekness and sweet condescension. We may feel the most profound reverence and self-abasement, and yet our hearts be drawn forth, sweetly and powerfully, into an intimacy the most free, confidential and delightful. The dread, so naturally inspired by his greatness, is dispelled by the contemplation of his gentleness and humility; while the familiarity, which might otherwise arise from the view of the loveliness of his character merely, is ever prevented, by the consciousness of his infinite majesty and glory; and the sight of all his perfections united fills us with sweet surprize, and humble confidence, with reverential love, and delightful adoration.

This glory of Christ is properly, and in the highest sense, divine. He shines in all the brightness of glory, that is inherent in the Deity. Such is the exceeding brightness of this Sun of Righteousness, that, in comparison of it, the light of the Natural Sun is as darkness; and hence, when he shall appear in his glory, the brightness of the Sun shall disappear, as the brightness of the little stars do. when the Sun rises. So says the prophet

Isaiah, "Then the Moon shall be confounded, and the Sun shall be ashamed, when the Lord of Hosts shall reign in Mount Zion, and before his ancients, gloriously," Isa. xxiv. 23. But, although his light is thus bright, and his beams go forth with infinite strength; yet, as they proceed from the Lamb of God, and shine through his meek and lowly human nature, they are supremely soft and mild, and, instead of dazzling and overpowering our feeble sight, like a smooth ointment or a gentle eye-salve, are vivifying and healing. Thus on them, who fear God's name, "the Sun of Righteousness arises, with healing in his beams," Mal. iv. 2. It is like the light of the morning, a morning without clouds, as the dew on the grass, under whose influence the souls of his people are as the tender grass springing out of the earth, by clear shining after rain. Thus are the beams of his beauty, and brightness, fitted for the support and reviving of the afflicted. He heals the broken in spirit, and bindeth up their wounds. When the spirits of his people are cut down by the scythe, he comes down upon them, in a sweet and heavenly influence, like rain on the mown grass, and like showers that water the earth. (Ps. lxxii. 6.)

But especially are the beams of Christ's glory infinitely softened, and sweetened, by his love to men, the love that passeth knowledge. The glory of his person consists, pre-eminently, in that infinite goodness and grace, of which he made so wonderful a manifestation, in his love to us. The apostle John tells us, that God is Light; (1 John, i. 5.) and again, that God is Love; (1 John, iv. 8.) and the light of his glory is an infinitely sweet light, because it is the light of love. But especially does it appear so, in the person of our Redeemer, who was infinitely the most wonderful example of love, that was ever witnessed. All the perfections of the Deity have their highest manifestation in the Work of Redemption, vastly more than in the Work of Creation. In other works, we see him indirectly; but here, we see the immediate glory of his face. (2 Cor. iii. 18.) In his other works, we behold him at a distance; but in this, we come near, and behold the infinite treasures of his heart. (Eph. iii. 8, 9, 10.) It is a work of love *to us,* and a work of which *Christ* is the author. His loveliness, and his love, have both their greatest and most affecting manifestation in

those sufferings, which he endured *for us* at his death. Therein, above all, appeared his holiness, his love to God, and his hatred of sin, in that, when he desired to save sinners, rather than that a sensible testimony should not be seen against sin, and the justice of God be vindicated, he chose to become obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. Thus, in the same act, he manifests, in the highest conceivable degree, his infinite hatred of sin, and his infinite love to sinners. His holiness appeared like a fire, burning with infinite vehemence against sin; at the same time, that his love to sinners appeared like a sweet flame, burning with an infinite fervency of benevolence. It is the glory and beauty of his love to us, polluted sinners, that it is an infinitely pure love; and it is the peculiar sweetness and endearment of his holiness, that it has its most glorious manifestation in such an act of love to us. All the excellencies of Christ, both divine and human, have their highest manifestation, in this wonderful act of his love to men—his offering up himself a sacrifice for us, under these extreme sufferings. Herein have abounded toward us the riches of his grace, in all wisdom and prudence. (Eph. i. 8.) Herein appears his perfect justice. Herein too, was the great display of his humility, in being willing to descend so low for us. In his last sufferings, appeared his obedience to God, his submission to his disposing will, his patience, and his meekness, when he went as a lamb to the slaughter, and opened not his mouth, but in a prayer that God would forgive his crucifiers. And how affecting this manifestation of his excellency and amiableness to our minds, when it chiefly shines forth in such an act of love to us.

The love of Christ to men, in another way, sweetens and endears all his excellencies and virtues; as it has brought him into so near a relation to us, as our Friend, our elder Brother, and our Redeemer; and has brought us into so strict an union with him, that we are his friends, yea, members of his body, of his flesh, and of his bones. (Eph. v. 30.)

We see then, dear Madam, how rich and how adequate is the provision, which God has made for our consolation, in all our afflictions, in giving us a Redeemer of such glory, and such love; especially, when it is considered, what were the ends of this great manifestation of beauty

and love, in his death. He suffered, that we might be delivered. His soul was exceeding sorrowful, even unto death, to take away the sting of sorrow, and to impart everlasting consolation. He was oppressed and afflicted, that we might be supported. He was overwhelmed in the darkness of death, that we might have the light of life. He was cast into the furnace of God's wrath, that we might drink of the rivers of his pleasures. His soul was overwhelmed with a flood of sorrow, that our hearts might be overwhelmed with a flood of eternal joy.

We may also well remember, in what circumstances our Redeemer now is. He was dead; but he is alive, and he lives forever more. Death may deprive us of our friends here, but it cannot deprive us of this our best friend. We have this best of friends, this mighty Redeemer, to go to, in all our afflictions; and he is not one, who cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities. He has suffered far greater sorrows, than we have ever suffered; and if we are actually united to him, the union can never be broken, but will continue when we die, and when heaven and earth are dissolved. Therefore, in this, we may be confident, though the earth be removed, in him we shall triumph with everlasting joy. Now, when storms and tempests arise, we may resort to him, who is a hiding place from the storm, and a covert from the tempest. When we thirst, we may come to him, who is as rivers of water in a dry place. When we are weary, we may go to him, who is as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. Having found him, who is as the apple-tree among the trees of the wood, we may sit under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit will be sweet to our taste. Christ said to his disciples, "In the world ye shall have tribulation; but in me ye shall have peace." If we are united to him, we shall be like a tree planted by the waters, and that spreadeth out its roots by the river, that shall not see when heat cometh, but its leaf shall ever be green, and it shall not be careful in the year of drought, neither shall it cease from yielding fruit. He will now be our light in darkness; our morning-star, shining as the sure harbinger of approaching day. In a little time, he will arise on our souls, as the Sun in his glory; and our Sun shall no more go down, and there shall be no interposing cloud—no veil on his

face, or on our hearts; but the Lord shall be our everlasting light, and our Redeemer our glory.

That this glorious Redeemer would manifest his glory and love to your mind, and apply what little I have said on this subject, to your consolation, in all your afflictions, and abundantly reward your kindness and generosity to me, while I was at Kittery; is the fervent prayer, Madam, of

Your Ladyship's most obliged
and affectionate friend,
and most humble servant,
JONATHAN EDWARDS.

TO THE TRUSTEES OF NASSAU HALL

Stockbridge, Oct. 19, 1757.

Rev. and Hon. Gentlemen,

I was not a little surprised, on receiving the unexpected notice, of your having made choice of me, to succeed the late President Burr, as the Head of Nassau Hall.—I am much in doubt, whether I am called to undertake the business, which you have done me the unmerited honour to choose me for.—If some regard may be had to my outward comfort, I might mention the many inconveniences, and great detriment, which may be sustained, by my removing, with my numerous family, so far from all the estate I have in the world, (without any prospect of disposing of it, under present circumstances, but with great loss,) now when we have scarcely got over the trouble and damage, sustained by our removal from Northampton, and have but just begun to have our affairs in a comfortable situation, for a subsistence in this place; and the expense I must immediately be at, to put myself into circumstances, tolerably comporting with the needful support of the honours of the office I am invited to; which will not well consist with my ability.

But this is not my main objection. The chief difficulties in my mind, in the way of accepting this important and arduous office, are these two: First, my own defects, unfitting me for such an undertaking, many of which are generally known; besides others, of which my own heart is conscious.—I have a constitution, in many

respects peculiarly unhappy, attended with flaccid solids, vapid, sizy and scarce fluids, and a low tide of spirits; often occasioning a kind of childish weakness and contemptibleness of speech, presence, and demeanor, with a disagreeable dulness and stiffness, much unfitting me for conversation, but more especially for the government of a college.—This makes me shrink at the thoughts of taking upon me, in the decline of life, such a new and great business, attended with such a multiplicity of cares, and requiring such a degree of activity, alertness, and spirit of government; especially as succeeding one so remarkably well qualified in these respects, giving occasion to every one to remark the wide difference. I am also deficient in some parts of learning, particularly in Algebra, and the higher parts of Mathematics, and in the Greek Classics; my Greek learning having been chiefly in the New Testament.—The other thing is this; that my engaging in this business will not well consist with those views, and that course of employ in my study, which have long engaged and swallowed up my mind, and been the chief entertainment and delight of my life.

And here, honoured Sirs, (emboldened, by the testimony I have now received of your unmerited esteem, to rely on your candour,) I will with freedom open myself to you.

My method of study, from my first beginning the work of the ministry, has been very much by writing; applying myself, in this way, to improve every important hint; pursuing the clue to my utmost, when any thing in reading, meditation, or conversation, has been suggested to my mind, that seemed to promise light, in any weighty point; thus penning what appeared to me my best thoughts, on innumerable subjects, for my own benefit.—The longer I prosecuted my studies, in this method, the more habitual it became, and the more pleasant and profitable I found it.—The farther I travelled in this way, the more and wider the field opened, which has occasioned my laying out many things in my mind, to do in this manner, if God should spare my life, which my heart hath been much upon; particularly many things against most of the prevailing errors of the present day, which I cannot with any patience see maintained, (to the utter subverting of the gospel of Christ,) with so

high a hand, and so long continued a triumph, with so little control, when it appears so evident to me, that there is truly no foundation for any of this glorying and insult. I have already published something on one of the main points in dispute between the Arminians and Calvinists: and have it in view, God willing, (as I have already signified to the public,) in like manner to consider all the other controverted points, and have done much towards a preparation for it.—But besides these, I have had on my mind and heart, (which I long ago began, not with any view to publication,) a great work, which I call a *History of the Work of Redemption,* a body of divinity in an entire new method, being thrown into the form of a history; considering the affair of Christian Theology, as the whole of it, in each part, stands in reference to the great work of redemption by Jesus Christ; which I suppose to be, of all others, the grand design of God, and the *summum* and *ultimum* of all the divine operations and decrees; particularly considering all parts of the grand scheme, in their historical order.—The order of their existence, or their being brought forth to view, in the course of divine dispensations, or the wonderful series of successive acts and events; beginning from eternity, and descending from thence to the great work and successive dispensations of the infinitely wise God, in time, considering the chief events coming to pass in the church of God, and revolutions in the world of mankind, affecting the state of the church and the affair of redemption, which we have an account of in history or prophecy; till at last, we come to the general resurrection, last judgment, and consummation of all things; when it shall be said, *It is done. I am Alpha and Omega, the Beginning and the End.*—Concluding my work, with the consideration of that perfect state of things, which shall be finally settled, to last for eternity.—This history will be carried on with regard to all three worlds, heaven, earth and hell; considering the connected. successive events and alterations in each, so far as the scriptures give any light; introducing all parts of divinity in that order which is most scriptural and most natural; a method which appears to me the most beautiful and entertaining, wherein every divine doctrine will appear to the greatest advantage, in the brightest light, in the

most striking manner, shewing the admirable contexture and harmony of the whole.

I have also, for my own profit and entertainment, done much towards another great work, which I call the *Harmony of the Old and New Testament,* in three parts. The first, considering the Prophecies of the Messiah, his redemption and kingdom; the evidences of their references to the Messiah, etc. comparing them all one with another, demonstrating their agreement, true scope, and sense; also considering all the various particulars wherein those prophecies have their exact fulfilment; showing the universal, precise, and admirable correspondence between predictions and events.

The second part, considering the Types of the Old Testament, shewing the evidence of their being intended as representations of the great things of the gospel of Christ; and the agreement of the type with the antitype. The third and great part, considering the Harmony of the Old and New Testament, as to doctrine and precept. In the course of this work, I find there will be occasion for an explanation of a very great part of the holy Scriptures; which may, in such a view, be explained in a method, which to me seems the most entertaining and profitable, best tending to lead the mind to a view of the true spirit, design, life and soul of the scriptures, as well as their proper use and improvement.—I have also many other things in hand, in some of which I have made great progress, which I will not trouble you with an account of. Some of these things, if divine providence favour, I should be willing to attempt a publication of. So far as I myself am able to judge of what talents I have, for benefitting my fellow creatures by word, I think I can write better than I can speak.

My heart is so much in these studies, that I cannot find it in my heart to be willing to put myself into an incapacity to pursue them any more in the future part of my life, to such a degree as I must, if I undertake to go through the same course of employ, in the office of president, that Mr. Burr did, instructing in all the languages, and taking the whole care of the instruction of one of the classes, in all parts of learning, besides his other labours. If I should see light to determine me to accept the place offered me, I should be willing to take upon

me the work of a president, so far as it consists in the general inspection of the whole society; and to be subservient to the school, as to their order and methods of study and instruction, assisting, myself, in the immediate instruction in the arts and sciences, (as discretion should direct, and occasion serve, and the state of things require,) especially of the senior class; and added to all, should be willing to do the whole work of a professor of divinity, in public and private lectures, proposing questions to be answered, and some to be discussed in writing and free conversation, in meetings of graduates, and others, appointed in proper seasons, for these ends. It would be now out of my way, to spend time, in a constant teaching of the languages; unless it be the Hebrew tongue; which I should be willing to improve myself in, by instructing others.

On the whole, I am much at a loss, with respect to the way of duty, in this important affair: I am in doubt, whether, if I should engage in it, I should not do what both you and I would be sorry for afterwards. Nevertheless, I think the greatness of the affair, and the regard due to so worthy and venerable a body, as that of the trustees of Nassau Hall, requires my taking the matter into serious consideration. And unless you should appear to be discouraged, by the things which I have now represented, as to any farther expectation from me, I shall proceed to ask advice, of such as I esteem most wise, friendly and faithful: if, after the mind of the Commissioners in Boston is known, it appears that they consent to leave me at liberty, with respect to the business they have employed me in here.

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